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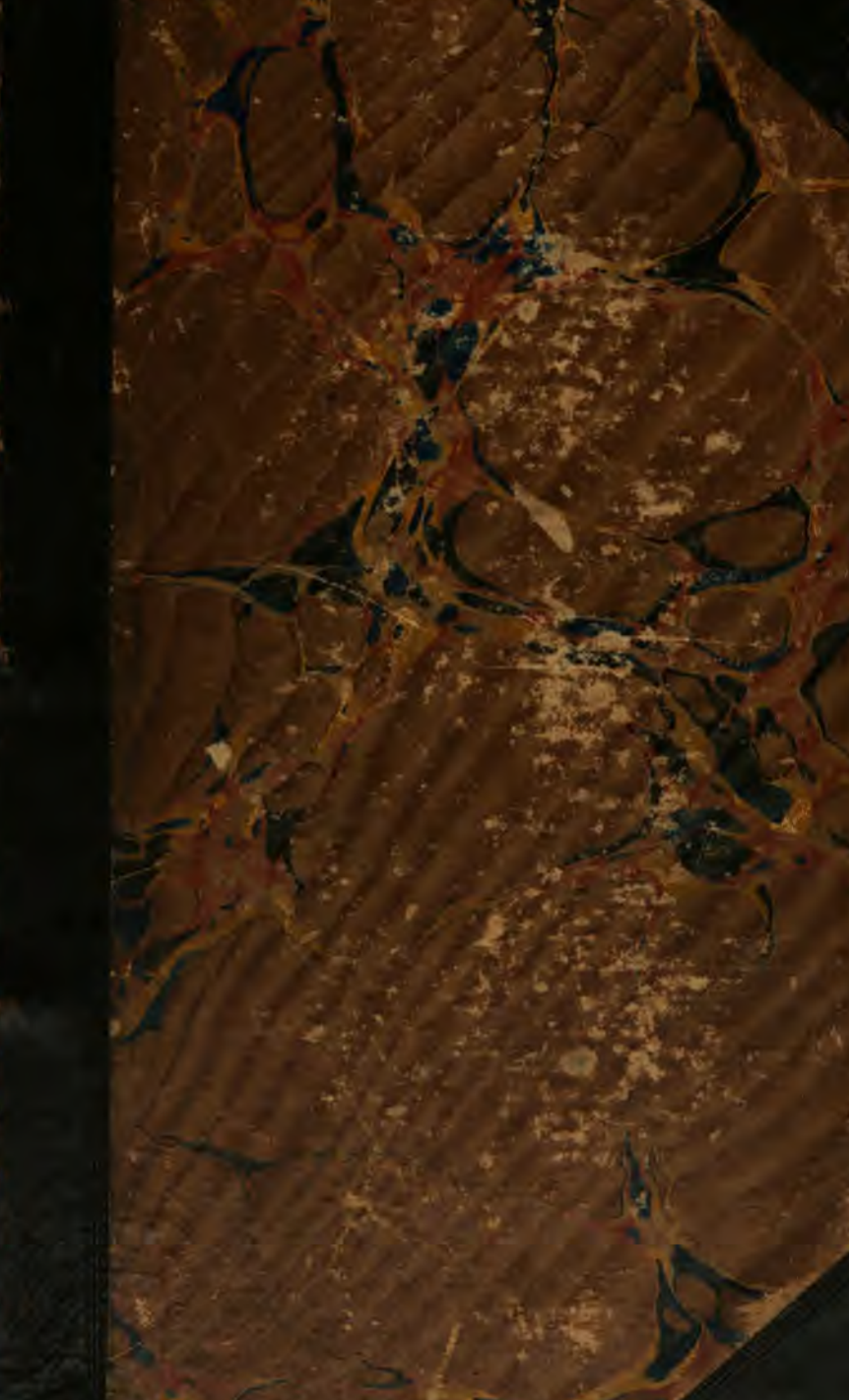
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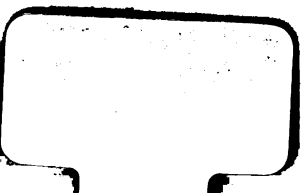
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**FITZALLEYNE OF BERKELEY.**



# FITZALLEYNE OF BERKELEY.

*A Romance of the Present Times.*

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BY BERNARD BLACKMANTLE,  
AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISH SPY.



" Full of Facts, Fancies, and Recollections;  
Trials, and Tales, and Strange Conceits."

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IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.

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LONDON :  
PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD AND CO. PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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1825.



## PREFACE.

“AS YOU LIKE IT.”

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“He is a parricide to his mother's name,  
And with an impious hand murders her fame,  
That wrongs the praise of women, that dares write  
Libels on saints, or with foul ink requite  
The milk they lent us.”

*Randolph.*

THE fabulous traditions of the ancients, which enchant us at the early period of education, are well worthy travelling over again at a more mature state of life, when the mind is most adorned, and our judgment is ripe and in its full powers of exertion. We shall then taste the sweets of poetry, and admire the ingenuity of fiction with double relish ;

we shall be able to wander unwearied in the flowery paths of fancy, and shall perceive a valuable moral hidden in fantastical devices, and clad in attractive allegories, in the garb of sylphs, fairies, nymphs and spirits, genii, and heathen divinities. From all these fabled tales there is much to listen to, and much to learn. Like the historical picture, we have in them both the glowing colours to amuse us, and the subject to examine for our improvement. The powerful agency of the passions forms the main body of the materials on which the able hand of the poet or painter has to work. Love and glory are the strongest of these. And what is glory without love? —A magic lantern without a light to show it by. The wonders and exploits, the errors and heroic deeds which this mighty passion has produced, offer never-ending subjects for the transformations, revolutions, battles, tilts and tournaments, rises and falls of states,

which we see delineated in real and imaginary history. And in ancient and modern times, the amours of the gods are to the dark ages what the intrigues of courts are in the more enlightened ones. Nor do we find the nymphs of Idalia and the Arcadian shepherdesses less romantic and love-inspiring than the enchantresses of the present day—the wood and water nymphs of the groves of Windsor and Kensington, of Brighton and Bognor rocks. At school, we behold a ten years' war occasioned by lovely woman, the unlawful choice of Paris. In modern times, we see unlawful choices at Paris and elsewhere spread ruin and desolation in whole families. One day a heart breaks for love, and on another a bank. One column of a paper displays obscure birth raised to eminence by love; another chronicles the ruin of a dear defenceless woman, the victim of perjured vows; but *all for love*.

With a conviction that a love-tale will



always find readers and *dramatis personæ* to take a part in the piece, by comparison, or otherwise, we have ventured to publish the following Romance, or Tale of the Present Times. We give it, as all romances are, as a mixture of what either has been, or may be. The reader must judge for himself. It will, at all events, pass away a dull hour, and may serve as a lesson to those who stand in need of one.

THE AUTHOR.

THE following romance, supposed to have been originally chanted by the Provençal Troubadours and Retainers of the first Baron Fitzalleyne, was recently discovered among many other scarce and curious reliques, which are scattered through the succeeding pages, in a richly-carved oaken chest, for many ages past the depository of the family papers, and preserved in the old Saxon tower, which forms the eastern wing of the castle. Its authenticity and style are both powerful reasons for its introduction here ; but what renders it still more important is the peculiar coincidence it bears to the drama before us, to which it most appropriately answers as a prologue.

# FITZALLEYNE AND MARIA.

## AN ANCIENT ROMANCE.

---

THE Baron Fitzalleyne was handsome and young,  
Smiles play'd on his features and guile on his tongue ;  
His form was majestic, his forehead was pale ;  
His father was noble—*his mother was frail.*

Fitzalleyne was proud of baronial descent,  
And his flatterers follow'd wherever he went ;  
When lo ! rumour *bruted* a terrible tale :—  
The youth was ignoble—the *mother was frail.*

In vain young Fitzalleyne asserted his claim—  
The *ancestral honours* were *torn* from his name ;  
The robe of nobility shrunk from his touch,  
And the tinsel and trappings he valued so much.

Fitzalleyne possess'd all the talents that win  
Fair woman from virtue, and plunge her in sin ;  
His victim was lured by arts hateful and mean,  
And he taught them to be what his *mother had been.*

And one of his victims too readily met  
 The smiles of the fiend, till involved in his net :  
 Her letters were shown by the dastardly swain,  
 And he *sneak'd* from that trial—to triumph again.

But oh ! there was one who eclipsed all the rest,  
 The fairest, the fondest, the purest, the best,  
*The gentle Maria*—the triumph's boast—  
 O ! cold-hearted conquest—*Maria* was lost.

Ill-fated *Maria*, alas ! there will be  
 Few pitying friends in this sad world for thee ;  
 For man will unfeelingly sport with thy shame,  
 And woman will blush when she utters thy name.

But say, will the *cause* of thy error be hurl'd  
 From his rank among men with the scorn of the world ?  
 No ! pleasure's bright cup will be fill'd to the brim,  
 And fashion will scatter her roses for him.

The fair ones who shrink from the victims of guile  
 May hail the seducer, and sue for a smile ;  
 And gaze on the treacherous cheek which is flush'd  
 With the bliss he has blighted, the hopes he has crush'd.

In gold and in plumes he will stand on the stage,  
Concealing his gray hairs—the warning of age.  
Will women pollute their chaste lips with the name  
Of this compound of *falsehood, seduction, and shame?*

Yet shall England's fair daughters now stoop to renounce  
The pure veil of modesty, dear to them once,  
And kneel to the idol of sensual lust,  
While Chastity's image is hurl'd to the dust ?

No, no ! of his boasted attraction bereft,  
The seducer shall feel, if a feeling be left,  
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And *the blood of the mother still flows in his veins.*

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*Randolph, J. L.* 1668.

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the old earl—Universally regretted.*

•  
“ Hei mihi ! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.” OVID.

It was in one of those still evenings of summer, when the breath of Zephyr was scarcely

perceived, and the detached rose-leaf seemed stationary in the warm, tranquil air, when loving birds sought their retreat, to woo their chosen partners, and all nature appeared to inspire repose and bliss; it was in such eventful hour that Frederick Augustus, Lord D., stole away from the mansion of his noble ancestors, to seek in the retirement of a village the *dulcia oblivia vitæ*, or as our British anacreontic bard, Morris, terms it,

“ From the cold track of care (*his*) warm heart to remove,  
And revel transported with nature and love.”

His tall, well-proportioned form attracted every eye, as he traversed Woodtown, and sought for lodgings at the humble roof of a butcher by trade, whose lovely daughter was not only the fairest of his flock, but of all the circumjacent country :

“ The gamesome lamb,  
That sucks her dam,  
More harmless could na’ be.”

She was gentleness itself, mildness, modesty, and of no humble intellect; her eye was truly the mirror of the soul, and her countenance was the truth-teller of what passed within. It was difficult to think that she should be the offspring of such humble parents; and many a tale was in-

vented to try to prove some noble cross in her family—but to no effect. The gipsies, who frequented the neighbouring woods, found very wonderful lines in the palm of her hand, and foretold that she was to bring forth a long line of noble posterity; but the butcher and all the neighbours very properly treated all these prognostications with contempt: still, however, she preserved a dignity far above her station.

The illustrious visitor was in disguise, but his air of nobility struck the cattle-killer as being of a superior cast, which made him hesitate to receive him; but that dignified, too winning smile, which he afterwards transmitted to his son William, gained him admission, and he soon became the favourite of all who knew him. Mary Carbon, his host's fascinating daughter, was suddenly struck by his manly attractions; whilst the blind god of love, who levels all ranks in his irresistible conquests, wounded the heart of the right honourable lodger with the same dart which pierced the tender bosom of Mary: whether his lordship sought retirement or a softer pastime in the romantic retreat which he made choice of matters little to the world—he found both, and bound himself in a flowery chain to her who inspired



his passion—" *le tems passe avec l'amour*," so that the winged moments glided fast away to those who felt the union of hearts; the eyes of the village were on Frederick and Mary, but the universe was nothing to them—what is it to two hearts linked together in willing bonds, like twin rose-buds? of which it may be said with truth,

" So freely fetter'd and so fondly wove,  
They seem'd a sweet similitude of love."

It was marvellous that birth so obscure should dwell in such perfect sympathy with one whose noble exterior and dignified manners might have inspired distant respect. Love, the French tell us, is a democrat; some even call him a *sans culotte*: be that as it may, there was no need for any great stooping to conquer on the part of the noble wanderer; no painful lowering of the mind, to assimilate itself with an inferior class; for Mary had read and reflected, and possessed an elevated and romantic mind, which, alas! is too often a great misfortune to maids of low degree, unfitting them for the sphere in which nature has placed them, and devoting them, too often, either to melancholy or ruin:—the world, we repeat it, was nothing to them; he was her star of destiny, she the goddess of his idolatry. Carbon sounded not well

by the side of the Fitzalleyne's noble pedigree ; but there is nothing in that :—

“ A rose would smell as sweet by any other name.”

Time, we say, rolled away, the lodger attracting the general attention and admiration of the villagers : he seemed a paragon of perfection ; his deportment, his generosity, his gracefulness, his humility and charity were the theme of every conversation ; his morality, at the same time, disarmed those who were scandalously inclined, and they could only envy old Carbon such an inmate in his family ; and ambition (in the females, we mean) such a companion and admirer as the stranger. Suspicion at last pointed at the humble roof where love had taken up his quarters, and it was deemed strange that such a tenant should continue to reside there : his ample means struck some with amazement, and others with apprehensions ; of this last class were those which assailed the father of Mary. He had never read of the vagaries of heathen divinities, how they represented birds and beasts, swans, bulls, and other *menagerie* animals ; there were no Ledas, Europas, nor Danaes in his time \*. A shower of gold would not have

\* He was even unacquainted with the merry pranks of royal James of Scotland, who, disguised as a beggar, wooed and won the bonny

been unwelcome to the fair maids of the village, but nothing beyond a shower of rain had ever been experienced there: even the munificence of the extraordinary inmate of Mr. Carbon's habitation appeared supernatural; his fears increased; he felt in a serious difficulty; it was very probable that the noble lodger might be in some serious difficulty; a mortal *rencontre* might have forced him to seek for shelter in the peaceful glade; the law might pursue him for some transgression unbecoming of his rank; or the money which he expended so freely might have come unfairly into his possession. The father pondered and dreaded some fatal consequence; the offending some great man, or patron, or the dishonour of his family; and now the fate of the stranger was dear to them, so that hope and fear held alternate empire in the poor man's brain: at length he besought the interesting object thereof to depart, and he did so, at an after period, but not as he came, solitary and in quest of amorous adventure, but paired in affection, and having what he sought for. Here

lasses of humble parentage; not but that about this same period a certain royal youth often stepped down from his eminence in quest of amorous adventures, winning wherever he went, and leaving certain traces of his travels in disguise, on which we say—mum.

love must draw a veil over time and place, and Cynthia may weep behind a cloud, if she thinks fit; dropping one link of the chain, the rest is perfect, and led to eminence, advancement, riches, and celebrity. The father of the illustrious Frederick dying, the hereditary titles descended to him, and well he became them; no one was a greater favourite at court, nor did he fail to draw from her native obscurity the partner of his heart, who had long been hidden, like a bright gem in the bosom of an oriental river, and to conduct her, his avowed consort, to the foot of a throne. The privacy of his stated marriage was no impediment to her reception, for he had provided documents to satisfy inquiry, and he presented her in the circles becoming the rank which she held, and in which she was considered very highly; so had good sense, personal attractions, education, accomplishments, and good company, improved her in every respect. No one would have thought that she had been Mary the maid of Woodtown, nor that she owed her birth to a dealer in beef and mutton, and a man of blood by trade: she bore her faculties so mildly, that it would have been a base unwilling task to challenge her genealogy. Others there are in high life who,

having frailty, illegitimacy, or plebeian blood in their house, forget themselves, and by ambitioning notoriety, provoke inquiry and detection. The amiable countess's conduct was quite the reverse; she was justly esteemed, and was an excellent wife: it is true that a little manœuvring took place in substituting a name resembling *thou sleepest*, in French, to the carbonic surname of the father of Mary *la belle*; its sound had more euphony in it, and had made a figure in the English history as a royal race: the change of name is an innocent thing, where rank and fortune are not invaded.

Never did a succession of honey-moons multiply more on the heads of a loving couple than those which witnessed the connubial bliss of Frederick and of Mary; nor did they vary, whether they shone on them in public or in private life, in humble concealment, or in gilded prosperity; whether they illumined the privacy of Lambeth, or irradiated the embattled towers of the lord's castle, so famed in ancient and *modern* history, where kings and royal personages have partaken of the gorgeous banquet, and where the monarchs, princes, and queens, together with all the *dii minorum gentium*, who have figured on the theatrical boards,

have played their parts, whether in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*Measure for Measure*," or "*All the World's a Stage*," matters not; felicity was the portion of the right honourable pair, nor was it unproductive; they saw their comely progeny, the first of which was the Lord William Fitzalleyne, of Berkeley, the hero of our romance: he grew up in strength and fair proportions; he was active, robust, famed in gymnastic sports, had sprightliness and abilities, not without pride, albeit, however, which led him to descend from the eminence which he might have maintained to become what is vulgarly called the king of his company. At an early period of life he displayed strong passions, bold enterprise, a manliness of feeling and behaviour, added to a most winning prepossessing manner towards the softer sex, which made him a dangerous suitor to exquisite sensibility; he was also quite the Nimrod of the hunting field: but all this will come in more apropos hereafter. His infant years repaid his mother for all her affection, and filled her with becoming pride, as wife and mother; as one having lived sweetly, like the modest violet in a sequestered situation, and as having rose calmly to the lofty sphere in which conjugal affection and long, con-

stant love had seated her triumphant. Nor was her lord less delighted at having a growing family about him. It must now be observed, that William Fitzalleyne, the conqueror of hearts \*, was born during the retirement of life in which the earl and countess lived for some years; the eaglet was shown to the *sun* of splendid life at a more advanced period of youth; joys were many in the connubial state of the happy couple; and with them increased the fruits thereof. Honours had rained upon the prosperous head of meritorious Mary; and, with that prolific shower, successors sprung up to inherit them. So far from regrets mingling in the hymeneal bowl, it was replenished with added sweets; the very ring which bound hand and heart together once was (we go by report) again placed upon the fair finger of the beloved; a second ceremony was repeated; fresh vows were made, so that the chain might be doubly riveted. There are those who, speaking of the first union, assert, that "clouds and darkness rest upon 't." Be that as it may, a repetition was deemed requisite on the part of the earl; and this second true lover's knot, and further proof of

\* We shall at a future and proper period account for this allusion to William the Conqueror.

attachment, became afterwards a very *knotty* point. With coming years, the eaglet felt his wing, and soared into regions of fashion and celebrity; he was the favourite of the Graces, the Apollo of the Muses, encouraging their talent and inspiring their love; Thalia and Melpomene felt a decided preference for him, as time and the progress of this short work will prove. We now touch at the period of William of Berkeley's coming to man's estate, and at that of his losing his excellent and elegant father; and we may here compare the one to *pious Æneas*, and say of the other, with all due deference and high consideration,

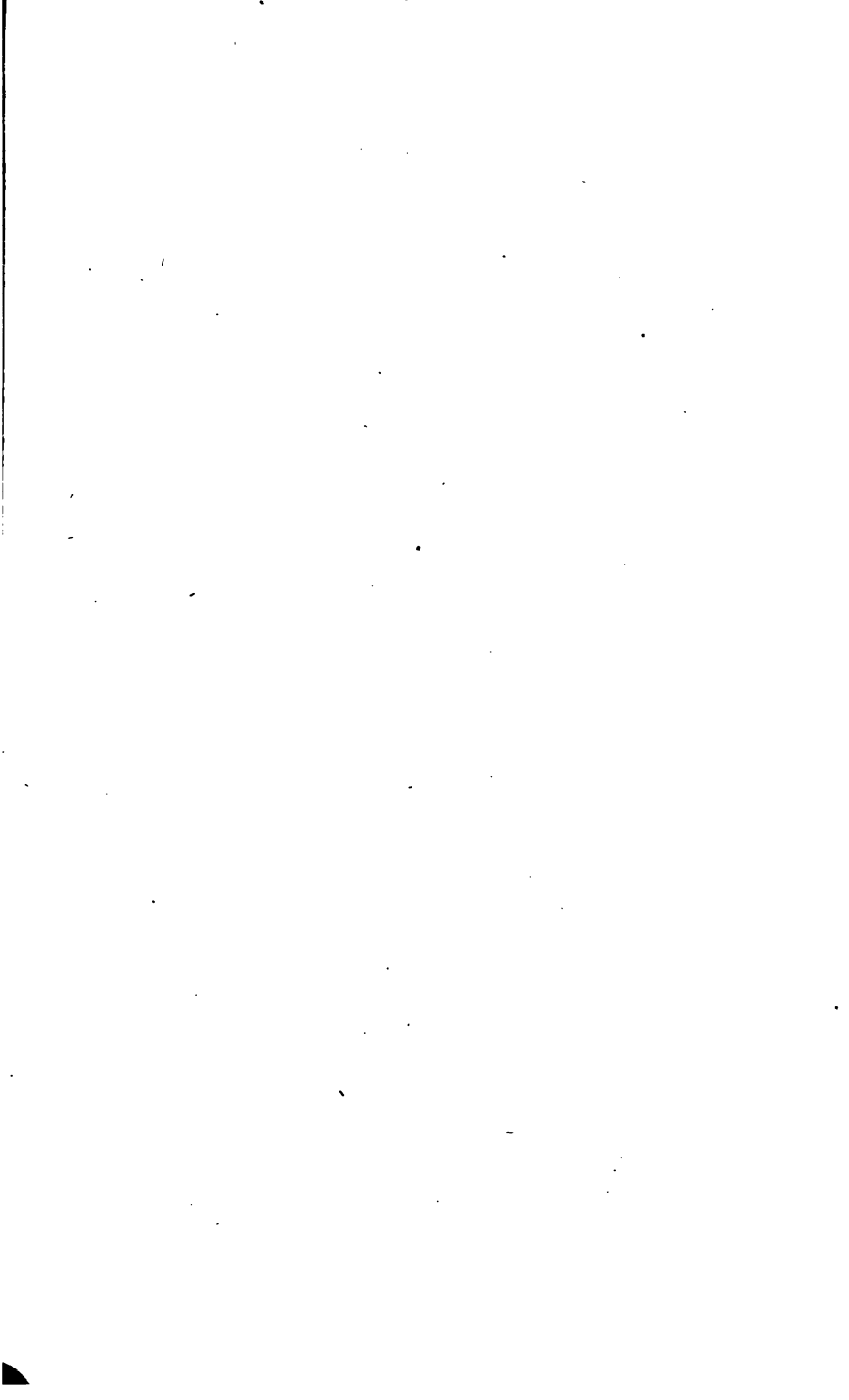
“ — Sequiturque patrem non passibus equis.”

The old lord died, honoured and regretted; and a storm arose, similar to that which often appears after sunset on the dark and troubled ocean, which seems to feel his influence and to respect his presence. The respected sire left wealth and honours behind him, which were soon to become the objects of contention, exposure, and strife, of the swellings of power and the jealousy of the old nobility. Fain would the historian drop the pen, and, departing (as in some other instances, for delicacy's sake), from the unities of time and



place, would slur over this page : but existing evidence and untoward circumstances stand so in the way, that there is no proceeding without them. From them and out of them grow many shades in the character of our hero, many features which change the face of affairs, together with what gives a new colouring of the family picture worthy of the strict attention of the examiner's eye. At the earl's demise he left a fair unsullied name behind him ; he had been noble in his conduct, and quite a peer of the old school ; a very gay man, but his passions had neither degraded his honour and delicacy, nor obscured and blunted his reason and his feelings ; he was a nobleman of good heart and head, prudent too, as much as one of his large property needed to be : the mystery which announced him in the village of Woodtown accompanied him and his offspring much farther ; therefore he made many family arrangements which otherwise had been unnecessary in augmenting and securing landed property. His will was most favourable to his eldest son ; and, in many other respects, he made what might be deemed a very safe and prudent arrangement of his affairs : but we cannot in justice allow a star of magnitude to go down thus ; nor can we, from the

same motive, however unequal to the task, decline giving a brief sketch of the times in which the late earl lived ; of the manners of the court ; nor of the illustrious characters amongst which he lived, and particularly those who were not only his contemporaries, but his companions also.



## CHAPTER II.

### SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

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——“ I ’m made a shallow-forded stream,  
Seen to the bottom : all my clearness scorn’d,  
And all my faults exposed.”

*Dryden's All for Love.*

*The day of trial—Family feuds—The disclosure—  
Minutes of evidence—Decision of the peers—  
Fitzalloyne discomfited—Prevarication and com-  
mittal of witnesses—Flight of the countess—The  
free-born truly great—Retrospective glance at the  
court of king George the Third—Virtues of  
that monarch and his royal consort—Favourable  
reception of the countess when first introduced  
at court—Theatrical marriages—Virtue always  
rewarded—Lady Townley—The star of Bruns-  
wick—Court characters, particularly those who  
were the friends and contemporaries of the de-  
ceased peer.*

THE increasing consequence both in wealth  
and numbers of nobility created during the reign

of George the Third has no parallel in English history, if we except the fruitful period when the amorous Charles bore sovereign sway, and decked the offsprings of his illicit love and favourite mistresses with some of those proud titles which now take precedence of rank, associating themselves with royalty, and blazing forth stars of the first magnitude in despite of the heraldic bar *engrailed*, which marks the nature of their origin. Time, your great purifier of illegitimate stains, has, however, left no traces of the past in the recollection of the royal descendants; and the proud aristocracy of the realm, ever jealous of their honour and dignities, determined to put on record the pedigree of each peer's existing family, in order that no foul stain, or blot, or bar, should henceforth disgrace the heraldic bearings of their successors, or give rise to doubt or apprehension in the minds of their contemporaries: with this view it was that in the year 1799 the peer's pedigree bill was passed; and in the May of that year, in a committee of privileges, Garter King at Arms being called before the House of Lords, was instructed to produce the pedigree of the Earl Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, which being by him then presented and read, he was questioned what

knowledge he had of any of the facts therein stated ; when he informed their lordships that he had received the extract from the register of the marriage and death of Earl Fitzalleyne's father, from the reverend the vicar of Berkeley, and that they were duly certified by him. This evidence not satisfying the peers present, the next day he produced copies of the register alluded to, in order to prove the marriage of the Earl Fitzalleyne with Mary of Woodtown, surnamed Mary Carbon, on the 30th of March, 1785 ; and on examination of the vicar, the nature of whose testimony was very obscure and imperfect, their lordships directed the production of the original book of banns used by his predecessor ; when the reverend gentleman, to avoid *trouble*, informed the committee that a second marriage had taken place between the same parties at a later period ; and the registering of that marriage was afterwards duly proved at the bar of their lordships' house, by the officiating clergyman and subscribing witnesses. In this state were the affairs of the presumptive heir to the earldom of Fitzalleyne, when the death of his father took place in August, 1810. Never was a high-minded man placed in a more curious predicament. The

persevering hostility of a near relation of his father made the inquiry into his claim imperative; independent of which, the right honou-  
rables of the nation had previously, and during the late earl's life, both heard and seen enough in their committee of privileges to render this step one of dire necessity. As a claimant to the earldom, he was compelled to quit the House of Commons, and, from his disputed right to the title, was not permitted to enter the House of Lords. In this situation, he had no choice but to petition the peers to be allowed to take the title of Earl Fitzal-  
leyne of Berkeley, and, as heir-apparent, to claim his right to the honours and dignities of his deceased father. We have been thus particular in our statement of Fitzal-  
leyne's situation and family affairs at this period, because much of that waywardness of disposition and never-ceasing eagerness for variety which has marked his later years may be attributed to the wound his pride then received, and the gnawing of a restless ambition, blighted in the very bud of life by the most untoward circumstances, which, had it been otherwise, might have been directed to more dignified and appropriate pursuits, not more exalting to his own fame than beneficial to his country's prosperity.

"Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,  
 What ripening virtues might have made their way?  
 He might have lived till folly died in shame,  
 Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.  
 He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;  
 Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved."

*Savage's Bastard.*

But here we cast away the pen of the commen-  
 tary, and seize upon the pencil of the historian,  
 to portray the situation of his lady mother, the  
 Countess Fitzalleyne, called in *proprio persona*  
 before her peers, to give evidence touching her  
 son's legitimacy, and of course involving her own  
 reputation in the result. Imagine, reader, if thou  
 canst, what must have been the conflicting sensa-  
 tions of a proud, ambitious woman, the creator of  
 her own good fortune, and the heretofore asso-  
 ciate of many of those dignified personages, whose  
 coroneted brows now glittered before her in aw-  
 ful silence—judges, upon whose fiat hung the fu-  
 ture prospects of her eldest born, and the con-  
 firmation or destruction of her own honour. The  
 first sitting of the committee of privileges took  
 place on Monday, March the 4th, 1811, when  
 Lord Walsingham was appointed to the chair,  
 and the petition of William Fitzalleyne of Berke-  
 ley, with his Majesty's reference thereof to the



lords, read. After other preliminary forms, in which the law officers of the crown were instructed to attend the proceedings, and counsel, eminent in their profession, selected to guard the interests of the minor or first son, after the public and undisputed marriage of the earl and countess in May, 1796, the letters patent of nobility granted to the Fitzalleyne family in the reign of Charles the Second were delivered in and read. Then that lamented patriot, lawyer, and statesman, Sir Samuel Romilly, moved the attendance of Dr. Edward Jenner, to prove the death of the late earl, which being satisfactorily established on March the 8th, the Right Hon. Mary, Countess Fitzalleyne, was called, and a chair placed for her before the bar of the House. Having been first sworn to the truth of her depositions by the Lord High Chancellor Eldon, she underwent a most severe and trying examination, with a confidence and clearness unshaken by excessive feeling, fatigue, or the shrewdness of the great legal talent opposed to her eldest son's petition. 'Twas then she told the tale, how

“ Fortune came smiling to (her) youth, and woo'd it,  
And purpled greatness met (her) ripen'd years.”

*Dryden's All for Love.*

But all in vain the mother's efforts to save herself and offspring from the law's reproach, as will appear by the following summary of the evidence adduced.

On the part of the son born in the year 1796, evidence was adduced to show that it was impossible the alleged publication of banns in 1784, or marriage in 1785, could have taken place. A great number of witnesses were examined. It was proved that the earl, in his own handwriting, minuted down the form in which the baptism of his children by his lady, then living with him under the name of Miss Tudor, should be registered; and which was, previous to 1796, uniformly as the illegitimate children of the earl and Mary Carbon; that his lordship swore himself to be a *bachelor* in 1796, to obtain a licence for his marriage with his lady, denominated in the affidavit Mary Carbon, *spinster*; and that with respect to the son born after that marriage, his lordship in his own handwriting minuted down the form for the registry of his baptism, expressly denominating him Lord William of D——y, son of the Earl and Countess Fitzalleyne. The life of her ladyship was also traced in evidence from the death of her father, William Carbon

(who lived at Woodtown, in Gloucestershire), in December, 1782, or January, 1783; her coming to London; her going into the service of Lady Talbot; afterwards, in March, 1784, into the service of Mrs. Foote, in Kent, which she quitted at the end of December, 1784, and came to London; went to Gloucester in June, 1785, and came to London again in the autumn of that year. Evidence was also given of declarations of the lady and of the earl, at different times, between 1785 and 1796, indicating that they were not married. Several witnesses were likewise examined to prove that William Tudor did not in March, 1785, go by the name of Tudor, but had assumed the name subsequent to that period. The person who was officiating clerk of the parish of Berkeley at the time the banns were alleged was also called, who never heard any such banns published, nor were they heard by any one who was in the habit of attending Berkeley church at that period. The name of Augustus Thomas Hupsman, the vicar of Berkeley, signed to the registry of the marriage, was declared by his widow not to be like his handwriting, and the rest of the registry was proved to be in the handwriting of the earl, including the words "the mark of Richard Barns,"

who was stated to be a stranger, who had been called in to witness the marriage, but who, it appeared, had never since been heard of, and no such person was known. Evidence was likewise adduced to show that the earl was not acquainted with Mary Carbon till late in the year 1785. Lady Berkeley having stated in her evidence that she became ill soon after her marriage, and continued so for a considerable period in London and at Gloucester, during which his lordship scarcely ever saw her, evidence was adduced to show that her illness at Gloucester was of a trifling nature.

Witnesses were then finally called by the House of Lords, whose testimony went to show that the first known intimacy between the earl and his lady was not till the autumn of 1785, and one of whom, the Marquis of Buckingham, deposed to repeated conversations between his lordship and the earl, in which the latter stated himself not to be married to the person then living with him, now the Lady Fitzalleyne Berkeley, by whom he had children; and that he actually proposed to the noble marquis to become a mediator with his brother the admiral, to engage to marry his eldest son to an illegitimate daughter (by Mary, now

Countess Fitzalleyne), in which case he would settle the castle and honours of his family on her, that they might not be separated from the peerage.

The result of this proceeding was a resolution of the House of Lords, that the Fitzalleyne peerage devolved on the first son of the public marriage in 1796, thus illegitimizing the race of elder brothers by the same parents—an event that created at the time the greatest sensation among all ranks of persons, and was from circumstances particularly ungrateful to the royal mind ; but still the resolution of the committee left it open to the petitioner to renew his claim at any time, if he could adduce fresh proofs, or overthrow the evidence given against him. On the close of the proceedings, two of the witnesses were by the lords committed to Newgate for gross prevarication, and the countess herself, not choosing to bear the stigma which the disclosure of certain transactions carried with them in the public mind, left for a time her home and country, to seek retirement and ease where the rough winds of adversity and the busy tongue of scandal could not breathe upon or follow her. For the young but unsuccessful aspirant every worthy heart was filled with

pity, and many an honourable bosom throbbed, to show him some additional marks of kindness and respect, which might serve to lighten the load of affliction which thus undeservedly oppressed him. It was then that an eccentric author, standing in the same situation as our hero with regard to birth, penned and sent him the following, which has, however, never before appeared in print.

THE FREE BORN ARE THE TRULY GREAT.

In the first hour when time and space began,  
And God his own bright image gave to man ;  
In earliest days, when, by a grace divine,  
Our parents did to multiply incline,  
No superstitious rites or pious fraud  
Could propagation's noble work retard.  
The sons of Nature found her daughters kind,  
And followed Nature's rules, as Heaven design'd.  
No selfish laws restricted Love's decree,  
When kindred souls were blest with unity.  
The giant sire the soft-skinn'd virgin press'd,  
Who, melting, own'd herself supremely bless'd.  
A race of heroes bounded into life,  
Freed from the trammels of domestic strife,  
Strangers to priestcraft—Superstition's sway  
Had not yet clouded o'er the milky way  
Of mortal bliss. The healthy offspring rise  
Like forest cedars towering to the skies.  
Nervous and bold, with every manly grace,  
The mother's love ensures the father's face ;

For who can carve, however great their art,  
Like mighty Nature's living counterpart,  
Where through a line of ancestry we trace  
The strong resemblance of the father's face.  
Can the dull ritual purify the blood,  
Make princes virtuous, or their subjects good?  
No. Nature upholds what she herself began,  
And on her free-born children stamps the man.

*Carolus.*

As it is always with regret that we bring a female on the tapis, in matters where her delicacy may suffer, we hasten to conclude, in the briefest manner possible, all circumstances connected with the disputed point of the Fitzalleyne peerage, so far as the lady of the deceased peer is concerned. Those touching her son will unavoidably come in other chapters: it was his own seeking, that they should gain the publicity and circulation which has lately attended them. After the cause was lost, a bold captain, and a theatrical amateur also, who was wary as the *hawk* and tough as the *ash*, waited on her ladyship, and very modestly informed her that he was a man of no small literary talent; adding that he had put up his sword to handle the pen, and that he was no bad hand at it. Her ladyship curtsied, the captain bowed, an arm gracefully extended pointed to a sofa,

and the captain took his seat; he then stated to her that he was ever the champion of her sex, and that, mortified to see her defeat in a certain great house which gives laws to the land, he had given her cause peculiar and exclusive attention for some time, and had, with a view of rendering her service, and forwarding the ends of justice, been at the pains of collecting much matter, which, if worked up with all the documents, letters, papers, notes, or memorandums, in her ladyship's possession, would make an elaborate work, and would overturn, in the eyes of the world, her late failure; nay, lay the groundwork of any future attempt to recover what had been lost. Artless and unsuspecting, mild, gentle, and urbane, she listened with attention to what fell from the gentleman, captain, actor, and author, who inspired her with so much confidence, that she freely put him in possession of all the papers and vouchers, as before stated: with these and the most polite and wordy assurances of zeal, he withdrew. The lady felt convinced of his success in her cause, and imparted the particulars of this interview to her confidential friends; their opinion, however, did not coincide with hers, and they advised her to send to the captain, requesting a meeting between himself



and a reverend friend, in order to restore the papers and to give up the publication, which was deemed, by the Lady Fitzalleyne's advisers, not only unnecessary but prejudicial to her interests. A green bag (we may suppose) was produced—the bundle of manuscript matter was handed out—no one dreamed that the captain had *let the cat out of the bag* another way—thanks were tendered—when the champion of the fair sex begged leave to observe that there were many captains to be hired in different ways: some let out their swords, and some their brains; some turned their persons to account, and others made the most of their talents: he was proceeding to add, that he had been at much trouble and some expense in collecting matter; that his time——Here the party acting for the lady stopped him, and assured him that it never was the idea of her ladyship to put him to the trouble which he had taken, nor to engross his precious time, without evincing her gratitude by making him some recompense for them. The captain observed, in the language of certain *light* ladies, “he certainly did expect a *compliment*\* for his services performed and in-

\* The word compliment thus used ought to be spelt *complement*,

tended." "Assuredly," replied the other; when, suiting the action to the word, he put a bundle of bank notes into the author's hand, who, blushing, rumbled them up in the genteelest possible manner, and pocketed the affront (so the captain considered it on examination); after which the parties separated. We may suppose a *ci-devant* captain, one who had moved in the gayest circles and had gained celebrity as an amateur of the muses, and a favourite of the ladies, an author whose works had sold well, and, above all, one not overburthened with cash—imagine such a man, whetting his thumb, with eager eye, in order to separate and to turn over, like the leaves of a book, each individual *Abraham Newland* (the cashier of the day), the better to ascertain the whole amount of his *compliment*—he was preparing to say ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and so on, to the tune of hundreds, when a vile one pound note first struck his eyes—it must be a mistake—the next was its fellow—and a third—and a fourth: he was petrified—astounded! "Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit," paltry,

coming from the French word *comblement*, from its filling up the chasm of packets, &c.

pitiful, shabby, ungenteel; all these adjectives escaped him in an instant, and he ransacked the dictionary for a dozen more to suit the purpose of his disappointment and indignation. All this served little purpose—it would not increase the amount: he must remonstrate; and if remonstrance failed, he must be revenged—he must write. Which was best, verse or prose? how would this look?

My lady of B., I tell you freely,  
That you have used me ungenteelly.

It would not do at all. What suited best the temper of his mind was a threat, and he used it in this form: that if remuneration, adequate to his merits, was not instantly made him, he would publish the work without the consent of the parties concerned (and very much they were concerned afterwards); *for that he had taken copies of every thing*, and was as able to write *the book* \* without the originals as if he had them actually before him. And he was as good as his word: a book came out soon afterwards entitled “The Countess of Fitzalleyne’s Address to her Peers,” which not a little astonished the lady, whose consent was not

\* The captain will know what is meant by this.

considered necessary in such a delicate matter. The work was not ill written, but did not in any way benefit those (to say the least of it) who alone could derive advantage from its appearance; it was, however, a benefit ticket to the amateur actor, whom we recollect to have seen in "*The Beggar's Opera*." Thus terminated this affair, which might have long been at rest but for the *hayn-ous* offence of a certain lady, and the taking up of the pen in another quarter, where not much epistolary talent has fallen from the writer's hand. It is now time to go to court, not to a court of law, nor a *court-ing*, as it is vulgarly called, but to a court of honour, integrity, and morality; to a court where the best possible examples of private and of public virtues, of conjugal constancy and felicity, and of domestic worth, were set by the first characters there: to wit, his late Majesty George the Third, and Charlotte, his royal consort.

All those who ever frequented St. James's will allow that the court of the late king was a virtuous court; not that "*Virtus sola nobilitas*" would have served as a motto to the whole of the *noblesse*, but because virtue was rewarded and vice discouraged by the head of the nation, and

because the royal pair on the throne gave the highest and most perfect example of conjugal affection and truth, and refused to receive characters, however high, and particularly female ones, which were tainted with dishonour and vice. It would hardly be fair to name those whom her Majesty refused the honour of presentation; at the same time, worth, elevated to the coronet, was sure of a protective and encouraging reception. More than one peer made what is called in France a *mesalliance*; the rage for wedding theatrical beauties had also commenced; these weaknesses do not tend to purify and ennoble the illustrious blood of the peerage; but where no spot affixed to the title by crime or dishonour exists, the thing is admissible: the queen, therefore, as well as her royal partner, showed great condescension to deserving females, who gained their advancement in life by marriages far beyond their birth and expectations; of this number was Lady Townley (the reader cannot mistake who is meant); the queen received her with much affability; indeed, that meritorious performer had trod the dramatic stage with as much gracefulness, and in as becoming a manner, as she afterwards acted her part in high life. The lady of Fre-

derick Augustus, of the race of Fitzalleynes, as aforesaid, was likewise received with distinction, and continued a favourite with both their majesties, to the end of their reign: the lord himself had paved the way for his lady, by being highly considered by the royal family, whilst she seconded his views by irreproachable conduct, prudence, judgment, and accomplishments; moreover, her majesty queen Charlotte always considered her as a virtuous woman. No light grandmothers, divorced and divorcing wives, gazetted gamblers, or scandalmongers then led the *ton*, nor bore the *belle* in those days; the court was certainly in the old style, but that was a good style. In respect to the great world, &c. &c. things were much as they are at present; high life is always high life, abroad or at home, with a few shades, more or less, the *poco meno*, or the *poco piu*,—fashionable levities\* must have a certain latitude; John Bull may grumble at them, which is all he does; in France,

\* About this period, a play came out called “Fashionable Levities.” By a typographical error, it made its appearance in one of the prints as “Fashionable Levites.” All the judaical extraction in the country was in a fright; but the insertion of a letter restored peace: each said to the other, “Sure it is not I!” The peerage and baronetage ought to be scrupulous as to the introduction of the Jews amongst the Gentiles. Even amongst the *gentlees* they would not pass current but for their money.

they would gain the accommodating name of *l'aimable folie*.

At the time we allude to, the bright star of Brunswick was in the zenith of his resplendence; never were the prince and the gentleman more happily nor closer allied; such he was acknowledged by all admiring Europe, nay by that country which has long boasted of giving the fashions to the whole continent, and of being the prototype of elegance, grace, amiability, polish, and refinement. France freely confessed that the British prince astonished her ambassadors, her nobility, and all who visited the old court of St. James's. The form of our government so facilitates a prince of intellect to mingle with his people, and to enchant and attach them to him; and no one did so with so much ease and good grace as the illustrious personage alluded to: but we must now proceed to take a short observation of the leading characters of the day, with the particular view of seeing whether the associates of the deceased father of the Lord William Fitzalleyne of Berkeley had, or had not, companions dissimilar to those of his son. The men amongst whom he moved, and some of whom were his intimate friends, were the Dukes of R—ch—d, of L—ds, of M—n—se;

the Earls of Eg--m--t, of H--r--t--n, of Ch--rs--f--d ; Lord Ch--y, Lord L--le--n, and all the talent of the country, not forgetting the nobility and gentry of his own country. It would be a pleasing task to the writer of these pages to publish their names at full length, but the nature of this work forbids it. Eulogy, however merited, is not a very marketable commodity ; but thus far must be said of those truly honourable personages—they were worthy of the court at which they appeared. The tricks of some more modern titled men were wholly unknown to them, nor was there aught in them inconsistent with the dignity of the peerage ; they were brave and well-bred men, and neither patrons of the whip, the gaming-table, nor the ring, further than to drive four horses like gentlemen, and to win or lose on the turf, or at the first club-houses, in a fair and honourable manner.

The beauties of that day were the Duchesses of R——d and Devonshire, the Countesses of B——sb——h and J——y, Lady Charlotte C——l, Lady Emily H——b——t, with a dozen more of equal loveliness, whilst the finest royal family in the known world gave a lustre to the drawing-room, unequalled and never to be forgotten. The star of Brunswick irradiated the first circles, and brought



into vogue, if we may use the expression, an amenity of manners, an elegance of deportment, and an easy cheerfulness, grafted on the highest possible polish and refinement, which characterized the imitators and admirers of the prince. He had amongst his intimates and associates some odd ones: an honourable major, who afterwards turned black diamond merchant, who wrote a catchpenny book, with a singular \* frontispiece to it, with some strange advice in it; and who also published a treatise on rat-catching, and disdained the title of peer, which devolved to him by his brother's demise; a tall colonel of hoaxing and fighting celebrity, and who died in a duel; and a certain general who got the nickname of John of Ghent, for a very different reason; with others who, perhaps, had no pretension to enjoy the favour and society of the prince; but then, per contra, what talent did he call round him! a F—x, a Sh—ri—n, an E—rs—e, elevated afterwards to the peerage; not to omit the hero of the Nile, and the then Earl of M—r—a, who, like the chevalier Bayard of chivalrous memory, was and is a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.

\* This term may offend chaste eyes, but the colonel's frontispiece will explain it.

Such was the court, or rather, such the frequenters of it will give a slight idea and outline of it. Broken promises and broken heads were not in fashion in those days: amongst the few nobility already named, more than one raised modest birth and merit to their own rank; one made a marriage of reparation; nay, even the lord rat-catcher, life writer (and it was his own), and vender of the black article of trade, was faithful to his engagements where the law bound him not; and one of his reasons for forbidding his servants to address him as my lord was that she might bear his name as Mrs. H—g—r. There were many other generous traits in his character, amongst which was his never forgetting a friend; and although he made some in a line of life far below what might have been expected to have suited the habits of a man of birth and education, yet there is merit in always acknowledging them. On one occasion, he showed magnanimity of heart: after he came to his title, to his fortune, and prosperity (and he had known the reverse—in prison, poverty, shifts, and privations), a certain baronet called upon him, and George was so delighted to see him, that, in the overflowings of a warm and honest heart, he called up his game-keeper and all his servants, and said

to them nearly these words, "Behold this man, ye varlets! Never mind me whilst he is here; neglect me if ye will, but look upon him as your master; obey him in all things; the house, the grounds, the game, the gardens, all are at his command; let his will be done; make but him welcome, and I care not for the rest." This reminds us of the great Curran's conduct to his benefactor: but we are straying from our subject, and have but one excuse,

*"Humanum est errare."*

It is a stray subject, or a subject that has strayed, of which we treat. We will now return, not to a lamb that has gone astray, and which might have been fondly led back to the fold, but to the high and triumphant William Fitzalleyne of Berkeley.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

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"How much the thirst of honour fires the blood ;  
How many would be great, how few be good."

*Dryden's Juvenal.*

*Light sketches of a few more characters—William of Berkeley introduced more in form—What passes after his father's death—Takes precedence of himself, and brings an old house upon his back—Loss of a bright prospect—Takes to drinking—Jack the groom and his master—Short soliloquy on retiring to rest—Perfections and attractions of William of Berkeley—All hearts are his—His military capacity—Dangers of private theatricals—William of Berkeley's associates.*

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

WE would fain come to the interesting William of Berkeley, but we must still make room for some

of the *beau monde* of more ancient date. The ancient must pass by, ere the modern comes into play. There were, in the days we are treating of, certain nobles of the land who considered their word as their bond. "On the honour of a peer" was a solemn oath, or at least an obligation equally sacred and binding. There were, among such men, those who stepped down from their elevation in society to raise up unprotected females, to make restitution for wrongs, to fulfil promises, to wipe a stain from their posterity, and to dry the tears of lovely weeping woman. Others too, so delicate, that they would not owe to stratagem, nor even to the influence of wealth, power, and rank, what they might obtain fairly and legitimately. Such conduct was truly worthy of their birth; but, as Burke said, "The reign of chivalry, alas! is o'er." To the virtue of Miss F——n, and the delicacy of the Earl of D——y, her fair fame and title are due. Great in her line, as poor Maria was in hers, she had first wisdom, firmness, and resolution; and secondly, she had not a seducer, but a legitimate lover, who, by honouring her, respected himself, and ensured for both conjugal security and happiness. It would scarcely be fair to say that the features of the case were far different from those in

the unhappy love-affair of our hero and heroine. The peer's *features* scarcely merit the name ; those to whom he gives his *countenance* are extraordinarily *countenanced*. As an union for beauty, he certainly is most ill calculated to shine as a companion ; nor should he (if it be true that his late countess married him against her will) have urged on the connubial sacrifice. In his last choice he has been more fortunate ; and nothing can more clearly prove his lady's merit than the high estimation in which his lordship's children, family, and friends, held her, both before and after the performing of the nuptials. Lord C——n, another amateur of the stage, overcame every petty feeling to espouse the object of his choice. So did Lord T——w, and the rich banker C——ts, in the same line,—a proof that the stage, although a dangerous school, has many immaculate females on its boards ; and in many instances where they have turned out otherwise, to whom have we to look for their fall ? Is it not to deceivers ? to those who ought to blush at the subsequent exposures of their conduct, whilst the brave and sympathetic may regretfully say,

“ Oh ! weep for the hour  
When to Eveleen's bower  
The lord of the valley with *false vows* came,” &c.

There was at that period a very high character, indeed, who could not marry, but who might have been kinder and truer to "The Spoil'd Child," who was a great magnet in her day, and whose conduct in the evening of life was irreproachable, nay, who deserved much at those hands which neglected her, and who died in obscurity and poverty in the land of the stranger; she has, however, left a race of the fair and the brave to honour her memory, and to serve as redeeming circumstances for past coldness and alienation of tender feeling, where it might be expected. *Brisons-là*, as the French say, hoping that all marriages of delicacy, or of retributive justice, may be happy; but that correctness and honour, in the bolder sex, may lessen the number by rendering the causes of them unnecessary. We had a list of divorced and re-married to *the parties* of very high rank in our mind's eye, but *nous leurs en faisons grace*, by coming directly to the main story, which will long live, not only in the scandalous chronicles or nine-day wonders of our time, but in aching memory and lasting regrets.

To return to William of Berkeley, who bore, amongst the buxom lasses in the country, the *nom*

*de guerre* of William the Conqueror, which same conqueror and usurper, *soit dit en passant*, was nicknamed *Guillaume le Bastard*.—No sooner had the funeral pomp of his departed sire passed over, and the tears of deserved regret been wiped off from those eyes, which exhibited not an idle mockery of woe, than our hero launched his gallant bark upon the ocean of pleasure ; he was surrounded, as Jupiter is by his satellites, by all the gayest of the gay in London, and by the flower of the youth of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, &c. ; to which were superadded a tailor's bill-like looking list (we mean in longitude) of horse-jockeys, horse-dealers, grooms, prize-fighters, and toad-eaters, and, amongst them, he was considered as a thorough-bred prime fellow. His good-nature, his brave virile disposition, energy, and activity, dexterity, and a decided leaning towards his inferiors, gained him the good-will of all around him ; besides, " amongst jolly fellows he bore off the bell ; " indeed he bore off the *belle* in many ways—the *church-bell* was the only one which he steered clear of. With his four tits before him, no charioteer of the age looked better ; the brethren of the whip held him in deserved repute ; no one turned out to hunt more trim and neat,



nor better mounted; and in all his exercises he united grace and courage: we will not say that as a shot he was *Der Frieschutz*, or, as the cockney misses call it, *dear free shoots*; he was, however, a very respectable knight of the trigger, and he towered above his companions in most things. A landed property of not far from twenty thousand per annum, with suitable establishment, appointments, &c., did not detract from his excellence; the gem that is rare is not the worse for the gold setting about it—so thought his neighbours; which, added to other good qualities, endeared him particularly to the people. Sweet Willie oh! having very popular manners—or, as some of the chamber-maids used to call them, *populous manners*—one thing which did much credit to “my lord” (so he was then called) was a sort of downright Englishman kind of spirit; no man looked better, surrounded by his tenants and the yeomanry of his county. His possessions were extensive, and procured him, as well they might, territorial importance and influence; he was, moreover, a jolly companion; for the rosy god of wine seemed to favour him as much as did the blind urchin of the fatal bow; and had he enlisted under the standard of Mars for active ser-

vice, instead of confining himself to the defensive bands who fight "*pro aris et focis*," the complimentary lines, delicately penned by the ex-queen of Holland, might have suited very well this favoured one in love, in wine, and in wealth :

" Oui, vous plairez et vous vainquerez sans cesse,  
Mars, et l'amour suivront par tout vos pas ;  
De vos succès gardez la douce Yvresse,  
Soyez heureux, mais ne m'oubliez pas."

This last line would most peculiarly have suited a certain lovely girl, but *n'importe*. In addition to land and cash, William of Berkeley was now sole master of a superb castle, as we have already stated, far-famed for its antiquity, its hospitality, and for the revels which were held within its walls : we do not presume to state that (as in olden times) a lord of misrule presided over the Christmas or other gambols, nor to point out who was the mistress of the revels ; we only know, by experience, that within those walls strange scenes were acted, theatrically and otherwise ; that interludes of high spirit were got up there ; that tragic-comedies succeeded to the lighter pieces ; and that " All's well that ends well" may have been in rehearsal, but has not yet been *performed*. William had now climbed

the steep ascent of greatness, when a perplexing and puzzling question was agitated, namely, what right and *title* he had to maintain his ground. Had this been a ring question (we allude not to the marriage ring, *Gillaume le bel* was at all in the ring), it must have been decided in his favour: he would have had a legion at his command; nay, taken singly as a gentleman combatant, would have had *nae peer*; but the matter was to come before high-minded men, big-wigs, and the descendants of hot-headed Normans and of proud Saxons—men whose armorial bearings proved their high pedigree and the deeds in arms of their illustrious ancestors; and they all viewed with jealousy any new face which was to take rank and place with them, and to sit *cheek by jole* (our reader will pardon the unpolished phrase)

“Betwixt the wind and (*their*) nobility.”

They therefore doubted and scrutinized the claims of our hero, until the matter was so sifted, that he who once was a lord and commoner in the eye of the law found himself excluded from both houses, by *taking precedence of himself*. Not that this was any fault of his, but merely one of his father's memory; for if in 1784 he remembered that he was a bachelor, and Mary Carbon a

spinster, how came his lordship to forget it *all in the month of May-ing*, A. D. 1796? This was a sad second-hand business, and the parties made a bad hand of it; the whole misfortune was, that the years passed in courting did not count, and that by the intervention of some unlucky spirit. William the *matchless* came *by mistake* upon the stage too soon: high respect to his amiable mother \* makes us drop the curtain once more at *this act*, whilst the reader may suppose the orchestra to be playing the favourite air of

“C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,” &c.

This was a sad blank, an irreparable *hiatus*, a hole in the ballad, which must have put the hero out of tune; a title lost in the fog, a leaf missing on which all depended, contradiction in time and place which made every one say, “Lord, how can

\* This lady's examination before a high tribunal, we have shown, was conducted with a delicacy suitable to her condition, and to the character of those who composed the court. There are accidents in the best regulated families, and many strange tales are told, which, if verified, would make curious alterations in the court calendar. The present case (for it is as well to put a good face on it) seemed to prove, that a certain deceased right honourable member of a right honourable house had, during the latter part of his life, *turned over a new leaf*, but it was not in its proper place; and it was precisely its not being in its proper place which made “*All in the Wrong*,” a piece afterwards much practised by an illustrious *amateur*.

all this be!" The hounds were at a fault, the *play* was spoilt, the stables were in mourning; there was something *lame* in every account—it was a dead halt; and what to do? Doctors differed, so did evidence; friends hoped for the best; the fancy would have *so-fist-i-cafed* all the sophistry of those who disputed his right, right or wrong, the pretty girls wept, and some say that his honour took to drinking *ratasee*, and thought upon Miss — (fill up the blank who will); but Spring returned to the garden of that name, in which William is the pride and the ornament; and those who quaffed the rich juice of the grape in that merry mansion swore (perhaps the descendant of a celebrated parson) "*ver erat eternum*" beneath that roof where there was a perpetual spring of liberty and love. The subject of the disputed right is what men call a real good fellow: every one was sorry for any thing which might impede his progress in life; one man gave him his best wishes; a certain duke gave him a regiment\*; more than one lady gave him her heart; so that he

\* The noble father of the present colonel also commanded a regiment of militia; and it was in the west of England, not a hundred miles from Gloucester, that his lordship fell in love with Mary Carbon, previous (probably) to his pilgrimage to the enchanted village: like Pat, he might sing,

now became *the* colonel—not that, contemplating what he had lost, or what was, according to some accounts, only *missing*—he could say with old Horace, “*Militia est patior* ;” but he made a noble militia colonel, and so continues ; whilst his fashionable dashing associates toasted him in bumpers, accompanied by frequent cheers, and swore to a man, that for him

————— “ Our song and feast shall flow,  
To the fame of (*his*) name, while the stormy winds do blow.”

“ It’s an ill wind that blows nobody good ;” and as some of them occasionally acted “ *Raising the Wind*,” followed by “ *The poor Gentleman*,” such a patron deserved their utmost support for his *benefit*, as well as for *their own*. Theatricals now became the colonel’s delight, and he entertained

“ Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny’s large COAL,  
Which through my poor bosom have burnt a big hole.  
Her breast like its river is soft, clear, and pure.”

*Cætera desunt.*

For he certainly could not add,

“ But her heart is as hard as it’s marble, I’m sure.”

The second colonel, well becoming his regimentals, was not less captivating than the former. Many a jérémiade has been poured forth by Miss Bayleys, all acknowledging that the colonel is a handsome man,

“ But yet a gay deceiver.”

Force of example and education does much : and probably the first lesson which he got by heart was “ *Dulce est decipere in loco*.”

many dramatic characters at his country residence with that warmth, kindness, and hilarity which belong peculiarly to his manners. He lived hard, and seemed to think no more of the title ; yet some say, that although in his nocturnal orisons it never could be said that " Amen stuck in his throat," yet the peerage stuck in his stomach ; so that when *Bacchi plenus* (full of wine), sweet William, the flower of the flock, retired to rest, balancing himself and his accounts together, he would say to honest Jack S——h, a smart fellow, and his faithful groom, " Damn the title, Jack ; I've got the money." Sterling good, replied the tight lad, promoted thus to be groom of the chambers. The great Condé allowed that no man was a hero with his *valet de chambre* ; but Jack swore that his master was, and offered to bet a cool hundred upon it, and to post the *coal*. Could this be a family allusion ?—let the wise decide. Fame still attended on the steps of William of Berkeley, and trumpeted his exploits wherever he went : sometimes she was too loud and too indiscreet, in getting him into the columns of the newspapers ; but if young men will get into scrapes, they must expect the same notoriety for levity as for fashion. Added to the name of good fellow, he certainly

has that of a good brother ; nor is the attachment to be exceeded any where, although *mala fama* will chatter about broken glasses and broken promises, rows, adventures, and tricks which might be sent to *Coventry* : not the doers thereof, but the deeds themselves.—A word now of the gay ones of William's circle, choice spirits, dandies, *cum multis aliis*.

### PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

We have heard gray-beards compare private theatricals to horse-racing and gaming ; because these sports and *passa tempi* confound rank and pre-eminence with talent sprung from low origin, and with adventurous and ruined men. The same might be said of concerts, in which professional performers must not only mingle, but take the lead ; and which sometimes afford bread to those who have been amateurs when in better circumstances. We differ widely in this opinion, —the comparison is not a just one. My lord and the colonel, Sir John and the member for so and so, may mix with grooms, jockeys, Greeks, and adventurers on the turf and at the gaming-table. In private theatricals, he may select his company,



and cull from the green-room persons of talent, honour, and irreproachable conduct; he may invite to his table the Roscius of the day, with many other able performers, who unite, in their public and private capacities, the scholar, the gentleman, and the scientific actor. Nor need the amateur of the drama go farther than Charles Young for such a character. Men like him, and others, will improve the language, the delivery, the action, and taste of youth, so as to be serviceable to them in pronouncing a speech in the senate-house or on the hustings; whilst a witty comedian will not only set the table in a roar, but give his auditors a facility in telling a humorous story, and in imitating a strain of pleasantry fair enough to copy. From their society pleasure may be derived: from the fascinations of musical performers, a source of delight must always flow. Besides, such noblemen and gentlemen as take pleasure in performing themselves must have instructions and co-operators. The dangers of private theatricals are, the fascinations of female talent, the snares of eyes and lips, of smiles and graceful attitudes, the practical lessons of love which are too apt to follow, the descriptive and scenic representations thereof, the increased witch-

ery of beauty, aided by a blaze of lights, by *high colouring*, romantic scenery and romantic parts, by costume, by well-judged concealments and exposure of charms; and lastly, the rivalry of fashion to stand well with the favourite of the day; and the heated workings of imaginations when the play and ballet are over; and the garden scene in *Romeo and Juliet* is transferred from Covent-Garden to Spring-Gardens, or to some of the sweet shades of fashionable squares, not to mention the chance of a dagger-scene, or the still deeper tragic dénouement of a pistol-scene at Chalk-Farm, and the great difficulty which the actor and actress feel to descend from the sublimity of life to the domestic circle of mediocrity, and to forget that love which inspired the conscious lovers on the stage, and has to be unlearned in a *stage-coach*, going home to some outlet of the metropolis. How hard for a prince of Denmark to lodge in Denmark-street as a simple commoner! How natural for a romantic girl to cry out in the frenzy of inspiration, after the audience have retired, "Give me but *Romeo*, night!" &c. We are assured that such things have been. Are not these the real dangers arising from *amateur* performances and from amateur performers?

No one knows this better than William of Berkeley, the Lothario of the day, the *amateur par excellence*, one not less dangerous, although somewhat more innocent, than Il Don Giovanni. He continued to play as a star in public and private theatricals. The green-room had peculiar attractions for him. When at the former, it used to be a delightful thing for his dashing companions to have to applaud him on the boards, and afterwards to toast him at the festive board, when he assembled together the talent of the stage, mingled with the fashionables of his circle. His suppers were admirable; and he filled the chair with great éclat. All this, however, was but the prelude, the divertissement to the grand play, the last act of which has yet to come.

Having said thus much of the principal actor, it is but just to say something of those who took part and parts with him. Henry the fifth, without Harry Hotspur, honest Jack Falstaff, and the other minor characters, would be nothing—not that we make any comparisons, it being agreed by all that comparisons are odious.

Amongst the young men with whom William of Berkeley was in habits of friendship and conviviality may be enumerated some of the first names

among the scions and descendants of our most ancient nobility—not distinguished, it is true, by the refinement of their taste, or the classic elegance of their pursuits, but celebrated for their patronizing and persevering in the encouragement of gymnastic and athletic sports and rude pastimes, which the more polished of the peerage decried as brutal and degrading, and the judges of the land issued their fulminations against on the sacred seat; yet, under such auspices, a band of ruffians traversed the country to excite the peaceable and well-disposed to quarrels and to strife, and by a display of their superior capabilities in bruising, beating, and destroying other and less *accomplished* blackguards, and by teaching, or pretending to teach, the rules and practice of their *incomparable* science to others of his majesty's liege subjects, did they inculcate and provoke an endless thirst for pugilistic encounter, until the whole kingdom was disgraced by the frequent announcement of these prize battles and assemblages of the dishonest and profligate; and the inhabitants of many of the large cities and towns kept in a continued state of disgraceful brawl and civil warfare. It was among these and such as these, the patrons of the *ring* and the

*fancy*, of Caleb Baldwin the *coster-man*, and Pierce Egan the *flashmonger*, of Cribb the *coal-heaver*, and Neate the *butcher*, of slender Billy, the *bull hanker*, and in fact of a long *Newgate calendar-like* list of heroes of the same description, that our hero might be occasionally seen fighting his *tike* himself, ridiculously dressed in an embroidered white silk waistcoat, to handle a bull-dog, and at the same time, perhaps, elbowing a sweep or a dust-man. Here, too, among the *cognoscenti* of such exhibitions, the associates of Fitzalleyne might be seen, the heir to the noble house of S——, and the brother of the Duke of R——, he of the merry vein, the honourable B——, and the thrice renowned Marquisses of H—— and W——, the son of the patriot baronet, and the descendant of a monarch, crowded together, within the ropes of a prize ring, to witness a brutal display, not of true courage excited by accumulated wrongs, but of savage ferocity, stimulated by the worst of all bad passions—the desire of gain. In such a circle would the brothers display their prowess; while in the amusements of the chase they were joined by the members of the B—— H——, the emeralder B——e, the boldest leaper of the field, Captain H——k, called *honest Bluff*,

Spa T——, and the fox-hunting clerical; then came the *mad wag*, father Carroll, who bore away the widow and her *blunt*, and the elegant extract of the 10th Captain A—— B——, and Ap. F——; the Welsh sheriff surnamed *long spur*, and the lord of the *white charger*, Captain C——, and the *fiery Nimrod* W——, the boldest rider of the whole, with the son of him who did much for the *preservation of beauty*, and the dashing Captain T——, of the S. G. M. These were a few of the satellites that moved round the planet of Berkeley, and illumined the hours of his festivity, and performed the nightly bacchanalian orgies of the castle, with strange conceits and vagaries; the which to relate would make old father Time uprear his scythe to mow us down at once, and thereby save his conscience from the heart-rending reflection of the ill usage he has often experienced at the hands of these *care-killers*.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ROAD TO RUIN.

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— — — — — “ I promise  
By Phœbus and his daughters, whose chaste zones  
Were never yet by impure hands untied,  
Our language shall flow chaste : nothing sounds here  
That can give just offence to a strict ear.”

*The Muses' Looking-Glass.*

*More characters—Anecdotes—The appearance of  
a theatrical comet—Some history of its descent—  
The child of nature—Natural consequence—  
Journey to Cheltenham—William of Berkeley on  
the boards—Reminiscences of “ Love in a Vil-  
lage”—More violent love than that—Declaration  
—Invitation to the castle, which is accepted of—  
A tumble up stairs à la Byron—Prognostica-  
tions—Family motto.*

“ Dis moi qui tu hantes, et je te dirai qui tu es.”

*Old French Proverb.*

THAT “ birds of a feather flock together,” is too old, too stale, and too trite an adage to need a remark, saye only that, although this is very gene-



rally the case, it has many exceptions: in the bird line, the doves pair, the songsters collect together, game flock with game, and game birds disdain the barn-door bully, to which we do not give the *unsavoury* name ordinarily affixed to the *white feather* breed: birds of passage travel together, and birds of prey understand each other perfectly, as the Italian says,

“ Corvi con corvi, non se cavan mui gli occhi.”

Ravens pluck not out ravens' eyes.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, we sometimes see a nobler bird crammed into life's menageries with those of inferior feather, with rooks, and hawks, and starlings, and jackdaws, with birds which unfeather others, and are often entirely clad in borrowed plumes: such too was William of Berkeley, the eaglet of a high nest, or a game-cock, amongst the fancy; a swan in stateliness, but in lover's promise a mere *humming* bird; often surrounded with inferiors, he towered above them, often *hased* over night; he shone out above them in the morning; familiar with grooms, he looked still the master; *what* he led was not always respectable as to character, but he led them, and looked down upon them; on the race-course, in the field, on the stage, at the revel, he was William of Berkeley;

and as the fair maidens of divers counties (may we not place Gloucester and Worcester amongst the number ?) beheld him returning from the sports of the field, they would romantically quote Ossian, and exclaim with a sigh \*, “ He was returning from the chase fairest amongst his friends.” This observation was literally true ; whatever game he had in view, and whoever his companions were, this remark might be most generally made : he is great in the field, on the stage, and a most *promising* genius. Having received much from dame Nature, much was expected from him ; yet it would be hard to deem more imprudent in him what would be treated as a mere frolic in others : the wildness of youth depends not on birth : moreover, where the sixteen quarters are overturned by deteriorated origin, from whichever side of the house it may come, the censor has no right to be severe. The colonel is a gay, merry blade—so are his brothers ; fun, fancy, and sportive rows may be expected from these youths, highly favoured by fortune, and as well treated by nature : to one, the prude might say, “ Was that well done, my

\* Vide “ My love is a son of the hill,  
He pursues the bounding deer,” &c.

lord \*?" but Thomas, like the late lord C——, would not answer to the name; he is too fond of his brother and the people to *lord* it over his bottle, or larking companions. Youth will be youth; and so far, so good. The B——y and C——y family certainly have a strange turn for hoaxes, rows, and scrapes: one of these was the making a certain person of a grave profession so drunk, that he fell under the table; in which situation he was denuded of his drapery, sewed up in a blanket, and carried as a *turtle* to a public house, there to remain all night, until sent for by a certain noble earl. Orders were given that he should be laid before the fire, and each time he (the turtle) moved, cold water was to be sprinkled over him. This was a pretty *fresh* trick, and might have had serious consequences; for the directions were punctually obeyed. Another *aimable plaisanterie* was setting fire to a currier's tail (not of his coat, but of other clothing) when he jumped out of bed, alarmed at the violent noise of a hunting party, singing, hooting, and screaming, which he thought proceeded from the house being on fire; the poor

\* We should not thrust honours on this worthy, did not a certain great house decide it thus: we may excuse ourselves theatrically, and make this appeal, "Thou canst not say that I did it!"

man, in consequence, called out "Fire, fire!" and the young bucks were determined to make him prove his words. How pretty! Does such *fun* deserve to be sent to Coventry, or the actors in the farce? We could also say something of three brothers—not Augustus, Mark Antony, and Lepidus, but Augustus, a mark's-man of note, and another worthy *triumvir*, sallying out through the park into which one of their houses leads: an adventure with three fallen stars, and the consequences thereof—they will understand the hint: respect for our readers makes us omit the rest. Amongst Fitzalloyne's cronies we may rank Lord D—h—t, of a very frolicsome family; Edward L—m—re Ch—t—n, who bore off the silver whip at Newmarket, but who does not make much figure on the turf of late; also Lord D—cie, and one whom it might be *best* not to name—the officious meddlers to woman's prejudice; the mentor of a modern Telemachus, of a very different stamp from him, who flourishes in classic remembrance—one of duelling and King's Bench fame, who once kept a clerk, famous in the annals of intrigue, art, and female frailty—frailty do we call it? No, that is the first step from innocence: this gentleman's after-acquaintance with the West Indian is creditable

to both; the one for his taste and delicacy, the other for allowing himself to be directed by such a wise head. What a pity that he had not the tall, ugly, gloomy-looking Mr. C—w—y K——n at his elbow then! who, by the by, ought to be fairer after being whitewashed; but it is true that in this ceremony the party is sometimes so dragged through the dirt and mire, that some of it sticks to them ever after. Precious acquaintances!!!

Nor are the brothers of Fitzalleyne unworthy of the *blood* that runs in their veins—they are all accounted *great bloods*. One of them is no more cautious than the colonel: as to whose domestic happiness he disturbs, witness the partner who was with him at Calais last year. Similarity of taste and conduct must greatly cement the ties of consanguinity. There is some good-nature, however, in the eldest untitled brother, which the turf, the fancy, and the stable feel and are benefited by. Nor is this good quality lost upon Mr. C——t, who has been gulled and cheated out of all his property. It would be bad indeed, if there were no redeeming qualities amidst such a cloud of error. Happy had they been exercised towards another sex, without the interference of pride, fruitless ambition (for the object thereof is not attainable), sus-

picion, unfounded or pretended jealousy, and self-interest.

And now let us turn to “*metal more attractive.*” It was in the year 1810, that a theatrical comet first appeared to the enraptured eyes of an admiring public at Plymouth,—Maria, the lovely, the engaging, the unique, the favourite of the Graces, and *the child of nature*, came out. A countenance which might disarm the most barbarous woman-hater, a voice which might captivate echo to treasure up and dwell upon; figure, feeling, delicacy, sylph-like agility, a just comprehension of her author; every thing favoured her *debut* on the stage. Interest was at its highest pitch upon this occasion. Never did an *entrée* into the profession (and that in the character of Juliet, which requires all that we have mentioned), augur more prosperously. Nothing of future success would have astonished any one who witnessed her as a rising bright ornament and light on the stage. Coronets and supporters, wealth and celebrity; nothing seemed beyond the possibility of her attaining; and more particularly, in an age where the leap from the green-room to a drawing-room presentation, and from the theatre to a title, seem quite easy, whether in a *pas de deux*, or as a successful *exit*

from the dramatic scene, to higher scenes in life. Proud indeed were the parents; but is this an honest, or a vain pride? Is it parental tenderness or selfish ambition? Should the father be lost in the manager? No. The profession to which Maria was an ornament and an honour is that of all others which must excite the most painful solitudes, on the part of those to whom she owed her birth. The utmost vigilance is scarcely sufficient to watch the tender plant, fanned by the warm breath of flattery, marked by the eye of gilded seduction, exposed to jealousies, agitated by early and contending passions; and not only surrounded by unsafe companions in the profession, but by the gaudy flutterers, of noblest birth and high pretensions; who ogle, and trifle, and dally, and flirt away affection and reputation together. Her debut on the London boards took place in 1813. Here the same rapturous applause met her; and that from the highest circle of company, and from amateurs and professional people in abundance. Her *Amanthis* in the *Child of Nature* was as perfect as her *Juliet*. She could not fail in such a part, for nature played it. But here it is a duty to record her intermediate acting, betwixt her appearing at Plymouth and at Covent-Garden.

She lent her brilliant talents to the sacred cause of charity in 1811, during which year she played continually and gratuitously for the poor ; and of later date it has come within our knowledge, that this benevolent disposition remains unimpaired in the bosom of Maria.

“(She has) a tear for pity, and a hand open as day  
To melting charity.”

With the frailty which she, in common with most people, has ; that frailty natural, betrayed, played upon, chronicled by those who ought to have been the last to expose it ; with all this, and whatever *onus* calumny may think fit to impose upon her, the county of Devon may yet be proud of her. The natural consequence of beauty and talents so rare was their becoming a magnet to our youth of fashion. Maria had many undeclared admirers ; none as yet had avowed his flame. The tongue of praise took delight in naming her ; a heart and hand had as yet not been offered to her. It was her misfortune to play at Cheltenham ;—misfortune, because this was the remote cause of all the miseries of her life. She gained her usual applause ; her benefit was announced, when a noble youth, one who had borne a title, and still entertains hopes of realizing the



pretensions which he has to recover it (*how*, he best knows),—a youth of fine appearance, of most insinuating manners and of theatrical talents, which he had occasionally exercised as an amateur—that opulent youth, already often named as the hero of our Romance, offered his services to perform with her and for her. Both these offers were highly flattering. His good appearance,—the family to which he belonged,—his power,—his county influence, every thing conspired to make such a proposal most welcome. Maria was attraction enough of herself; but such an addition of strength must carry all before it. It did so: nothing could exceed the success and applause of the night. Full of the reminiscences of a right honourable father's performance of "Love in a Village," not on a theatre, but in the retirement of the country, William the conqueror played his best; but the winding up of the plot was not like his noble sire's, who plucked the violet from the shade, warmed it and fostered it into maturity, wore it publicly in his bosom, and placed it in the eminence of nobility, redeeming the sacred pledge made on love at first sight\*. The curtain dropped. Every hand and heart was with

\* Whether whilst quartered at Gloucester or at the village matters very little.

Maria; nor was the heart of the gallant William whole,—the eyes of Maria had touched its core; so that the acquaintance could not be dropped at the same time as the fatal curtain fell. An invitation to go to his castle followed the representation. It was accepted. Could any one blame Maria for this? Certainly not. She was not her own mistress, but under the protection of her parents; they accompanied her. It was a party of pleasure to a most noble mansion, to scenery truly interesting; sincerity seemed to enhance the welcome. In fine, she went to the castle. All here was splendour, hospitality, amusement, warmth, kindness, respect, devotion, and flattering preference. The baronial edifice,—historical remembrances,—the celebrity of William in fashionable life,—the tale of ancestry,—romantic walks, woods, and *pleasing views*,—all combined to enchant the child of nature, and were well calculated to set the heart astraying. Was it so? Was that heart too easy? No. Let he who won it and broke it tell, were not solemn and honourable promises then made? Were they given to the wind? Were they but made to be violated? or were they pure, honest, and sincere at the time? And are they not yet in writing? Let him speak. They were

made ; and hence Maria's future ruin. She might well exclaim, in the language of Eloisa to her lover, and with equal truth,

“ Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,  
When love approach'd me under friendship's name !”

And she might continue in her warm description of the perfections of her false William, in a similar strain. But we are tired of eulogising. The mind, but not the eye, must finish this scene. It must not blot the paper, but remain as a stain where it ought to be fixed, like Crazy Jane ; and (if our recent intelligence be true) there is a crazy *somebody* victim to the same cause\*. The briefest history would be a part of the ballad—

‘ He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him ;  
He was false, and I undone.”

\* It was erroneously asserted that a certain lady, by the name of W—rh—e, was deranged, in consequence of her exposure in a trial for *Crim. Con.* when her husband obtained one thousand pounds damages of this famous *Lothario* (we beg his pardon, he has not yet fought). She must have been so to have trusted her honour to him. On the trial, he *gentlelly* produced the lady's letters. Was that well done ? or is it calculated to raise a reputation for delicacy and secrecy ? What would have been said of this in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries ? Honour and discretion were *then* a part of the faithful knight's creed ; but things are now so different as day and *night*. Our ruffians and exquisites derive more pleasure and renown from the exposure of the fair and feeble sex than from any soft intercourse, or favour bestowed. It was indeed a knock-me-

It is gossiped about by a few old women in the neighbourhood of the great castle, the reputation of which has far outstripped that of Otranto in romance and legendary tale, that the castle is haunted, and that the ghosts of all the Gloucestershire maids who were victims to unguarded love dance *quadrilles* by moonlight in its halls. There must have been some very naughty men in the family, if this be true ; and an old witch absolutely asserts that the number is still increasing. It must be quite frightful in time, if this continues. What a *peerless* race may be expected ! But perhaps it may only be an old woman's story, like the falling up stairs of Maria on her arrival at the castle. A *faux pas*, or slip of the foot, was one of the first maladventures of the visit. The waiting-women of the castle tittered—said it was better than that there should have been a *slip of the tongue* about it—and added, that it was a sign of marriage.

down argument against poor Mrs. W. ; and what could such a *butcher-*ing blow be aimed at, unless it were for the mitigation of sentence in point of damages ? She might have awakened the theatrical amateur with these accents of despair :

“Thou cut'st my head off with a *golden* axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.”

Away with the subject ! which the trial at the Gloucester Assize details too fully and too truly.

This passed off (as we *are told*) with a laugh ; but *we know* that it was no laughing matter afterwards.

An incident of this kind took place when the immortal bard, Lord Byron, called, with *one more*, for the first time, on his *then* intended. Of his *after-trippings* we shall say nothing, except that he was, in his *progress*, much at variance with his family motto, "*Crede Biron*." The *crede* ill suited either of the illustrious families of the letter B. With them, all blooms in *promise* (we mean love promises), it is always to *be*. What has been may be again, with most incidents in life ; but there are some which time cannot restore, and remind us of the concluding lines in the scene of an old play,

" Wretched are they who trust unto to-morrow,  
Where present bliss the herald is of sorrow."

We will now leave Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, and the fair Maria, in the mansion of his *father's* ancestors—an edifice worthy of the most illustrious family ;—and suppose them, as they really were, arm in arm, in rambles the most delightful ; after which she shone at the banquet, and made dim the tapers with her charms. Every where she was Juliet, and he her Romeo—a part that he had already played in public with her.

“ Her beauty shone upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.”

From the banquet scene to the garden scene, all followed in theatrical succession. The consequence was a natural——inference to be drawn from what had preceded it.



## CHAPTER V.

### THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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“ If half thy outward graces had been placed  
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart ! ”

*Shakspeare.*

“ If there was ever a creature who merited the sympathy of the world, it is Maria !

If there was ever a wife who deserved its commiseration, it is her Mother ! ”

*Examiner.*

*A short narrative of the Pous family—Of Mr. Pous himself, and his first appearance on the boards of the Plymouth theatre under the name of Freeman—His brother the clergyman, and first introduction to the mother of Maria—Imprudence of the marriage—Of her conduct and treatment at Plymouth—Pous manager of the theatre—His wife commences actress—Maria plays Juliet to her mother's Romeo when only twelve years of age—her fascinating appearance and true character—Cold-heartedness of Pous, and something of his trickery—First appearance at Covent Garden in the Child of Nature, and great success—The Saint Fitzalloyne of Berkeley, and his conduct to Maria—General remarks.*



It is now about twenty-eight years since that a good looking, gentlemanly fellow made his first appearance on the boards of the Plymouth theatre, under the assumed cognomen of Freeman. His vivacity, ease, and superior personal attractions soon made him a decided favourite with the audience, while the more wealthy of the histrionic patrons were interested in his welfare from a variety of reports relative to the respectability of his family and connexions; all supposing this *penchant* of the stranger's to be one of those wild freaks which have often distinguished the volatile possessors of great talents, when some little extravagancies or early differences have obtruded themselves into their family arrangements. A very short time unfolded the mystery; and conjecture, ever busy, but seldom prophetic, had an opportunity of exulting in her spirit of divination—he proved to be of a reputable family from Salisbury, where his brother was at that time a clergyman of the established church, and his real name—reader, we shall call it *Pous*. The knowledge of this circumstance, it may be supposed, riveted the actor in the good opinion of his patrons, and the consequence was frequent invitations and introductions to the best society in

the neighbourhood ; where his playful talents and specious manners seldom failed of acquiring him an additional friend, who, when the annual benefit came on, made a stir to support his favourite among the private circle of his acquaintance. In this way the success of Freeman was unprecedented, and his popularity rapidly on the increase ; when on a visit to his brother, the clergyman, during his theatrical vacation, he met a most interesting young creature, scarcely seventeen, just loosed from the restraints of a governess and the strictness of a boarding school discipline, unpractised in the arts and blandishments of life, a stranger to deceit, with a heart innocent as the bleating lamb, and pure and warm as melting charity. She was the sister of his brother's wife ; a lovely girl, rich in all the personal gracefulness of beauty, and free from any, the slightest tinge of coquetry. The accomplished and wary Freeman was smitten with her fascinating person, and although twenty-five years older than herself, succeeded, to the disgrace of all parties who assisted in persuading her to this sacrifice, in marrying and carrying her off with him on his return to Plymouth. In country towns, although actors are sometimes admitted into genteel society, more from the

amusing talent they are expected to display than from feelings of personal respect, yet the female members of the profession are rarely honoured by the least attention of what is termed genteel society; and though Maria the elder, as we must henceforward call her, had been educated as a lady, and possessed accomplishments superior to most of those who surrounded her, she was nevertheless doomed to experience the sharp and cruel neglect with which the females of her husband's profession were indiscriminately treated; and notwithstanding the interest her appearance excited among the males, pity was the only sensation that ever escaped the lips of the prudential and the softer sex. Deserted comparatively by one sex, she naturally enough threw herself into the society of the other; and certainly in Plymouth, her good humour, fascinating manner, long silken hair, and white hat and feathers, made prodigious havoc among the young, the gay, and the amorous. Her husband finding she was not visited; and rather proved a bar to his continued invitations, began to neglect her himself; instead, as he ought to have done, of paying her double attention, and seeking to soothe and console an ill-used woman, whose feelings had never tasted

injury till she sacrificed her youth, beauty, and prospects to him. A heartless indifference now marked the conduct of Pous; he cared not who flirted about with his wife, provided he was released from the trouble, and left her too often after the first burst of passion cooled. Thus, without being vicious, her natural gaiety deadened all sense of discretion: and from being shamefully slighted by the world without a cause, she became indignant and indifferent to its opinion.

The produce of this ill-sorted union was the fair Maria, the heroine of our tale, who was thus launched into the world a beauteous gem, gifted with heavenly attractions, but denied even the usual guardians of mortal frailty; from the first lisplings of her silver tongue associated with scenes of profligacy, or examples little calculated to strengthen the opening mind with a just sense of propriety, or domestic love.

From that weariness of mind, which in moments of quiet constantly presses the heart of a slighted woman, a desire for relief, which was denied her in the society of her own sex, to the extent she deserved, urged the mother of our heroine to take refuge nightly in the theatre; where, as might have been expected, and was perhaps intended by her

cold-hearted husband, she imbibed a strong predilection for the stage. Her wish was soon gratified, and her appearance successful; Pous himself having by this time become the proprietor of the theatre. And thus was the fair Maria, a playful, lovely child, just becoming open to impressions; early initiated, with the most innocent feelings, to undervalue those modest proprieties and delicacies of female character which add an irresistible charm to the most beautiful, as they grace and soften the most abandoned of women.

When Maria was twelve years of age, her mother was so far lost to all delicacy of mind, and her father so utterly insensible to all the duties of a father, that he suffered this only daughter to act *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of his wife!

The town was disgusted—thoroughly disgusted—and whatever claims he had before to the notice of some private friends, to whom his manners as a gentleman ever made him welcome, they were now considered forfeited for ever.

From this moment, a sort of reckless indifference seemed to possess the whole family. Nothing came amiss, so that money was the consequence; and under the impression of making it, Pous, who was brought up a gentleman, and

whose wife had been educated as a lady, took a public inn, lost his wife's fortune, became the dupe of villains, and was ruined.

Maria was at this time a most fascinating girl, and having succeeded in an experiment on a London audience, obtained an engagement at Covent-garden theatre.

To those who know nothing of a theatre, it may be new to tell them that an interesting girl is in the jaws of ruin who enters it as an actress, unless watched and protected by her family and friends with the scrutiny of Argus, without his disposition to fall asleep. Constantly exposed to the gaze of men,—inflaming a hundred heads and agitating a thousand hearts, if she be as Maria was, fascinating and amiable,—surrounded by old wretches as dressers, who are the constant conveyers of letters, and sonnets, and notes, and flattery,—dazzled by the thunders of public applause, and softened by the incense of a thousand sighs, breathed audibly from the front of the pit or the stage-boxes,—associating in the green-room with licensed married strumpets, because she must not be affected! or supping on the stage, after the curtain is dropped, with titled infamy or gray-headed lechery!—let the reader fancy an

innocent girl, from a country town, plunged at once into this furnace of depravity,—let him fancy her father sanctioning her by his indifference or helping her by his example, and then let him say, if she be ultimately seduced and abandoned, whether it ought not to be a wonder she was innocent so long!

In spite of an education that never cherished the best feelings of a child, Maria has yet a sounder understanding than her parents; and it is our conviction, that she will by its exercise regain at last her station in society. It is manifest, from her letters, that she begins to perceive the folly of wishing to appear vicious without actual vice—of being familiar with title however the wearer disgraces it; she begins to perceive that selfishness, ingratitude, hypocrisy, indifference to the opinion of the best part of society, and base desertion of old friends when the most has been made of them, a love of dash and splendour, in preference to virtue and quiet, are not, after all, the surest, or the more certain, or the most honourable methods of obtaining the respect of oneself or of society, and generally inflict on the practisers a double portion of disgrace and suffering.

For her seducer's heartless treatment of her during her distressing pregnancy no punishment can ever be a sufficient infliction. A most passionate, ardent, endeared lover, certainly, to stay from his beloved nine months out of every year during the five she was his!—that is, forty-five months out of sixty—thus spending, out of sixty months, fifteen in her arms. Noble creature! *Romeo* was a log to such a lover!

And pray what did *he* expect during her long solitudes and agonizing suspicions? Young and fascinating, nightly exposed to public gaze, and daily liable to individual insults in consequence of her being suspected to be a secret mistress of his, what could he expect but that occasionally she would be so shockingly indelicate as to see a male friend—occasionally relieve the irksomeness of her situation by going to the opera—occasionally she would be so infamous as to smile and forget the desertion of the world in private—a desertion brought on by his base, diabolical seduction, and anomalous treatment? *Maria* was a human creature; she was young, engaging, and a public favourite. Every body is not gifted like *Fitzalleyne*. No doubt, he was fasting and praying, as an example to *Maria*. No



doubt, this separation from his beloved was the true mortification of the lusts of this wicked world. No doubt, Berkeley Castle was a scene of moral restraint, or matchless chastity—of angelic hymning ! No doubt—never having in the whole course of his beautiful life had his conscience tortured by the remembered seduction of an innocent—never having had any other creature, young, and trusting, and pregnant, and sorrowful, disgraced and panged by his deserting her at the time she needed all his love, and all his tenderness, and all his watching ! No doubt the innocence of his former life was so shocked at the consequence of Maria's wicked conduct, in overturning his unparalleled self-command—his purity of mind was so refined and so acute, that one must excuse *him*. Only, superhuman as he was, and has ever been, in virtue and truth, a little more charity, the occasional companion of morality and goodness, might have mingled in his perfection, without injuring to any great extent the crystal beauty of his fame ! Really, people of such heavenly spirit should—indeed they should—make some allowance for the flesh and frailty of us more mortal clay.

With respect to what has been said “weighs hea-

vily against Maria:" her calling the pea-green count "dearest—" it is easily accounted for. The count's generosity, contrasted with the parsimony of the saint of Berkeley, his desire at once to marry her, in contrast again with the saint's procrastination, might have gone so thoroughly to her wounded spirit, that she might really feel him as "dearest," especially as she was going to live with him for ever.

Maria was ever the victim of her affections—her affection for, and confidence in, the saint of Berkeley; her affection for her worthy parent; and the vacuum her heart felt at the saint's treachery would naturally make her feel directly the want of an object to lean upon. However severely people may censure her for this, a knowledge of the female heart may account for it all.

To those who are acquainted with the conduct of the old gentleman for the last thirty years in Devonshire, the history of the pulmonary complaint, the Manton gun, the six weeks at Tixall—the meanness, the heartless ingratitude to the count were exceedingly entertaining. There is scarcely a friend living, or a family dead, that he has not treated with the dirtiest selfishness, whatever were his obligations—spunging till he was insulted,

lying till he was discovered, puffing till he was the butt of the town. The people of Plymouth can relate a thousand instances of this description.

Fitzalleyne's shrewdness soon saw that he should have no authority if such parents were not kept at a distance, and he was right: but if he loved this girl, why did he not at once marry her and take her from them? The influence of a husband would soon have corrected all her insensibility to appearances when pernicious examples were removed.

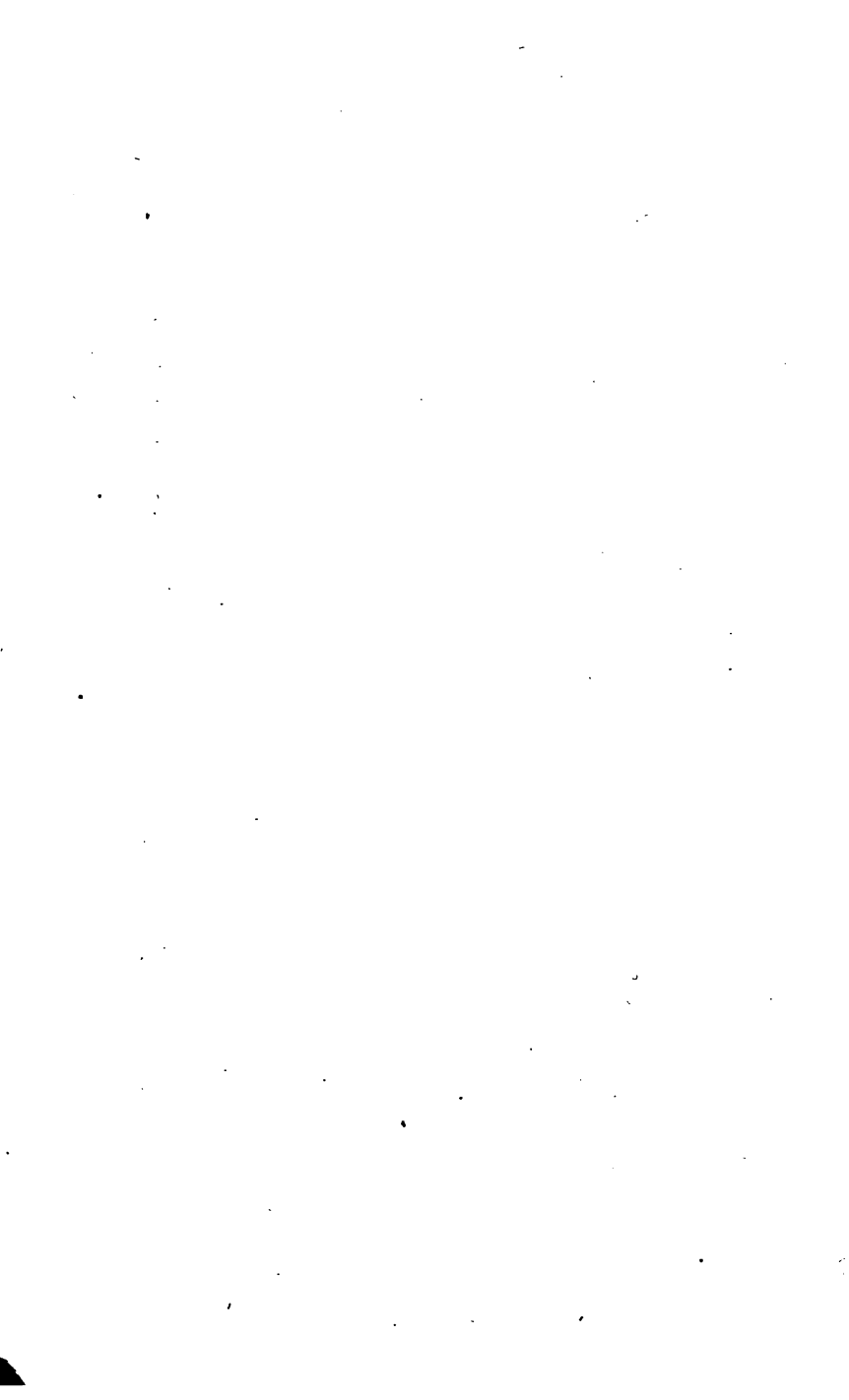
Without doubt, there is great excuse and palliation for the conduct of this sweet woman. Brought up in such habits, it is now perhaps in her sorrow that she first perceives her folly.

If the ladies of Plymouth had noticed her mother as they ought, and as they were bound to do, she would have set her daughter a better example, and the father would perhaps have set a better one to his wife; but undeservedly insulted by neglect, they all became reckless of appearances; and from this has sprung all the evils with which they have been lately overwhelmed.

Had they followed the advice of true friends years ago, Maria would now have been happy, honoured, and a blessing to them all and to her-

self. She has had a nauseous draught, and has drunk it to the dregs; but if it is considered soundly, it will cleanse her from all her follies, and bring out at last the real qualities of her heart and her understanding. Maria is yet in the prime of life; and if society see her conducting herself with prudence and circumspection, she may regain their good opinion, as she has their sympathy and sorrow, and may yet grace the hand of a man of fortune or talent—for in reality she is at the core worthy of either.

Her present condition should be a warning to all those whose first passion on entering life is admiration—admiration—admiration! at any expense. Had this young creature been properly directed—had she not been pushed into the arms of men of fortune for the sake of a conquest and a settlement, thus at once destroying the effect of her charms, and rendering every lover suspicious and on his guard—how different would have been her situation! But she is more to be sympathized with than censured; for where is the being who could resist from infancy such examples as she has had before her, or the detestable inculcation that “money is preferable to honour?”



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE INCONSTANT.

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——“Beauteous (Maria), welcome :  
Although the dragon's tail may scandal thee,  
And Mars corrupt the scorpion and the ram ;  
Yet the good Cynthia in angles and fixt signs  
Gives thee a good report.

*The Jealous Lovers, 1668.*

*A few words on Cheltenham—Description of the castle of the Fitzalleynes—Les Veillées du Château—Madame Genlis—Les petits talons—Arabian Nights' Entertainments—The play of “Lovers' Vows” is performed within the walls of the castle—The drama a reality—Maria a star there—Misery, despair, self-destruction meditated—An union of hearts which lasts seven years—Proposed return to the stage.*

“Sæpe sinistra cava predixit ab ilice cornix.”

*Virgil.*

OUR Cheltenham friends must not suppose that this quotation applies to them in any shape, as birds of ill omen, or as hearts of oak—the gloomy

augur in question will be accounted for *plus bas* in this chapter: at present, we will say a few words to celebrate the renown of Cheltenham, at which place the remote cause of ruin to loveliness commenced; therefore we trust that, having thus explained ourselves, we may proceed to the *humours* of the place, "unmixed with baser matter," nor do we hint at the grosser humours, which the purifying spring is so famous for cleansing. We view not Cheltenham medically,—no. "Throw physic to the dogs, (we'll) none of it." We shall limit our remarks merely to the localities of this delightful place, and the company, card-players, dancing partners, and those who lead their partners a dance: fortune-hunters and idlers may sit still undisturbed, with or without their spectacles on. Mrs. L——, for instance, of card-playing renown, and her lady daughters, one of whom is married to the natural son of a certain great little man; the other to one who, although titled, owes much of his consequence to his papa's crotchets and quavers, and who is indebted to a very illustrious personage for a reconciliation when it must have been very desirable. Cheltenham is a delightful place, but happy had it been for Maria had she never seen it: its public walks, its rides,

its drives, the view of the Malvern Hills, the grotto of Presburg, the road to Worcester, must all produce sad reminiscences : it was from Cheltenham, loaded with praises and with terms of admiration, that our hero invited fair Maria to the enchanted castle, where, spell-bound, she first drank of the cup of sorrow, whose rosy hue invited the ripe lip, and deceived the bewildered brain, like poisons which, when rendered palatable, become more easy to administer.

The romantic castle of Berkeley stands on the left of the road proceeding from Cheltenham, rearing its proud crest in defiance to old time, and enforcing attention from every lover of the picturesque. It is pleasantly situated near a branch of the Severn, and on an elevated spot in the beautiful vale of Berkeley, of which William of Malmsbury writes—" It is rich in corn, productive of fruits in some parts by the sole favour of Nature, in others multiplied by the art of cultivation, enticing even the lazy to industry by the prospect of a hundred-fold return. You may see the highways clothed with trees, bearing apples, not by the grafter's hand, but that of Nature herself; numerous rich vineyards, which yield grapes of a very choice flavour, every where abound ; and



the whole face of the surrounding country is luxuriant and prolific to the eye of the traveller, and the profit of the owner of the soil."

Berkeley Castle appears to have been founded by Roger de Berkeley, soon after the Conquest. Its form approaches nearest to that of a circle; and the buildings are contained in a regular court, with a moat. The keep, the most ancient part, is flanked by three semi-circular towers, and a square one of later construction. Its walls are high and massive; the entrance into it is under an arched door, with ornamental sculpture in the Norman style. Here Edward II. was barbarously murdered by the order of his Queen and Mortimer, her infamous paramour, in September, 1327. A small apartment called the dungeon-room, over the flight of steps leading into the keep, is shown as the place where the cruel deed was committed. At that time all the light it received was from arrow slits. During the civil wars, Berkeley Castle was held for the king, but being besieged, surrendered to the parliament after a siege of nine days.

The church at Berkeley, dedicated to St. Mary, appears to be of the time of Henry the Second. Here is a curious monument to the memory of

the second Lord Berkeley and Margaret his first wife. The tower, erected about sixty years ago, stands at some distance from the church. In the churchyard is the whimsical and well-known epitaph written by Dean Swift to the memory of Dickey Pearce, the Earl of Suffolk's fool.

A religious house existed at Berkeley in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and a traditional tale has long been current that it was a nunnery, and that the frail sisters were dispossessed of their estates, with the manor, by the craft of Earl Godwin, who found means to introduce into this community a profligate young man, by whom the nuns were seduced; which conduct being reported to the king, the nunnery was dissolved, and its possessions granted to the earl.

Having said what the castle is, we may add a word about its interior, its festivities, its gambols, banquets, and revels: *les veillées du château* are not like those of Madame de Genlis\*, whose

\* We say not a word of *les petits talons* (little light-heels), tripping, fairy-like, on stairs and in chambers after the nocturnal hour. Some steps have been taken there which never can be retraced: if the print of them be impressed on marble, mosaic, or on old British oak, the former will well portray certain cold hearts, the heart of oak will renounce its former character, and a voice may perhaps be heard to cry "Out, damned spot!"

Knights of the Swan were most amusing ; neither were they like the Arabian Knights' entertainments ; but they were not less full of fiction and romance, if love-adventures partake of the latter, and broken promises, of the most tender and delicate nature, may be classed with the former : under no roof do love and wine figure more ; but there are those who have found bitterness mingle in the cup, and thorns planted round that pillow which was representt as one of roses. Avoid, ye young and thoughtless, the walls of this castle ; stop ye, whose steps are faltering and infirm ; taste not the goblet, inhale not the odour of those flowers which are breathed upon by impure lips ; listen not to the lute or to the lyre, to the harp or to the warder's bugle ; —the lute, the lyre, and the harp, are more dangerous than siren voice, or serpent's flattering tongue, when the deceiver assumed that form to ruin woman ; —the warder's bugle announces that the mighty hunter is near who wounds the stag or gentle wood-pigeon with unrelenting hand. Fly far from hence, virgin simplicity, for there is no safety here : the night-shade drops maidens' tears —the echoes bear their sighs upon their airy tongues.

There are subjects in which the heart takes

too much concern for the hand to delineate ; there are wants of deep interest or regret, to which impressive silence can alone do justice ; lastly, there are objects which never ought to meet the public eye, or public ear, and it is a matter of real affliction to delicacy that the publicity of courts of justice, reported eagerly by those who get their bread by blazing about the errors and misfortunes of others, brings to light what ought to be consigned to the "*tenebræ tenebrarum* ;" to the darkness of the darkest shades, immaculacy in jeopardy, by the mere reading of the public prints, so frequent are the delinquencies arising from gallantry ; betwixt the separation of parties, damages awarded to married men, and a cause of seduction, the distance is wide, and we trust that, in the latter case, the sentiments of heart-wrung pity, tender compassion, and honest indignation will be substituted in this case for the blush of censure, and regret at our growing depravity in the higher classes, which is rapidly tainting and infecting the middle rank of the community : let it suffice, therefore, to say, that what might be anticipated unhappily did take place, and that affliction, wounded pride, self-confidence, and self-respect, forfeited in an evil hour, brought that

ready punishment which is felt, for wise purposes, when the despoiler of the rose must grasp the thorn with it : the blossoms of pleasure are dangerous to cull ; but, in this illicit gratification, the blame was all on one side, but not the portion of one alone : they who wove wreaths for the sacrifice shared in its cruel criminality ; those who went ambitiously with their valuable charge into the way of gilded temptation, must bear a share of criminality. A father, who has a daughter on the stage, ought to be accountable at least for her early actions in life : it is his to watch, to defend, to uphold, to admonish ; he should dash the intoxicating cup of voluptuousness from her untasting lips ; he should foresee and provide for every thing : he should explain, warn, cherish, and prevent ; no golden dreams, no personal benefits, no ambitious views should drive the sentinel from his post : never had one a fairer charge to keep—how did he keep it ?

Maria fell, and disasters have rained upon her ever since ; for it is not the passing of a few years, and those the golden ones of youth, with one too much and too undeservedly beloved ; the being a wife in promise, and having another tender tie to occupy the heart ; it is not an equipage and inde-

pendence, leisure and ease, that can fill the heart or satisfy the conscience: uncertainty, apprehensions, regrets, and, at last, despair and dismay, intrude on every hour, and make those hours which might have brought leisure and repose irksome and agonizing. We must deviate from the unities of time and place—the scene is in the castle still—but the drama takes a tragic turn. Reflection maddens the brain of poor Maria; her perspective is misery; her resource is despair: self-destruction was meditated by her, and she resolved to drown herself and her sorrows together. “Lovers’ Vows” had often been performed in the castle, but there were other walls where the pledge should have been redeemed. Hope told a flattering tale; and we are willing to believe, what most we wish, the former conduct of Maria entitled her to consideration: not that any excuse can violate an oath or solemn vow. The mother of Fitzalleyne of Berkeley was in an humbler line of life than Maria; his maternal grandfather was a butcher; whereas Mr. Pous (her father) had been an officer previous to his becoming manager of a provincial theatre. The lady mother of William had actually lived with a lady of the name of Pous, in Kent, and an extract from the minutes of the committee of pri-

vileges will throw no small light on these truths ; we have subjoined it in the following note \*. It may further be remembered, that in 1816, Maria had an engagement at the Worcester theatre for the race-week ; her benefit was patronized by the Earl and Countess of C—ven—y : here we remember her mother playing Little Pickle anonymously, or rather unnamed in the bills, as the lady who had previously performed the same part with great applause on the London boards. Previous to the benefit, Maria, along with her father and mother, passed a day at Croome, the seat of the C——y family, and were received with the greatest kindness by the earl, his countess, and their daughters. Could this have been the case if her character had been tainted ?

\* *Evidence of Mr. Chapeau*, p. 93. At any time did the countess relate to you any circumstance respecting her history ?—She did. The witness further said, When I came into the parlour to shelter myself, I believe it was from the rain. Miss T——r (a name assumed by Miss Carbon previous to her becoming Lady B.) was discharging a servant she had out of the country, and persuading this girl to return to her friends in the country, telling her she would pay her stage coach if she would. She refused, saying she liked to stay in London better ; upon which Miss T——r asked me if I did not think the girl extremely obstinate ; and that a girl, with a good countenance, and dismissed from service, without money, would be sure to fall a prey to some man or other. *In this situation*, said she, *I was once myself ; but having a friend of my mother's, whose name I recollected, and whose house I found out, I was luckily received with kindness.*

The union of hearts continued five years; there were living witnesses to give proofs thereof; the vows were repeated again and again; but in the interval of their being performed, Maria again adorned the stage; she acted at Covent Garden, as great a favourite with the public as ever, and met with undiminished applause. We know a foreigner of high distinction, unintroducted and wholly unknown to her, who went to the theatre merely to see her on the stage; nor was he singular in this particular; indeed, both on and off the stage, she had many admirers, and received honourable offers most flattering to her, had her heart not been pre-engaged and her mind occupied by that future reparation, which she looked forward to. A few words now on the green-room. The green-room has had great celebrity ever since the days of Garrick, Quin, Cibber, Abingdon, &c. &c.; since that period, the nobility have frequented it much, in the way not only of patronage, but of society: the above-named performers have as well as Mrs. Siddons, the great Kemble, and other favourites of Thalia and Melpomene, had their company eagerly sought for, and have met with the highest countenance from the highest characters. Nothing can be juster than to reward



merit thus ; more particularly as most of these persons were as deserving in private as in public life. Thus far is good, but yet we are not advocates for the small-talk work of green-rooms, and behind the scenes ; the preference given to noble-men and gentlemen in the committee of management, or renters to flutter and flirt behind the curtain, to have an *entrée* into the green-room, and to enjoy privileges in the theatre denied to others, and which would be better not to exist at all ; yet do we see a Lord F——e at the opera-house, and elsewhere, as well as a certain noble Duke of D—sh—e, together with Lord Francis C——m, Lord W. L—nn-x, with many other dashing characters, as well known to the scene-shifters and to the people of the green-room as the new drop, or the stage box : the Scotchman's notoriety needs no herald to announce with trumpet, *flute*, or drum ; he too has been *played upon* in his time ; but there is cut and come again there ; he has kept up the *Ball* finely, and the *Ball* is more honoured by his manly conduct and virtuous love than an humble imitator, the silver Ball, the brasen Ball, or *Foot-Ball*, whichever he chooses to be called. Apropos : A witticism was once sported on the Duke of D—, not a hundred miles from the green-room : one

asked the other what business he had behind the scenes? the answer was, perhaps to play the *deaf lover*. These green-room and stage visits have occasionally led to more lasting *engagements*, and to rehearsals in high life, such as "The Jealous Wife," "Three Weeks after Marriage," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "All for Love," and "The Poor Gentleman;" but nobody would wish to play "The West Indian" *now*; the character has so deteriorated. The green-room, too, like a hot-house, has reared some stately *plants*, and produced fruits of their labours, which flourish in exalted situations; a *Melon*, for instance, now thrives in a banking-house, and is in deservedly high repute, wherever its good properties are known. Having dwelt so long upon green-room plants and the dandy butterflies, which wing their airy way amongst them, we will notice some of the female charmers off and on the stage, who have attracted admiration in their different lines. We may not here put down Maria; she is too much the heroine of our work to place her here; she may be seen again, when the many hands of Britons will welcome the wanderer back again; will hold out that protection which the brave always give to the fair, which the generous bestow

on the injured, which feeling, in each sex, is ever ready to afford to one whose talents produce delight, and whose misfortunes command a double interest.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

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———"I have heard my mother,  
Who had more proverbs in her mouth than teeth,  
(Peace with her soul where'er it be!) affirm,  
Marry too soon, and you 'll repent too late;  
A sentence worth my meditation,  
For marriage is a serious thing."

*Randolph, J. L. 1668.*

*Sensibility, wanderings, and digressions—Worcester—Remembrances—Long absences—Altered conduct—A living witness—Two houses—Odd way of living in the family of Mr. Pous—Maria again—A strange scene in a box at the play—Story of a wine-merchant—A parallel—Jealousies—The Pea-green count—A new face—He introduces himself to Maria.*

"Plaisirs d'amour ne durent qu'un moment;  
Chagrins d'amour durent toute la vie."

*Old French Song.*

WHILST the heart of sensibility suffers for the child of nature; whilst he or she who has felt

love's pangs and disappointments, the anguish which first announced the shaft which inflicted a deep and irreparable wound, and the aching agony which followed it, we will conduct our reader through the flowery paths where the two lovers wandered, *not unseen*, but which led not to the promised bower; not to the fane hallowed by a holy flame; such had been promised again and again, by vow succeeding vow, and there occurred on the perilous way added reasons for fulfilment of the obligation; the broad eye of inquiry was on the young couple; the breath of good or ill fame must go abroad; the victim had all to lose, the conqueror nothing; "*hors mis l'honneur*." It was the reverse of Francis the First's despatches to his beloved queen.

The remembrance of an old song is sometimes much in harmony with our feelings, and "*un sou-pire vient souvent d'un souvenir*," the sigh of remembrance is the heaviest and deepest which the breast is charged with: these pleasures of love were of brief and interrupted duration; they were speedily succeeded by regrets, an aching void, agitations, petty disputes and alienation, not on the part of Maria, but on that of her false and fickle lover; he, like lovers in general (those

we mean of the libertine cast), began to think with the author of *Don Giovanni*, that

“ Love has no gift so *grateful* as his wings.”

Very grateful, indeed ! but he exhibited his change by many and long absences, to Worcester, to Cheltenham, to Gloucester, to Newmarket, to his friend Lord D——, to the country when she was in town ; to London when she was out of it ; at Worcester \*

\* In connexion with Worcester, one cannot help looking back and saying, “ how times are changed ! ” Not many more than twenty years ago, Lord F—l—y attracted every eye by the splendour of his outset in life, in the county of which this city is the county-town. What a numerous and valuable stud ! what equipage ! what expensive living ! He was in the zenith of his glory when he patronized the benefit of Miss Mellon, at which she performed Nell in “ *The Devil to Pay*.” What a falling off since the sale of his fox-hounds and hunters ! but it will always be remembered that he showed himself a friend to feeling and to the softer sex by his protest relative to the late queen’s refusal to admit a certain most illustrious female at the drawing-room in honour of the allied sovereigns. Contemporary with Lord F—— was the famous honourable T. W. C—v—rly : Tom C. was then the very soul of the turf, the most ardent in the success of his horses, one of which won the maiden plate at —— : he had twenty-four of the finest horses in England, and was boundless in his extravagance, until it led him in *Banco Regis* ; there even he was most expensive and unruly, i. e. could not keep *within bounds*—those, we mean, which the Obeliaks, or *Obstacles* point out : for this he was caged for a time, and afterwards, without being brought up to the navy, appeared for some time in the Fleet. At the London coffee-house, in a mist of drink, he was seen not long before his being extinguished, but very long after his being in such a blaze of fashion as he set out with on the turf and elsewhere. The sister of a gun-smith of notoriety adhered to him through good report and evil report, and tenanted, jointly with the honourable Tom,

there were some remembrances which might have spoken to the heart, but it was callous ; there was then evidence which was to be accounted for : did Fitzalleyne look back to what he was ? to a father's tenderness and truth, which was but an *ex post facto* testimony, to the importance of his *now* doing what was postponed on account of a statement, that *inprimis* it might injure his cause in a certain house. Delusion fatal to Maria ! Whole months now elapsed, and he came not to Maria : the past returns not, and it became necessary to conceal it ; a short trip to the country produced this effect. Our heroine changed her name *without* an estate (those who change it for one have every advantage on their side). She returned, and continued to charm the public by her dramatic excellence ; but her lover, when he returned, returned not *the same*, although another tie was added to the chain that should have bound him. Mr. Pous

a certain cottage on the very confine of the rules of the bench, looking towards Bethlem, as much as to say, how mad a man must be to spend his money and to come here ; and offering a rear view inverted from the prison, to represent the happy contrast betwixt this limited confinement and a prison's wall. Amongst the debts claimed against the honourable Tom was an enormous bill for fire-works. The rows and adventures of this character whilst in the rules and in *Banco Regis* itself are innumerable. He was the son of a beautiful countess, and himself a very handsome fellow, and brother to the present blind Earl, then Lord D—h—t.

(so Maria's father is called) lived in a strange way; he was aware of what was passing, yet submitted; and a house, not a hundred miles from Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, was taken, where "*The Stranger*" appeared on the scene. During this *interregnum*, Mr. Pous and his lady constantly visited the theatre. One night as they were sitting in the front of a box, two *Roués* came in and took seats behind them: they were unknowing and unknown; their discourse ran upon the beauty and talents of Maria, next on her misfortunes; when one says to the other, "What would you think, my friend, of a father, who, regardless of the natural feelings of humanity, who, lost to paternal tenderness and honest pride, would favour the wanderings of his child from the fold of security, who would feast in the gilded halls where danger is inevitable, who would be self-hoodwinked to her fall, and would gain added prosperity from her transgression?" "Name him not," replied the other: "the wild animals of the field—" Here the thread was broken, by a cry of "Box-keeper," and by new faces coming into the box. The fragment of their conversation puts me very much in mind of what happened at the public table at Harrowgate: an Hibernian and his friend were



tasting the wine on the table, when the one says to the other, "Captain, don't you think that the wine-merchant who furnished this poison by way of wine must be a d—d ————?" Each looked on the other—none the silence broke—the very wine-merchant in question sat next the *inquiring* Irishman—"Your good health, sir," filled up the pause.

Maria continued her theatrical engagement, whilst the more solemn one of Fitzalleyne was neglected: her heart sickened; he grew cold and *distant*, both absent and present; reasons urged still more and more the performance of his vows, but he felt less inclined than ever, and now thought proper to be jealous. These are frequently the subterfuges of the unfaithful: he took umbrage at her being visited and admired by others. Why not withdraw her from her profession, and behave nobly to her at once? Although late, it had been better than never; no one could tell that better than *himself*: the attentions of a certain noble Marquis of \*\*\*\*\* annoyed him; yet they were honourable. The innocent conduct of a certain Horatio too was also cause of complaint.

Honourable offers were made to Maria: but even these awakened not a sense of delicacy and duty in her once ardent lover's breast; at

length a new face appeared, unsought for and unexpected, in the neighbourhood of a square where a deceased patriot duke's pedestrian statue speaks volumes of biography. It was about the period of Maria's benefit—sad and eventful day! had it not been the cause of all her woe before? It had, and now was destined to bring wretchedness again upon the bruised and broken spirit, to disturb once more that bosom which was formed for innocence and felicity. One of the many disadvantages which attend the stage is the period of a benefit, when, like on that of an election, the candidate for success must stoop to obtain support; and must be accessible to almost every one, to bold intrusion and idle curiosity. We once remember a certain Lord \* \* \* \* \* meeting with a reception, on a similar occasion, which he may remember: the lady is since married, and her name should not be exposed; she behaved with that spirit and propriety which did her credit. A benefit opens the door to foppery; and so it did on the present occasion; although Maria was above the unprotected situation of some, for she was under a parent's roof, and free from all but one blemish. A gay thing arrived—we will call him the Pea-green count, a green-horn, and perhaps, *in that time*,

an evergreen in growth and virility: he addressed the favourite of the dramatic muse with the profoundest respect; requested tickets for the ensuing night; repeated, what all must feel, admiration for the talents of the Child of Nature; expressed a deep and delicate interest in the success of her benefit, and of her whole course through life—whether in borrowed language or not, imports little—and bowed away his retreat to appear more in form again.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.

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"All creatures have a natural desire or appetite to be joined together in the lawful bands of matrimony, that they may have sons and daughters."

*Muses' Looking Glass, 1668.*

*The Pea-green count—History of him from school—His further visits to Maria—His ambition to be her swain, and to follow her about, attached to a riband, as the other animal did Maria of Moulins—which of the animals is left to the reader to decide—His honourable proposals—He becomes a Foot-ball, and is played upon by Mr. Pous—Correspondence—Violent assurances of attachment strengthened by an oath—A dissertation on the habit of swearing—Comparison with Dusty Bob.*

"His stubble beard shone like a field at harvesthome ;  
Besides, he was perfumed like a milliner."

*Shakspeare.*

FROM what we have seen of the Pea-green count in the last chapter, we may fairly apply

these lines of our old immortal national bard to it, or him, or whatever term best suits the bird whose plumes are the best part about him : affectation in dress and address, in style, consequence, and appearance, may differ much in its manner, but it is affectation still : one man is mighty fine, like gilded gingerbread, or like his honour, if you please ; a second is the Nimrod in his clothing only ; a third a would-be exquisite, all polished up on the outside, and common pebble-stone within ; a fourth imitates his betters and becomes their caricature ; a fifth must be somebody most important, which sets every one inquiring—“ Who ? from whence ? what title ? what fortune ? how come by ? *unde derivatur ? quo nomine gaudet ?* and these are *trying* questions. Many dandies cannot stand the test of these questions in Latin or in plain English, and it would be advisable for them to *decline* the former, and not to provoke the latter : but *we* must be somebody ; one must kick up a dust with his curricule wheels, when straight the fly comes into the spectator's head ; another must trumpet his ready-money fortune, and fain would lead a fashion, when some uncontaminated aristocrat detects him, and smiles, in disdain, on the rum-puncheons, sugar-

barrels, hogs'-heads, bales of cotton, the scum of saccharine matter, or *boilings over* of caldrons, the slave-trade, negro-driving, soap-boiling, store-house drudgery, or some other such sources of wealth as have thrust a boy into consequence, and made him so different from his raking and scraping, hard-working, industrious progenitors of t' other day, whether black, white, or piebald. Yet the young fortunate descendants of such speculators, or drudges, almost invariably court publicity. Nor is the individual in question (whose pedigree we know nothing about) different in this respect from the worthies in question: notoriety disliketh him not: he has some influence in the Globe, he says. Does he mean the terraqueous globe? or the Globe Tavern? or a paper bearing that name? Nor has he been backward in filling the columns of other prints:—but we proceed with his history. As to what he is, a Cockney would call such a piece of stuff a *Vest Indy article*, and a very neat article too. The reason why the name of Pea-green is given to this *promising* youth is that Fitzalleyne of Berkeley gives it him (vide his letters, published in their place). The peacock reminds us of its gaudy feathers, and as we know that the *Vest India*

plumes himself upon his dress; it suits him mightily. The man is of decent stature, grim appearance, silly manners, with a great assumption of candour and good-nature: when drunk, he is a regular fool, and his companions make him both the one and the other. It was rumoured that he was expelled school, or that he walked off, or took French leave; others said that he was turned out: it matters little—how he *turned out* since is pretty well known, and it is a matter of doubt if he was ever at school at all: his *début* was in Paris, where he played the fool, and made proposals for noblemen and gentlemen's daughters—*out of fun* perhaps—but which has stamped his name there: his promises of this kind are still unperformed, and we imagine that it was in the French capital that he learned to take French leave: the particulars of his conduct in Paris will come in its proper place. He returned to England, and talked largely; appeared in the Fives Court, at fights, in the print-shops, and in the newspapers. Strange it is that young men of fortune, with nothing else to recommend them but this *one sterling* quality, should not seek a reputation by virtuous deeds, by generous actions, the encouragement of the sciences, by patriotic

sacrifices, by relieving suffering humanity, instead of being known only from watch-house transactions, Bow-street and Marlborough-street reports, trials for crim. con., and actions for breach of promise of marriage ! Some even court a place in a caricature shop-window ; and it is confidently asserted that Pea-green desired to be introduced to the famous Cruikshanks, ambitioning that honour : he also dressed at publicity, by very long spurs, imitating the game-cock ; and when *poodled* on the pate in a *négligée* to receive company, he wore a yellow damask or satin morning gown, which might have well become the king of the mountebanks, but he was no *conjuror*. He encouraged prize-fighters, courted the notice of the fancy, appeared at one of the battles with Bishop Sharp on his arm, and he got some Grub-street songs made about him, *ad captandum vulgus*, to get him a name, and he *did* get one,—the composition was pretty much as poetical and interesting as—

Joe \*\*\*\*\* is a noble fellow,  
 When sober and when he 's mellow ;  
 He cuts a most monstrous dash,  
 Because he has plenty of cash,  
 And Joe 's a prime out and out fellow.

*Chorus or roar us.*



Joe \*\*\*\*\* is a gentleman miller ;  
 He scatters his gold and his siller :  
 The ladies all like him, and say  
 There 's nobody *gaes* half so gay,  
 And Joe's a prime out and out fellow.

*Chorus or roar us.*

Whether the words "*gaes* aff so gay" would not be better, we leave to the *fancy* ; the accompanying toast must have been "*Match* him if you can." But the following extract from public authority will give a just idea of this swain.

THE KING v. THE PEA-GREEN COUNT AND OTHERS.—This case is expected to come on for trial at the quarter sessions, which will commence on Tuesday. It is an indictment preferred against the count, White-headed Bob, and other individuals, for an alleged assault ; but if we understand the facts, the prosecutor was, in point of fact, the first aggressor. It appears that, while at Burdrop Park, the count had some friends with him, and after dinner they retired to the billiard-room. This was about ten o'clock. The count then sent to the steward for some more wine. The steward had retired to bed, and refused to get up. The count desired that the keys of the cellars, might be sent to him. This

was also refused ; upon which the count, somewhat incensed, went to the steward's room to demand an explanation. An altercation followed, in which the servant forgot the respect due to the master, and, as we have been told, actually spit in the count's face. The effect produced by such a disgusting assault was precisely what might have been expected—the offender was well thrashed and turned out of doors. At the ensuing sessions he was on the alert, and, with the help of some good advisers, preferred a bill of indictment against the count, and every person who was present at his chastisement—thereby, as he thinks, precluding the possibility of his own statement being contradicted. In this notable piece of management he may find his success not quite so decided as he anticipates. The Bench of Magistrates, when they discover the real character of the transaction, whatever prejudices they may have imbibed against the count, will scarcely suffer such a trick to prevail. The count will, in all probability, prefer a bill against his steward at the county sessions, and thus the two indictments will be tried together, so that some chance will exist of eliciting the whole truth. The case was, however, eventually compromised ; and thus

the public were disappointed in a peep into the mysteries of the count's private and domestic amusements.

This story is told two ways,—be it which way it will, we congratulate *White-headed Bob* on his companion.

After Maria's benefit, the Pea-green count repeated his respectful visits at her house : his accents of admiration were warmer ; he appeared devoted to this enchanting creature ; he ingratiated himself with the father, was most amazing civil to Mrs. Pous, forced presents on the family, and did all that was in his power to render himself agreeable : he invited Mr. Pous to his country house, corresponded with him, and lastly, proposed marriage to his daughter. During all this period, vanity had the most empire over his mind—to be seen with the fair Maria, to have so fair a work of nature by his side, to take her from Fitzalleyne, to cut out other candidates for her hand, to gain further notoriety ; these were the favourite objects of his thoughts—not that any man might not have been captivated by Maria ; might have found in her truth, gentleness, amiability, and talent ; might have retired with her, all wounded as her heart had been, and led the most happy existence pos-

sible—but publicity was his aim, and he accordingly trumpeted his courting her, and caused their intended nuptials to be put in the daily papers. All this time, old Pous was too old a soldier to be idle: he cultivated the friendship of Pea-green, and played with him, as one might do with a Ball—we say Ball, because Pea-green gave himself that name, observing, that there had been a golden Ball, and that he was, *at least*, a silver one, being next to the former in riches, fashion, and in his love for a theatrical female, whereon some wag (as we have seen) nicknamed him the Foot Ball: nicknames are bad things—a *lapsus lingue* may make them so ridiculous—the golden Ball may be miscalled the golden Bull; when straight the idea of the golden calf comes into one's head, and the silver Ball may *come down to the Foot Ball*. Mr. Pous continued to play upon the Ball, and kindly accepted a sum of money to purchase a military situation, but the situation of all parties speedily changed. During the reign of friendship, the old soldier wrote many fatherly letters to the young man, of which we are furnished with a specimen; and he endeavoured to lead his young friend from bad habits to more steady ones, to the great annoyance of his needy and other com-

panions on half pay and no pay. This letter will serve to prove the kindly interest which he took in Ball *minor* (not alluding to his age, for he was come of age a year or two before, although not to years of discretion).

“Now, my dear friend, I hope you will understand me clearly, for I believe I have been both misunderstood and misrepresented to you; but be assured I have no motive of self or self-interest whatever in my professions to you—quite the contrary; for although the resources of myself and family are but small, yet they are equal to all our wants, therefore neither I, nor any one belonging to me, desire or crave any one thing of you but your good opinion, your good wishes, and good friendship. For your kindness and your hospitality to me at Tixal I am much indebted to you, and shall be ever ready to acknowledge it.

“Now, to come to the point—I will boldly assert you have not one friend in the world who is more sincerely interested in your welfare than I am; for, without having any claim on you, or any reason to expect it, you did in a most kind and friendly way invite me to your house, where you entertained me like a prince for five or six weeks, and I now unfortunately see you involved in difficulties and dangers of a most peculiar nature. At your age, my dear fellow, I well recollect that

I was nearly as effervescent and ——— as yourself; therefore it is that I truly and really sympathise with you, and if (mind what I say) there is now, or should be hereafter, any way whatever in which I can be rendered serviceable to you, by Heaven! you may command me to the utmost extent of every mental and physical power possessed by, my dear count,

“Yours most truly and faithfully,

“POUS.”

How honest and sincere, kind and downright!  
and in another—

“I had no opportunity before post time yesterday to receive from Mademoiselle Maria her particular reply as to your kind offer of procuration from France; I now find her very economically disposed. In fact, after what she has heard of your unlimited order to Lowe for the dressing-case, miniature, frame, &c. she is quite alarmed at what you may do; and the more particularly so, as she really wishes, and so instructs me, that you are to be repaid whatever the things may cost you; upon which condition, and also upon condition that you give an economical and not an unlimited order, she will be infinitely obliged to you to procure for her—a large square black Chantilly lace veil, half a dozen pair or so of white silk

stockings, ditto of white kid gloves, ditto short ditto."

All this was mighty kind, and calculated to feed the flame which beauty and ambition had kindled in his bosom; but it suited not the devouring friends at Long's Hotel, and at his house in the country; so they led him one way, whilst love and his natural inclination drew him another: by turns he listened to each, and by turns broke engagements; he even fixed days, and then did not keep them; he was not his own master, and what was to be done? One day he was driven by a ruffian coachman, and another by a carter; on the third he got obstinate, and would neither lead nor drive; one day he was shut up by relations, and the day after he broke out worse than ever; on one occasion he was actually locked up, when he had a mind to go to Maria—but it was *Locke upon the Human Understanding*. His will was not free; but he returned again to love and protestations, and assured his intended bride that he would act for himself. She advised him to read the comedy of "Know your own Mind;" but he made a farce of it, and *failed* completely in his part: at length, he swore a round oath, a tre-

mendous oath, a most solemn oath, one that ought never to be broken—the words were awful, they were these :—May God strike me dead if ever I consent to separate myself from you!” In a letter, shortly after this dreadful oath, he writes—“ My dearest Maria—You are perfectly correct when you say that my heart and thoughts are still with you.”—And further on—“ I am resolved to sacrifice friends to affection : I cannot, will not leave you”—with many et cæteras of love and protestations too tedious to mention ; but still the off-and-on system continued. Swearing is a bad habit ; it is a vice of the profligate and low ; and although it has crept into the company of their betters, yet it exists not in the same form. The army and navy have too much of it on duty, the latter particularly ; my lord will swear, out with the hounds, when an awkward sportsman rides in amongst them, or presumes to interfere with them ; an exquisite of the guards, or otherwise, will swear his mild *damme*, which means nothing—a figure in speech (a bad one to be sure), an expletive, a mere trick ; but your solemn imprecations on self, or others, are as gross as abominable : a man who is always swearing must have a contempt for his own word and honour, for he knows it must



be doubted, and therefore strengthens it with an oath. The invocation in the form of malediction is monstrous to think on; "Strike me dead:" "So help me:" these are the blackest we can call to mind, and they are always in the mouths of the most depraved of the depraved: such as Dusty Bob and African Sal might be expected to use such expressions, and, having used them, to break the oath; but in decent life, we neither look for the imprecation, nor the violation of a solemn oath.

"Swear not at all"

Is a good advice in *Romeo and Juliet*. We are agreed (we hope), our readers and ourselves, that swearing is a vicious habit: this gentleman should cast it off, but not his oath with it—things like these stick to a man through life; and the shortest way would be for a man to stick to his word, and still more to his oath, as *aforesaid*. Perhaps, however, this young man's companions, or *pals*, may be of a very different opinion; and from the influence which they have had over him, it appears that he not unfrequently acts—nay, more—thinks by proxy. What will Charly R—d—t say to this, or his pugilistic company, his backers, and bottle-holders (not his steward)—did they back

him to win or lose at the Westminster race-course? How were the odds laid? Was there a hedge? and what about paying forfeit? We wonder that the Grub-street poets were not at work for their old friend and paymaster on this occasion !



## CHAPTER IX.

### LOVERS' VOWS.

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"But Damon breaks thee like a spider's loom :  
And thou, poor face ! that wert so oft belied  
For fair and beautiful, by my flattering glass  
I'll tear those crimson roses from thy cheeks."

*Amyntas, 1668.*

*The Pea-green count and his friends—A few characters—He continues paying his addresses to Maria—His generosity—What he does for Mr. Pous—He goes to the Opera—His pipe put out of tune—Cruelty of Fitzalloyne of Berkeley—The lover scratches his head and retires—Sad consequences—Return to duty—Ring bought and licence procured—Shut up by his companions—Apt to get drunk and forget himself—Flies off at last—Shabby-genteel—Sheriff's officers—A base trick—Takes to writing in the papers.*

"Les jours se suivent, mais ne se ressemblent pas."

*French Proverb.*

THE lover of Maria (for so he now was considered all over the town) continued the usual

round of young, dissipated men, who are daily "tired of the task of having nought to do." He frisked and flirted about from town to the country, and from the country to town again: not content with the town residence of him who must have thought

"What a mighty fine thing to be father-in-law  
To a mighty magnificent three-tail'd bashaw,"

the Pea-green-horn set up his head-quarters at Long's hotel, and gave general orders for himself and friends, the *morning reports* of which were very extraordinary. Was Lieutenant Pl—k—t there? and how many more of his majesty's half-pay? youths of *fancy*, *taste*, and *appetite* too? Apropos: that Long's hotel is a delightful place! Such *long* corks! *long* tick! *long* bottles, and *long* bills! which, however, sometimes end in *long* faces—nay, even in *long* confinement. As *long*, however, as the West Indian paid for the amusing *long-winded* stories of his companions, it was all very well; his life was then delightful, for he would get sentimental and moist at Long's, and appear in heroics at Maria's, while under the influence of Bacchus, the ensuing day. Then he would do something generous over night, and mar

it in the morning by being his own trumpeter in giving it publicity. Such was the service rendered Mr. Pous, of a paltry thousand or twelve-hundred, and afterwards posted in reproachful colours in the public prints; but, at the time that the money was forced on Pous, the lover thought that he could never do enough for any one connected with one so kind and fair. He was her daily visitor, except when the influence of friends confined him to the uproar of a table, to the nightly orgies which followed, and when he was bolted in, or put to bed: for it was not to the interest of these trencher-companions that he should marry and reform: he might then be on a different footing with society. He, in the meanwhile, alternately escaped from them to the company of Maria, and alternately was prostrate at the shrine of Bacchus. On one of the former occasions, he accompanied her to the opera, where he appeared in the box, by her side, in all the pride of admiring love, and fancying himself a second Alexander, to whom it might be said,

“ The lovely Thais sits beside thee—  
Take the goods the gods provide thee.”

But this triumph was of short duration. Envy, which sickens at another's good, stepped in, in the

shape of Fitzalleyne of Berkeley. Not content to have violated his solemn promises, the fulfilment of which would be but an act of retributive justice, he determined on throwing an obstacle in the way of Maria's fortune. He had already signified his displeasure at her intention of appearing in public with Pea-green; as if a man who has neglected, deserted, and deceived a fair object has any right of control over her actions. He had been invited to do the honourable thing himself by Maria, and remonstrated with in her letters for the non-performance of his vows: yet, with this violation staring him in the face, he attempts to tyrannize over his victim, and exposes her to that man who was about to give her an honourable and advantageous establishment; and this exposure, although it is confined to a detail of what was already known, yet pretended to be ignored, was accompanied by a treacherous appearance of being interested for the respectability of the young man; and Mr. Optimus and Fitzalleyne concur in attaching all the ridicule, shame, and public derision possible to a man's pleasing himself in the choice of a wife, and protecting what another has cruelly forsaken.

Bad is the best when deeds like these are done, coloured with candour, but composed of cruelty, jealousy, and persecution. What advantage the lord-killer, quondam ruler, and Fitz-alleyne follower may have derived for this manly act is not generally known; the spitefulness of the deed is worthy of his friend, a certain high military commander's clerk. Ridicule is the most alarming threat that can be made to a weak man, although virtue is unceasingly ridiculed by the children of vice. He scratched his head and retired. There was nothing in that—but he withdrew from the society of Maria; he retracted his dreadful oath; he flew off, and took shelter amongst his dissipated associates; allowed his relatives to use their self-interested influence over him, and plunged Maria in the most humiliating difficulty into which a female can be thrown; viz. to be the ostensible intended of one, of him, who, by retracting his solemn promise, casts a stain upon her reputation. The ring was bought, the day fixed, the dinner procured; the public (as if they had any thing to do with an humble commoner's marriage with a professional lady of high talent) were advertised of all this; yet Pea-green-horn can slink off, and forget every



thing in the waters of Lethe, or some stronger waters administered to him by his bottle companions, who bolt him (as he said in excuse) in order to keep him *steady*.

Fitzalleyne, in the course of the explanation which took place, tauntingly and sarcastically observed, that "he must go to the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury to console the injured female." Fitzalleyne! Fitzalleyne! did this become thee? Would thy sire, who endeavoured to raise thee above thyself, have insulted feeling thus? Hadst thou no remembrance of the mother who bore thee in her bosom, and who might have been deserted also, if he, to whom thou owest thy name and thy ambitious cravings for an honour above thy reach, had considered promises and solemn obligations as not binding? Did purple pride and gilded pomp so blind thee as to forget that mother's humility of birth, which even was not a bar to thy sire's keeping the vow of reparation? And what art thou to him?

It was in spite of these considerations that Fitzalleyne resolved to make the man whom he affected to look down upon as false and faithless as himself; and this to mortify the object of his

former love, and that of his present disappointed jealousy. He invited the young man down to his castle, and Mr. Optimus became his acquaintance. Go on, ye noble trio \*, to sport with your victims, —one of ye may play Lothario once too often.

When the storm has swept the face of a country, scattering the flowers of its scenery, drenching the bent lily in tears of woe, and making the once-blooming plains and valleys a waste and desert of desolation, the calm succeeds, the foliage surcharged with humidity shakes off its oppressive load. A light breeze cheers and revivifies drooping nature, whose features assume the gentle smile of quietude. Thus it was for a brief space of time, when, returning to his allegiance, as it were, the Pea-green youth used to express his grief for his wanderings to her who might have been the queen of any man's affections. Then he would allow that he was a weak brother, easily played upon, and easily made the instrument to serve others, to his own detriment. He saw his infatuation; he lamented, but could not conquer it. Love, liquor, flattery, pride, suspicion of be-

\* One of this trio has now taken to beating women: witness the case of Mrs. S—f—d. Fic! Mr. Optimus.

ing duped, and bad advisers, all held a divided empire over his mind and actions. Left to himself, he might have been far better. He avowed all this to Maria, and protested that he would act for himself; but those who must lose every thing by the intended match drew him from himself, and overturned all his resolutions. This immeasurable weakness and instability is a very faint excuse for his conduct. Fitzalleyne had not even this to urge in his defence; and we are at a loss to know what plea can be put in for one, who, flying from guilty enjoyment to guilty enjoyment, sacrifices victim after victim, making seduction systematical, which alone can hope for pardon, when proceeding from luckless hour, unforeseen circumstances, imperious passion, devoted love, and when redeemed by ample, honourable, and protective reparation; by placing her on an eminence whose innocence cannot be restored; and by giving independence, a name, and a legitimate defender to her whose weakness has been surprised and betrayed.

The West Indian, as it will be seen, broke promise after promise, fixed day after day for the solemnization of his nuptials, got licence upon licence,

and returned repeatedly, after deserting her whom he had sworn to make his wife. He had even intrusted himself in the provision made for those who shall be nameless; and in his heart blamed that very man, who turned him aside from his honest purpose, by insinuating that the finger of scorn might be pointed at him for uniting himself to as lovely a creature as ever was deserted, deserving it not. Has he made a better *hand* of it? Is he not pointed at now for a promise-breaker? one who respects not oaths, nor the delicacy of woman's feelings? And when this is coupled with former conduct, it aggravates his crime, particularly when it is known that he got himself presented in the house of a duke in Paris, by being introduced to a lady of quality, the wife of his excellency's secretary; that there he paid his addresses in form to a lovely, artless creature, scarcely sixteen, the baron's daughter; that he proposed his heart and hand to her—gained the consent of her parents—changed his mind, without the semblance of an excuse—and immediately took French leave, and changed his abode, without decorum, ceremony, or common decency. Nor did he stop there; for getting acquainted with the three daughters of an English colonel, instantly after

this barefaced atrocity, he proposed first for the eldest daughter, and afterwards rung the *changes* on the other two, in the way of love-making and hand-offering; but he was *handed* out of the house, on no very glorious *footing* with the father, nor with those to whom this transaction was known.

To return to Maria: she had now lost all confidence in her weathercock suitor—the last interference of Fitzalleyne had confirmed him in evil—he could not stand the irony of the deceiver—and Mr. Optimus was now a friend of the family: what he gained by it is best known to himself. He (the ex-lover) did not even stop at treating an amiable woman with injustice \* and contempt, but he endeavoured to injure her in every way, by trumpeting about what he had done for her father; by endeavouring to tear him from his darling child, and to throw him into prison; for which purpose he actually sent sheriffs' officers into the house of the deserted Maria, orders being given to those creatures to make a diligent search after Mr. Pous, in doing which they were not over delicate or nice. Was this the noble, generous, self-praised, and praising silver-Ball? it was more like a *trap*-Ball—shabby genteel indeed, to force money on the

\* Such a jury of the country found it to be.

father of one whom he had sought in marriage, and then to arrest that father and ruin his daughter as far as in his power lay. Where did such advice come from? for it can scarcely be believed that so much gross matter could rise spontaneous in so young a mind: was it father-in-law, whose pedigree will come out from the unfortunate love for notoriety of son-in-law? or some of his majesty's half-pay and no-pay, who adorn occasionally the Pea-green count's barouche, or other four-horsed carriage, in common with White-headed Bob or Dusty Bob, or some other equally respectable and useful member of society? or did Mr. Optimus, to whom the sheriff and his officers are no strangers, give the hint?

When the men-hunters had failed in their search, and their prey, like his son-in-law elect, had taken French leave, there remained but one *very honourable* resource for the latter further to annoy Maria, and to thrust himself into notice; this was by causing some one to write in the public prints for him, with the view of justifying his conduct, and of exhibiting his wonderful munificence towards a female whom he had promised to marry; who had refused better offers (we look not to the dwindling dross of ready money in a

spendthrift's hand); and who had nothing to gain in point of high connexion by becoming the partner of the descendant of a planter, who, nevertheless, in the tumefactions of his greatness, enlarged upon the advantage of having his Mama's countenance directly or indirectly extended to his blooming bride elect, and calculated on it from being accommodated by the former lady's carriage, a seat in which as high value was set upon as if it had been a seat in parliament; but it appears she was Mrs. Hatred towards Maria, and set her face against her son's marriage, although in that article she was no way averse to herself, having three times given her hand to different husbands; more of which we shall see in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER X.

### KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

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—————"So, then, Ovíbassus  
Was my great grandfather. Though I be a dog,  
I come of a good house ; my ancestors  
Were all of noble names *past understanding*."

*Randolph, 1668.*

*The Pea-green count's progress—Mr. Romeo Coates—Comparison—A police case—Papa—Mamma—The West Indies—His Inconsistency—Old tricks—Is disturbed in his pleasures, and threatened with a prosecution—The storm is near bursting—Trial at hand—Feelings of men of honour towards Maria—The day of trial is fixed.*

"Qui brille au second rang s'éclipse au premier."

THE Pea-green bird's notoriety had now risen so high that a fall might be anticipated : unlike



harmless Romeo Coates, whose cocks escutcheoned, raised in brass, and exhibited over the town, enabled him to crow awhile, to strut out his little hour, and to murder parts and characters on the stage—this second aspirant to a name played another part, and the character which he stabbed was not one merely assumed for the night, nor was the dagger harlequin's dagger of lath or a playhouse one: fair reputation was his game. Lothario might have been the part which he thought himself fit for, but the fair sufferer was not again to represent "Who's the Dupe?" Nevertheless, his conduct had a tragical effect; but it produced notoriety, it made him known. Self-knowledge had been better for him. If he had not lost his time at school, he might have found out that "the proper study of mankind is man;" but he had a particular dislike to school; ergo, he left it—never dreaming that money melts away under imprudent management; and when gone, the man without talent and education comes to nothing—he is a mere carcass, to be picked by the crows. How many this fate awaits! Well it had been for this *fortunate youth* if he had only remembered his copy-book, which, by the by, might have taught him to write better. From it

he might have learned many useful lessons, more than he now appears to know, amongst which, one suited to the humblest capacity, and which concludes with

“ When house and money are gone and spent,  
Then learning is most excellent.”

This is home-spun stuff,—it must be allowed ; but we have seen nothing so good in all this gentleman’s productions, whether of puffs, paragraphs, letters, or defence ; all of which increased his publicity, but went no further.

Romeo Coates would never have acted, in private life, as this ambitious, fickle young man did ; he (Mr. Coates) played for the orphan and the widow, for the benefit of a distressed actor, and to please himself ; but never appeared at a police office, binding over a starving relation to keep the peace towards him, when infuriated by neglect, insolence, and denials, he dared him to the combat with “ (*Cousin*), come forth ! Come forth, thou fearful man ! ” The green-horn did not even play *second best* here. When, melted to pity, Townshend the police-officer, whose heart might have been steeled to callosity, pleaded for the wretched man, and a trifle was awarded, to be no further

troubled by him, who were the advisers then? —papa? mamma? or brother-in-law?

And now for a dish of biography. Mr. Wagoner, who has the honour to be father-in-law to the silver ball, or the Pea-green count (one being a *nom de guerre*, self-given, and the other bestowed on him by the gallant Fitzalleyne), is what people call themselves when they have no occupation (or rather wish to forget their *original* one)—namely, a gentleman at large, luckily twice married to respectable women, whose table has been a great convenience to his honour. But the second match was the best for him; for although a widow's jointure is vulgarly called an apron-string, the son-in-law, who came into the bargain, was a most desirable addition to the concern; for he had a long purse, and a long minority, expensive habits, and occasional generosity; and whilst he was to be brought out in the world, father-in-law was brought out with him. A good table for one was a good table for many,—a carriage offered a seat in it,—debts contracted for him called for some return; namely, the debts of the father-in-law's being paid. He had also a son to marry; and son-in-law had a sister. Nothing could be more convenient—never was a family party so snug.

A rich lunatic in a family is not a bad concern ; but a rich man, with use enough of his reason to give, and pay, and treat, and cut a dash, is a fortune *per alterum*, although not *per se* ; one with free will and the free possession of his seven senses ; but, above all, a free heir, and one free with his purse ! It is murmured that Mr. Wagoner was a servant, and that part of his life was a mere skirmish ; that even after marrying the widow, who took a fancy to him in a shower of rain, putting the best foot foremost, and holding an umbrella over her head, whilst he handed her out of a carriage, he experienced some difficulties in life ; and much is talked about a quarrel with a jeweller—not to Mr. Wagoner's credit ; because said jeweller took back his word on this point, and striking proofs were given of Mr. Wagoner's spirit, which caused a lawsuit ; all of which happened not one hundred miles from Gloucester. These were among the "*on-dits*" respecting this individual, whether exact or not we pretend not to examine ; but less notoriety would have buried them in oblivion—less pride would not have excited envy and inquiry. All that seems to be established by this history is, that the Pous family is not inferior to that of the promising youth.

Mamma—but women should always be spared, although those lost to a sense of feeling, whether the progeny of sugar-sellers, or the possessors of a castle and large territorial influence, may think otherwise—Mamma is a vastly good sort of a woman, fond of matrimony, having been thrice a bride, and very willing to play the lady of fashion, but not quite successful in the attempt, having helped to spoil the fortunate youth; but a good mother, and having brought up and educated her family very well. To the negro's blood, to the African's slavery, the riches and importance of this family are due, in common with all the large West Indian fortunes, which have thrust so many into magnificent appearance in life. It would scarcely be just to cast blame on the descendants of planters, who sit quietly at home and live sumptuously upon the produce of their coffee, rum, and sugars; but the eye of humanity cannot help looking back to the poor negro, whose flesh has been traded on, who has been torn from his home—for home is always home, even on Afric's burning sands—and dragged in bondage to become a beast of burden and of toil; that animal, gifted with intellect and soul, yet who has been condemned to bear the man-driver's lash, and to work like cattle in the

plantations and fields. Heavens ! the heart sickens when this picture strikes the imagination, increased in its high colours by the idea of what the parents of this devoted race may suffer when they see their progeny sold and in bondage ; and are there no tender ties of wife and children, brethren and feeble age, the fathers and grand-fathers of the wretched victims ? Alas ! there are. The traffic is accursed ; and whenever one who has even received the produce of it by inheritance sins against feeling and humanity, the negro-driving trade seems to account for it. But, in addition to the annual produce of West India property, an accumulation of cash, saved before and after a minority, gives the fortunate youth a large ready-money fortune ; and whether this has been the price of the tears and groans of the black man, or the sweat of his brow, or otherwise, applies not directly to the present possessor, and, we hope, sullies not the humanity of his progenitors. Nor can we dismiss this subject without recollecting the words of a celebrated actor, now no more, on his leaving Liverpool : looking out of his chaise-window he exclaimed, “ Farewell, ye men of iron heart : there is not a brick in your houses which has not been cemented by the blood

of the Africans!" We now pass from the family picture—we will proceed to the most prominent figure in it, one who will always be on the foreground if possible. The promising youth continued his usual round of pleasure, getting himself written into importance in the papers, and casting off every tie which had bound him in honour and in law to a lovely object; this was (to use a departed minister's words) "*turning his back upon himself*;" but he was *backed* in this by his friends, and looked not to the end. Remonstrance had no effect, but the storm thickened and lowered in prospect; it was gathering over his head; fashion and fancy still supported him, so as to bear his courage up, for fashion told him that it was d— nonsense to regard a promise to a woman; and that obligations were of no consequence when one party thought himself obliged to break them: this the young man thought very *obliging* advice. The fancy swore that the young fellow was a regular *out and outer*, and that he was sure to beat the lawyers *when he came to the scratch*; they would even bet the odds in his favour: the old champion of England, however, declined; he said that when a lady was in the case, he would not be concerned against her. Spring shook his

head, for Spring is always in favour of beauty ; gluttons and ruffians were divided, and in the midst of all this, notice of trial was announced, which interrupted the pleasures, and confused the ideas of the whole junta. A trial is an awkward thing to get over, if lost ; if gained, it very often only exposes the winning party : in the present instance, the defendant had very little chance in his favour, and all to lose in the public eye ; yet he was bolstered up by family and friends : he must not, forsooth, make the match in question, because he might do better, and the exquisites and ruffians in town would laugh at him. Well, their good opinion was important, although their risibility is not very slack at the expense of those who play the fool in any way. But the taunting, hoaxing conduct of *the* colonel was least to be borne ; he must set his face to the storm, and the chapter of accidents might favour him ; he might put a female to the blush in giving her evidence, for a mother in such a predicament is ill at ease indeed ; and something smart and witty might be illicit from his counsel, or something handsome might be said of him, or very trifling damages might be awarded ; and then the loss would not be an object—it would be a mere P.P.



*match.* Indeed it might have been as well for the defendant if he had allowed the counsel matched against him to have walked over the course; it would have produced a less defeat, since he who does not start can neither be exposed by breaking down, bolting, or being distanced and dead-beat. Flattery, however, still whispered in his ear that he should make a good appearance, and that, worst come to worst, he would gain farther notoriety; that his bottle-companions would not value him one jot the less; that the girls would stare at him for a dear deceiver; and that the story would be but a nine days' wonder, after which he might try his luck again, and vie with the great Fitzalleyne in celebrity. The day was now at hand; its eve was of high interest to many. Maria, forced before the public to vindicate her rights, claimed sympathy from every one: her bosom heaved with trouble upon trouble, like wave propelling wave along, in a full and tempest-wrought sea; reminiscences the most painful assailed that perturbed bosom of other and of happier days—those when her youth and innocence went hand in hand, captivating all around her, and when all was happy promise before her novice sight;—to this remembrance succeeded blighted

happiness, vows broken, future fortune clouded by the storm, which broke upon her incautious head : to a season of suffering the most acute, followed the recollection of that state, where the heart seems to cease to feel, but the agony of which is only benumbed ;—next the recent insult which had been offered to her wounded sensibility—the provocation which called her to defend her name from contempt and insult. No refuge had she ; nor the unhappy parent, who, place it in whatever form she could, must speak of a daughter's frailty, however mingled with her wrongs. How did the defendant rest ? not upon the *merits* of his case, but upon the indifference which the votaries of pleasure have as to consequences ; strengthened by a conviction, or rather a hope, that gold can give lustre to irregularities and faults, which we dare not contemplate in their native deformity.



## CHAPTER XI.

### WHO'S THE DUPE.

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"My ugly guilt flies in my conscious face,  
And I am vanquish'd, slain with bosom war."

*Lee's Mithrid.*

*Exordium—The trial—Evidence—Particulars—  
General feeling—Vacillation of the friends of  
the defendant—A pause.*

"Contigere omnes, intentique ora tenebant."

*Virgil.*

THE morning lowered, and, heavily in clouds, brought on that day which was of such importance to an injured fair one. Silence was proclaimed and obtained—we marvel how it could have been procured, when so many glib tongues and pretty faces were assembled together—but so it was. Trials like these draw the fairest of the fair to our courts of justice; "'tis only to hear how matters go on," a little female curiosity, innocent

pastime—yes, but what is sport to them may be death to others; nevertheless they must be there: what happens to one person to-day may be another's lot to-morrow. Setting aside all these considerations, the court was thronged beyond description; public interest was at the highest pitch. It was not merely a breach of promise which drew together so many auditors; it was not a *suit* for a lordship nor a manor (the defendant might have mended his manners); it was not a birthday suit of Snip versus an Exquisite; it was no common case;—the point at issue was—How far and how long, to what extent and with what impunity, the fair fame and reputation of a defenceless woman are to be sported with? It went further than this; and leaving the last consideration at rest, the question was, Is it licit, is it sufferable that a heart is to be sported with? Shall the widowed bosom, into which venom instead of balm or balsam has been poured, be outraged and insulted because it has loved before? Lastly, if there is any *just* subterfuge for violating a solemn obligation, of such importance that it may last for life, one contracted knowingly, repeatedly, and under the most delicate and binding circumstances, under which one party, the weakest, is held up to public scru-

tiny, to public observation, only to be deserted and deceived?

## THE TRIAL.

### BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

#### *Pous v. The Pea-green Count.*

This was an action for a breach of promise of marriage, brought by Maria Pous against Joseph the Pea-green count.—The damages were laid at £10,000.

The Attorney-General stated the case for Miss Pous. Joseph the Pea-green count, he said, was a man of fortune, about twenty-three years of age; and Miss Pous was a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, possessing almost unrivalled powers as an actress. She was the daughter of an officer in the army, who had been the proprietor of the Plymouth theatre; but his hopes having been disappointed in the country, he came to London with his wife and daughter. The young lady made her appearance at Covent-garden theatre, and evinced so much talent, that a permanent engagement was the consequence. About this time, when not more than seventeen or eigh-

teen years of age, she had the irreparable misfortune to be invited down to Cheltenham, where Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, the eldest son of the Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, a man of property and influence in Gloucestershire, and a passionate admirer of theatrical entertainments, and a performer himself, prevailed on Miss Pous to allow him to perform with her on the night of her benefit. An acquaintance was thus commenced, which ripened into intimacy, and terminated in the ruin of the unhappy young lady. From the first, Fitzalleyne of Berkeley avowed the most fervent admiration of the person and talents of Miss Pous—professed unbounded affection for her—and made a distinct and positive offer of marriage; but at the same time stated, that as he was making application to the king for a peerage, he wished the business should be kept secret, for if it were known he had married a woman in her situation of life, it would render the success of his application extremely doubtful. Continuing however his suit to her with great ardour, Miss Pous became warmly attached to him, and after a year of uninterrupted solicitation, she fell a victim to her tenderness and affection. For five years she lived under his protection, during all which time Fitzalleyne of Berke-

ley led her to suppose that he would still keep his solemn promise and marry her: she lived with him wholly from affection, for he made her no allowance, and the presents she received did not amount in value to more than £100. All the money she accepted from him was not more than was necessary to defray the expenses which he himself had obliged her to incur. The connexion was no secret. Miss Pous indeed lived in Keppel-street with her parents, but she made annual visits to Berkeley Castle during the recess of the theatre. In 1821, she gave birth to a child by Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, which birth was concealed by the express desire of Fitzalleyne. In 1823, she became again pregnant by him, and it was then she felt the whole misery of her situation, and wisely resolved that unless Fitzalleyne would give her a written promise of marriage before the birth of the child, she would discontinue all further intercourse with him. This decision was communicated to him. He at first said he would comply with her wishes; but she at length found that it would be folly for her to expect that he would ever make her his wife, and she resolved never to see him again. This was the state of things in June, 1824, and she had not seen him since the



preceding February. He (the Attorney-General) did not justify the errors his unfortunate client had fallen into; but was it astonishing that a young, inexperienced girl of seventeen should fall a victim to the art, dexterity, and address of an experienced intriguer? or that she should have yielded to that semblance of kindness and affection, which every "man of the world" can display when his object is to ruin the woman who confides her honour to his keeping? He would now direct the attention of the jury to the more material parts of the present case. In the spring of 1823, the Pea-green count first saw Miss Pous at the theatre. Attracted by her beauty and talents, he became deeply enamoured, and anxiously sought her society; but it was not till her benefit was announced that he got an introduction, in order to engage boxes for himself and friends. He then saw her father, at once asked permission to visit his daughter as a suitor, and invited Mr. Pous to his seat in Staffordshire. Mr. Pous accepted the invitation, but told the Pea-green count that his daughter was under an engagement to Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, and till that was brought to an issue, she could not listen to the addresses of another man. The Pea-green count, however,

persisted in his suite—he called in Keppel-street and spoke to Mrs. Pous on the subject, who informed him that the affair with Fitzalleyne of Berkeley would be decided before the termination of Miss Pous's theatrical engagement, and then, if the marriage did not take place, all intercourse would cease, and she should not object to introduce him to her daughter. The Pea-green count was satisfied. On the 24th of July, Mrs. Pous wrote to him, stating that the affair with Fitzalleyne of Berkeley was at an end: he immediately proceeded to Keppel-street, solicited Miss Pous for her hand in marriage with the utmost ardour, and pressed his suit with such warmth, that he at length succeeded in obtaining from her a promise of marriage. Miss Pous felt that it was particularly necessary for her to acquaint the Pea-green count with the past connexion with Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, and with its consequences; but she had no opportunity during the short interview they had together; indeed, some little time was necessary before a female in such a painful situation could prepare herself to make an avowal of such a nature; and she finally determined that the disclosure should be made to him by her mother, when he returned into the country

in a few days. This delay was unfortunate for Miss Pous, as it enabled others to cast a shade over her conduct and motives. The jury would perhaps be astonished to hear, that although all intercourse had long ceased between Fitzalleyne of Berkeley and Miss Pous, some spy or other conveyed to him all the arrangements made with the Pea-green count. Fitzalleyne heard that a party was made up for the Opera : he went there, and seeing Miss Pous in the box with the Pea-green count; he sent him a message by his friend Mr. M——, requesting an interview. The Pea-green count, with his friend Mr. B——, met Fitzalleyne the following day ; and at this interview, although Fitzalleyne had required of Miss Pous that no communication should be made by her to the Pea-green count of the intimacy that had formerly subsisted between them, every thing relating to it was communicated to him in the most unreserved manner by Fitzalleyne of Berkeley himself ! He told him of the birth of the children, jeered at the idea of his marrying a woman of Miss Pous's habits, and produced a paper which he requested the Pea-green count to sign, calling upon Miss Pous to say with which of them she would live,—the Pea-green count or Fitzalleyne

of Berkeley? The Pea-green count refused to sign this infamous document, but resolved on breaking off all connexion with Miss Pous. This account of the interview was given by the Pea-green count himself, who farther stated, that at the close of it, Fitzalleyne of Berkeley said to him in a scornful, jeering manner, "Well, then, I must go to-night and sleep in Keppel-street, that I may console poor Pous for the disappointment I have occasioned her!" Now Fitzalleyne of Berkeley (said the Attorney-General) well knew, that had he so gone, he would have been refused admittance in Keppel-street. To do any female an injury was unworthy a man of honour; but to inflict such an injury, after an intercourse of five years, and upon one whose character he had ruined, was conduct on which he could not trust himself to express an opinion. In consequence of this proceeding, the Pea-green count wrote a note to Miss Pous, renouncing the connexion with her—a very natural course, for which Miss Pous did not at all blame him, nor did he (the Attorney-General); for though the Pea-green count must have known the connexion which had existed between her and Fitzalleyne, he could not affirm that he knew that two children had been the con-

sequence of it; and his ignorance of that circumstance at the time of making an engagement with Miss Pous justified him in renouncing it when the fact reached his knowledge. It was not this, but the subsequent conduct of the Pea-green count, upon which the present action was grounded. As soon as Miss Pous received the Pea-green count's note, she saw that she had been treacherously dealt with at the meeting; and though she had not the slightest wish to hold him to his engagements, she was anxious by explanation to stand well in his opinion. She accordingly wrote a letter to him, releasing him from them, but soliciting an interview in order to explain her conduct. The Pea-green count acceded, and met Miss Pous and her mother at the Castle Inn, Marlborough. All this time Miss Pous was still watched, and Fitzalleyne even procured Lord Wm. L——x to drive down to Marlborough to prevent the interview! It was too late, however—the interview had taken place, and the Pea-green count expressed his satisfaction at the explanation afforded, though he did not renew his offer of marriage. On Miss Pous's return to London, the Pea-green count, however, renewed his correspondence with her. It was at this time

agreed that Fitzalleyne should have the care of his children by Miss Pous; for though she was unwilling to part with them, she knew that their father had the means, which she had not, of providing for them. By this arrangement, the last link of the chain which connected her with Fitzalleyne was broken for ever; and at this moment the Pea-green count again presented himself in Keppel-street, and unequivocally renewed his former proposal of marriage. This was, therefore, the deliberate act of a man of mature age; one conversant with the ways of the world; who was fully acquainted with every thing that had occurred between Miss Pous and Fitzalleyne. The proposal was accepted by her, when the Pea-green count declared that he thought she had been scurvily treated by Fitzalleyne, and that no part of her past conduct had lowered her in his opinion. On going into the country, he wrote her a letter for the express purpose of avowing to her friends that he had renewed his offer of marriage, and a farther correspondence followed. The day of marriage was fixed for the 6th of September, and he accompanied Miss Pous from Bath to London. He waited on Mr. R——, who was to be Miss Pous's trustee, in order to arrange the

marriage settlements, and proposed £40,000 for that purpose. The solicitor was instructed to draw out the settlements: they were drawn, and a day appointed for their execution. When that day arrived, the Pea-green count sent an excuse, appointing another; but on the following morning he sent his legal adviser, Mr. B——, to Miss Pous, who left a verbal message at the door, informing her that it was the Pea-green count's intention never to see her again!—and that too without assigning any sort of reason for his conduct! Miss Pous and her friends were of course greatly astonished at this extraordinary proceeding; but they ascribed it to the influence which certain persons possessed over his mind, who designed him for their dupe. Miss Pous, therefore, wrote to the Pea-green count, who met the bearer of the letter, and stated that he was on his way to her residence. He arrived in Keppel-street, and told Miss Pous that his friends had locked him up in a small room, and plied him with liquor to intoxication, but that, on his recovery from its effects, he had escaped from them. His exhausted appearance proved the truth of his story. He remained with Miss Pous during the evening, and promised to attend her in the morning to execute

the marriage settlements.—The jury would easily imagine the anxiety of Miss Pous under all these circumstances. A young lady had arrived from the country to act as bridemaids, and her other friends were all assembled to meet the bridegroom; but he neither made his appearance nor sent any message to account for his absence! Hour after hour passed away—no message—no bridegroom—no communication of any sort! At three in the afternoon, Miss Pous despatched a servant with a note to Long's Hotel. This servant was decoyed into a private room by Mr. C——r, the Pea-green count's present attorney, and there locked in! In a short time he was liberated, and informed that the Pea-green count had set out for Bath; but the man was insulted—his mistress was laughed at—the grossest insinuations were thrown out upon both; but no motive was assigned for the extraordinary conduct of the Pea-green count and his advisers. After a lapse of six days, and in a state of mind not to be described—the consequence of this unprovoked and cruel treatment—Miss Pous addressed the following letter to the Pea-green count:—



*“ Saturday, Sept. 11.*

“ My dearest count,—For six long days and sleepless nights have I been hourly in the expectation that you would redeem that promise which your sacred word of honour is pledged to perform. I cannot resist any longer the desire I have entertained throughout this eventful week, to make you acquainted with the feelings that have agitated me. Your extraordinary conduct in leaving me in the manner you have has thrown me into a state of distress that may be conceived—I will not attempt to express it: but I have still such faith in you, that I cannot, I will not for a moment suppose it is your own act; and although you are at present separated from me, I cannot believe but that your heart and thoughts are still with me. If I have come to a right conclusion, let me conjure you to resist with becoming pride the idea that the count is not capable of judging for himself; and in your cool moments I am persuaded good sense will whisper to you that selfish motives, and those alone, have influenced the honourable advisers by whom you are now beset. Gracious God! can my dearest count be content to allow such persons to use coercion to restrain him from following the dictates of his own heart? Be upon your guard, for be assured such persons, with such

interested views to actuate them, will not hesitate to have your restraint of such a character, that your own good sense, or friends' interference, may be too late to save you from. Remember, my dearest count, it was at your desire that our intended nuptials were announced in all the newspapers to take place on Monday last. Think of this, and at the same time conceive, if you can, what a wound my feelings have experienced, and how little I have deserved it. If you are the man of honour I believe you to be, you will not lose another moment in fulfilling your engagement. Your last words when we parted on Sunday night, I am persuaded you do not forget. I shall remember them to the latest period of my life. You said, ' May God strike me dead if ever I consent to separate myself from you ! ' You also desired me not to receive any communication whatever but from yourself. I shall strictly attend to that request. I wait, with an anxiety not easily expressed, for a letter from you. Do not disappoint me on Monday. Farewell, my dearest count, and believe in the affection of your faithfully attached

" MARIA."

“ May God strike me dead” (continued the Attorney-General) “ if ever I consent to separate myself from you !” These are the expressions ; and you see, gentlemen of the jury, that in his answer to this letter he does not deny the use of a single word of them. Under what feelings, I will ask, must this letter have been written ? It must have been written under the idea that the count was influenced improperly by those who were around him, and that if he considered what was due to his own character and honour, he would retrace the paths which he had trod, and would renew the engagements he ought never to have violated. You shall now see the answer he wrote to it—for I will read it to you—this is the excuse he makes.—The Attorney-General then read the following letter :—

“ ———, *Sunday morning, Sept. 13.*

“ My dearest Maria,—You are perfectly correct in supposing that my heart and thoughts are still with you. It is impossible, however I may be censured, that I can divest myself of the feelings of affection which I have from the earliest period of our acquaintance borne towards you ; and believe me still sincere when I assure you that ‘ my

own inclination will never allow me to be separated from you ;' but the world, my dearest Maria, is of difficulty extreme to manage, and however we may be flattered that we can divest ourselves of opinion, yet reflection and example every day prove the fallaciousness of such ideas. Why was it that our unlucky stars threw us in the way of each other, but to make us miserable ? for so I am ; and much do I struggle with opinions not my own, half convinced that prejudice ought not to influence love and esteem."—[Our unlucky stars threw us in the way of each other ! Why, all the solicitations were on the part of the count ! He it was who requested to be enlisted among Miss Pous's admirers at the time when she considered herself engaged to Fitzalleyne of Berkeley ! He it was, who, when Fitzalleyne had betrayed to him his connexion with her, and when she had released him from the engagements into which he had unwarily entered, had voluntarily reiterated and renewed them ! He it was who now talked of " our unlucky stars throwing us in the way of each other ;" and yet every thing had proceeded from himself. He had sought Miss Pous, not she him ; she had not courted his acquaintance, but had only yielded to be his after his earnest and long repeated solicita-

tions. The letter then went on]—" Judge by your own feelings, which I trace in every line of your kind letter, what mine are; resolved at one moment to sacrifice friends to affection, yet not daring to risk the chance of unhappiness by doing an act which both of us may hereafter repent. From that fatal confession of Fitzalleyne's until now, I knew not half my acquaintance; but to judge by the letters, anonymous and otherwise, which I daily receive, it would be supposed I am of consequence to the state. My honour is yet in your hands; do you not, with your good sense, perceive the dilemma we are in? I cannot, will not, lose you, but wait the mediation and advice of some good spirit to determine for both of us. Adieu, most affectionately and devotedly yours,

" JOSEPH."

The Attorney-General then informed the Jury that he would not fatigue them by reading the other letters which had passed between these parties. He would merely state that after a short interval the count again renewed his addresses to Miss Pous—fixed another day for their marriage—repeated his visits to her—and led her to believe that he would prove himself the man of honour she had supposed him. The 27th of September

was appointed for the count's union. On the previous Saturday, the count purchased the licence, and delivered it to Miss Pous. He saw her again on the Sunday, and then he requested permission to wait upon her on the following day. On the morning of that day, Mr. M——g, instead of the count, called on Miss Pous, with a letter he was about to read to them:—

“Dear Pous,—I have been so truly wretched last night from a variety of contending feelings, that I feel perfectly unequal to the task of seeing you personally on the subject, which my friend Mr. M——g is authorized by me to break to you. The tide of family influence, strengthened by many unhappy circumstances, is so strong against my pursuing our late treaty, that I am compelled, most painfully, though reluctantly, to relinquish it.

Yours, very truly,

“JOSEPH.”

So here again, continued the Attorney-General, after this defendant had again fixed a day for his marriage, he again runs off without assigning any cause, and on the very day when he had promised to execute the settlements, sends her the letter I have just read! What opinion are you to

entertain of an individual who could act in this cruel and cold-blooded manner to an unfortunate woman? Are any terms too strong to characterize the infamy of such conduct? To this last address Miss Pous sent an answer, being the last communication which ever passed between them. Before I read that letter, I must beg leave to read the letter which the count wrote to Miss Pous on the Wednesday after their marriage was to have taken place. It was as follows:—

*“ Wednesday night, Sept. 29, 1824, 10 o’clock.*

*“ My dearest Maria,—We know each other well. With all my faults, you have ever respected my honour. I entreat of you to grant me an interview to-morrow morning any where but in Kappel-street. My love for you is unabated, and my great anxiety is to convince you of the sincerity of yours, most affectionately and most sincerely,*

*“ JOSEPH.*

*“ Piazza Coffee-house, Covent-garden,  
Wednesday evening.”*

The Attorney-General then continued—The count sends this letter by a porter to Miss Pous at 10 o’clock at night. Having been allowed to

renew his addresses to her repeatedly, he has the presumption to require that she will allow them to be renewed once more ; but not in her own house—not under the protection of her natural guardians—not in the presence of her own family—but under the control and influence of other persons ; for what purpose I cannot conceive, and will not insinuate. To this last letter Miss Pous sent the following answer :—

“ Your conduct is as inconsistent as it is cruel and unjust. Good God ! is this your mode of proving your professed love and regard ? Was it not enough to fix one day for our nuptials, and then leave me in the dreadful uncertainty and suspense I had to endure through the whole of that day ? But no—you ask forgiveness ; you plead that you are not a free agent, and you are again admitted. Your first thought was to repair, as far as you could, this injury. You then procure a licence, and fix another day ; you propose Monday to sign the necessary papers ; and then, to my horror and your shame be it spoken, you make an excuse as frivolous as the former, and conclude by saying you were unalterably deter-



mined to sacrifice me, and with it your honour and good name. 1

“After this, is it to be endured that you could seek an interview with me on any terms, until this last sad act was repaired? And yet, to my horror, suffering with a painful illness, brought on by your cruelty, and confined to my bed, you have the bad taste (I use a very mild term) to ask an interview away from my family and friends! My first impulse led me not to reply to such a letter; but willing to believe (however improbable) that such conduct has not proceeded from the natural impulse of your own heart, but was directed by the bad advisers that surround you, I say I will once more consent to see you, but it will be in the presence of my family. I hope I shall be sufficiently composed to make that convenient on Saturday. Your afflicted

“MARIA.”

I would ask, continued the learned gentleman, whether any thing can be more mild and gentle than this letter? After the cruel manner in which she had been treated, could any thing be more tender, I will even say more affectionate? Mark, however, his answer to it:

*“ Thursday, Sept. 30, 1824.*

“ Although my past and present conduct may merit your censure, yet it cannot your cruel, ungenerous, and unkind letter. Twice have I perused it, and deplore to trace such inveterate hatred in every line.” [Inveterate hatred! Where is a trace, a vestige, the shadow of a shade of it to be found in Miss Pous’s letter? But to proceed]—  
“ I may have acted inconsistently, but never have I injured you.” [Never have I injured you! Can you believe it possible that any man with his senses about him could sit down to write such a sentence, after being guilty of all the treatment I have detailed to you? But the count proceeds]—  
“ Never have I injured you, which your cool reflections hereafter will convince you of. Farewell! for ever farewell!

“ JOSEPH.”

So that this letter is made the ground for this solemn and eternal separation. Hatred in every line of it! Farewell, for ever farewell! This is the termination of the correspondence between the two parties to this suit, but still it is not the termination of the case which I have to prove against the defendant; for I will show you, from the subsequent conduct of the count, what were his real

sentiments respecting his own behaviour. The learned gentleman then proceeded to state, that the whole of this transaction between the count and Miss Pous was blazoned abroad in the newspapers. The count was even himself the author of one or two articles which appeared. The learned counsel, after commenting for some time upon these paragraphs, and showing their utter falsehood, said that it was necessary for him to allude to a fact, which they might perhaps conceive to be more extraordinary than any yet stated. One of the days appointed by the count for his marriage was the 6th of September. On the 5th, the count passed the evening in Miss Pous's society, and left her with a promise of meeting her the next morning, to execute the settlements, and to complete the marriage. What would they think when he informed them, that on the evening of the 4th, only the very day before he was making all these solemn assurances of love and affection to her, his attorney, Mr. W. —, had gone to the chambers of his learned friend near him (Mr. Scarlett), to give him a general retainer in any case for breach of promise of marriage that Miss Pous might institute against him? Was it necessary to make any comment on such behaviour?

Did not the bare statement of it hold up the party who had been guilty of it to greater infamy than any terms of reprehension which he could possibly make use of? The Attorney-General here alluded to the conduct of Miss Pous's father, and mentioned his having borrowed 1150*l.* of the count, for the purpose of advancement in the army. He begged the Jury to remember that this sum was not advanced for Miss Pous, that she had nothing to do with it, and that her father was bound to repay it. He then appealed to them on the subject of damages. Miss Pous, he said, had received from the count presents to the amount of 1000*l.* Her engagement at the theatre amounted to 1000*l.* a year, including her benefit. In the expectation of becoming the wife of the defendant, she had given it up. She had laid out considerable sums in purchasing dresses for her wedding; she had also disposed of her theatrical wardrobe—a species of property, which, if she returned to the stage, would be of great value to her. Her carriage, too, had been altered, under the immediate orders of the defendant; but for these expenses she demanded no reparation. They were bound, however, to look at her engagement at Covent-garden, and to give her a full remuneration to the extent of her loss in that respect. He would here ask them to consider what was the

loss that the plaintiff had more particularly sustained in this instance. It was the rank and station which she would have occupied as the defendant's wife, participating in the enjoyment of his great property in England and the West Indies. He was bound to have fulfilled his engagements towards her : if he had, she would have obtained possession of his rank, station, and property ; as he had not, he was bound to give her adequate reparation for what she had lost. Again, he had agreed to settle 40,000*l.* on her : if she had survived him with children by him, she would have been entitled to the interest of that money for her life ; if she had survived him without children, she would have been entitled to the absolute disposal of full one half of it. This property she had lost by his non-performance of his contract, and for this he was also bound to make her reparation. To him it appeared that his client had lost much more than the whole amount of damages laid in the declaration. He would now leave them to declare what reparation his client ought to receive for having been thus held up to public notoriety, and thus made the victim of public obloquy. " Look at the case," said the learned gentleman, " like men of sense and understanding, and I have

no doubt that we shall all be satisfied with the impartiality of your decision."

The Attorney-General then called several witnesses, the first of whom was Mrs. Pous, the mother of the plaintiff, who gave her evidence in a very low tone of voice. She corroborated many of the statements made by the Attorney-General, and put in many letters and notes, chiefly from the count to herself, husband, and daughter, and some from the latter to the count. Mrs. Pous deposed, that after the meeting at Marlborough, the count requested Miss Pous not to return to the theatre, offered to be her banker, and told her not to distress herself about money-affairs; that her daughter declined this offer; that subsequently she distributed her theatrical wardrobe among her friends, and declined an engagement at the theatre, at the count's express desire. On her cross-examination, Mrs. Pous stated that Miss Pous was twenty-six years of age last June; that Mr. Pous kept an hotel at Exeter, had become a bankrupt, and was involved in a chancery suit; that Miss Pous copied all the letters which passed between her and the count; that she (the witness) saw and approved of them, but she did not think that her husband saw any of them; that

when her daughter went to Berkeley Castle, she generally went with her, but sometimes her husband went, and at others, a lady; that her husband did not know of the birth of her daughter's first child, and that she had been very ill used by Fitzalleyne of Berkeley. Mrs. Pous's examination lasted four hours, which she sustained without apparent exhaustion.

Mr. Pous was in attendance, but he was not called.

Two or three other witnesses having been examined, the case for the plaintiff was closed.

Mr. Scarlett addressed the Jury for the defendant. He spoke of the prepossessions in favour of the plaintiff, in consequence of her personal beauty and theatrical attractions, and of the skill with which her case had been prepared—so much so, indeed; that the plaintiff herself, in the midst of her love and disappointments, had taken copies of all the letters she had sent to a thoughtless, extravagant, and infatuated young man, who had got rid of 100,000*l.* in a few months! The Jury had heard much respecting Fitzalleyne of Berkeley; and it seemed a little singular, that instead of proceeding against the man who had seduced Miss Pous under a promise of marriage, and who had afterwards

abandoned her to the scorn of the world, she had singled out a foolish, extravagant, and heedless youth, as her victim. No doubt there were persons who looked upon such men as their natural prey—who considered it as in the order of nature that they should be taken in—who considered them destined, if in a crowd, to have their pockets picked; if in a horse-race, to lose their wager; if in a fight, to be outwitted; if at a gambling-table, to be utterly undone: but it was somewhat new, when the victim was bound to the altar, to call on a Judge and Jury to officiate at the sacrifice. He trusted that the Jury would not allow themselves to be degraded to such an office—that they would not allow their prepossessions in favour of this bewitching woman to bias their judgments, nor the activity of her friends to mislead them; but they would weigh soberly the facts proved, and not give a farthing more by way of damages than her individual conduct in the individual case would justify. The count attained the age of twenty-one only in Sept. 1823, when he became possessed of a large fortune. A little before that time, he had the misfortune to become acquainted with Mr. Pous, and invited him to his house. Of course Mr. Pous's beautiful daughter became



the subject of discourse : the fancy of the young man was inflamed ; he was introduced to the public favourite, and was smitten by her charms. He proposed marriage ; but, desirable as the offer was, it was then impossible to accept it. Miss Pous was then with child by the man under whose protection she had lived for five years ; and to the seat of that man she went—not alone, indeed !—oh ! no—that would be indecorous : she never committed a *faux pas* but under the protection of her parents ; never went to Berkeley Castle but with her papa or mamma, or sometimes both, to guard her purity and fame ; she, therefore, put off the count for the present ; went out of town in March with her good mother to lie in at Tunbridge-Wells, under the name of F——s, and left her good father in town as a channel of communication with her wealthy lover. On the 4th of June she returned—her month scarcely expired—and the count had immediate notice of her arrival. On the 28th of June, an offer of marriage was made by the count, and instantly accepted. The next day those facts of which he was ignorant were communicated to him : he wisely resolved to see her no more, and as wisely left town, feeling that in flight was his

only safety. But what followed? The lady and her mother obtained an interview, and procured from his infatuation a renewal of his promises. Then followed all the rest—the vacillation, the change of purpose, and the appointment of times of marriage, which it was impossible to justify, and which could be accounted for only by the strength of passion on the one side, and the perpetual exercise of art and fascination on the other.

Such was the case presented by the plaintiff: he would now state that case, which, on the part of the defendant, he was instructed to prove. The father, who had been in the army—the manager and bankrupt innkeeper—thought the count a gull fit for his purpose; whom, having once booked, it would be folly to set loose. (*A laugh.*) The count had a private box at the theatre, to which the family resorted, and there the intimacy was strengthened, until, fascinated by the daughter, he proposed marriage. To accept him was impossible; for what a discovery would be left to the bridal night! He was told, therefore, that she was engaged to Fitzalleyne; but never apprised of the visits to Berkeley Castle, nor allowed to have the least idea of the situation into which she had fallen. Still he was encouraged

to believe that the engagement would either be speedily fulfilled or broken off; and he was prepared for the absence of Miss Pous by statements of her delicate lungs, and inability to bear the heated atmosphere of a theatre. Mr. Pous was the person who first knew the count, who introduced him to his family,—and why had not his friend dared to put him into the box? Because he knew that, in his cross-examination, a great part of the case so dexterously put together must have been shattered into pieces. What would the Jury think if, in that box, Mr. Pous had confessed that he himself made a corrupt bargain with Fitzalleyne of Berkeley for his daughter? He (Mr. Scarlett) did not say it was so; but he should have liked to ask the question. He, however, was kept back, though he had been the agent in the whole transaction. In one of his letters, he told the count that if he married his daughter he would have “one of the most amiable tempered, prudent, and accomplished wives that ever existed.” Who was the man who wrote *this*?—He who had conducted her to Berkeley Castle, where alone she was permitted to receive the embraces of Fitzalleyne:—Here let the Jury pause, and ask—Did they believe it was ever intended

by Mr. and Mrs. Pous voluntarily to reveal their daughter's true character? Did they believe this father and mother had made up their minds to acknowledge that they had been the panders to their daughter's dishonour, and had taken her by the hand, and led her to the bed of the paramour? No! It was impossible to believe they intended to reveal the truth; at least, until the fascination was too complete to be broken, and the victim was in the condition of the bird ready to fall into the serpent's mouth. On the 29th, the discovery was made: Miss Pous opened a correspondence, the professed object of which was to justify herself, but the real object of which was, by procuring an interview, to rekindle the passion of the man on whom she knew her charms had already exerted so extraordinary an influence. She knew the probable effect of an interview well. The first art of women—nay, not art, but an instinct of nature—taught them to discover, as by intuition, when men were smitten by their charms, and how to improve the advantage. And this lady, who was well skilled in all the symbols of passion—who had studied and represented human feeling in a variety of forms—who was an adept in the soft science she practised—saw that she had

made an impression on the count not easily obliterated; and thought, justly, if she could but see him, his love would revive. Had he been wise, he would have refused; for what man—much less what man of the count's age and character—could resist the charms and the attractions of a most lovely and bewitching woman? "Even," said Mr. Scarlett, "my learned friend, the Attorney-General, at his advanced period of life—not age, certainly, but maturity—if exposed to the same fascinations, would not, perhaps, have given a promise of marriage, but would have been very likely to make a great fool of himself." (*Great laughter, in which the Attorney-General heartily joined.*) What man could resist the idea that he awakened love—real, genuine, disinterested—in one of the most captivating women of her age? The scheme succeeded. Miss Pous, accompanied by her mother, went to Marlborough, and the interview took place. There she worked on his feelings to take an interest in the winding up of her affairs with Fitzalleyne of Berkeley. It was skilfully managed, and met with the success it deserved. At last the affairs with Fitzalleyne were settled; and at this moment she chose the opportunity for telling the count, that being quite

free from every other connexion, she could no longer receive his visits. He was astonished at this; and rather than give up her society, he renewed his proposal, and was immediately accepted. Of the rest of his conduct it was impossible to say any thing in commendation, though it might be easily understood. Its inconsistency resulted from the struggles of passion and of sense; from feelings which, in the presence of their object, hurried him into entire forgetfulness of all interest and duty; but which, in her absence, gave way to the plain dictates of the understanding, and the earnest expostulations of his friends. He himself made the lady herself the judge whether he ought to proceed, and reposed his honour in her hands. And who was it wrote thus, and to whom? A young man of twenty-two, desperately enamoured of the object of his regard, to a woman of twenty-six, well versed in human life, and knowing well what stuff our nature is made of. Even the Attorney-General admitted that there was no "romantic feeling" in this case—no fine sensibility wounded; but he claimed only a compensation for the loss of an establishment for life. What was that loss? Were they only to consider the rent-roll, and not the chance of happiness? Was

it nothing that she and the count must have parted, as soon as satiety had succeeded to passion, or both have been wretched? What damages could she claim for the violation of that promise, made when her youngest child was not a month old? Was not her object apparent from first to last? Why, but to accomplish it, was she ready to give up her children—one an infant of three months, in its cradle—without stipulation for the right to see them again? Was it not, that she might fly unencumbered to her new lover? Even if a man could overlook her previous degradation—could fancy that he succeeded to a heart occupied by another for five years—could consent to take shame and infamy for his portion, and abandon his friends and his hopes; still he must have revolted from such an act by a mother. Could there be a spark of feeling in a connexion formed directly after such a sacrifice? Here was a consummate actress—taught, when yet a child, to speak the language of passion in that character which a modest woman would blush to hear—becoming the mistress of a gentleman of fortune, under the sanction of her parents, and bearing him children—who fascinated a thoughtless, extravagant, young man; held him in sus-

pense while she was delivered of a child, and made arrangements with her former lover ; and all the while kept copies of the letters she wrote to him ! There was a prudence seldom seen in affairs of love ! Was it not clear she had a double object—that she had an eye to marriage or an action—to matrimony or a matter of money ? (*A laugh.*) Let the Jury consider what they would give to a virtuous woman, and pause before they confounded the most salutary distinctions by a verdict. Let them not think she had lost any thing even by the experience she had brought on herself: the stage was still open ; and whatever might be the issue of the cause, her first appearance would be her most splendid benefit. Even while the negotiation went on, she and her family obtained what they could ; she gave her consent to the proposition that the 1150*l.* advanced to her father should remain as a deposit for the damages in this action ; and she had received presents which were valued at nearly 1000*l.* Had she not obtained nearly as much as she ought to claim ? Could it be believed, that if Fitzalloyne of Berkeley had really promised marriage, she would not have sued him, so able as he was to pay, and so far stronger a case as she could



have made out against him? True, this young man, so unfortunate as easily to be possessed of fortune, cast on the world to be deluded and betrayed, had been snatched by his friends from the connexion into which he would have rushed but for their interference and aid. Happily for him, happily for them, happily even for Miss Pous, their efforts had not been made in vain : for what woman could be blest with a dishonoured husband? It was painful to him to speak of any lady, and especially of one endowed with talents and attractions like the plaintiff, as he had been forced to do of her : he had no wish to wound her feelings ; but he must ask the Jury if they saw in this affair nothing but a calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence ? if they were convinced that Miss Pous had no affection for the defendant, and that her virtue and honour had been blasted and destroyed by her own parents, they would not assist in sacrificing a man selected as a victim ; but who, as he asserted, “ had done her no injury.” It was true, she had been too cunning to allow him to injure her in the way to which allusion was made : she had lost nothing she ought ever to have gained or struggled for ; and therefore he trusted they would think the

justice of the case satisfied by very slender damages.

Many more letters were then put in and read, after which, one witness was called, Mr. Anthony Mercati. He said that he knew the count's mother, and remembered an interview between that lady and her son about the intended marriage, when she expressed her warm disapprobation of the connexion.

The Attorney-General then replied to the evidence for the defendant. He begged to direct the attention of the Jury, in the first instance, to the fact, that the count was now ready to protect his purse by sacrificing his character and his name, by showing how he could barter both in reduction of the damages incurred by his own misconduct. Here was a young man, reared at Eton, afterwards spending three or four years in the busy circles of Paris, since that residing in England, at hotels at the west end of the town, associating with Mr. B——t, and other gentlemen equally *ripe* in the affairs of the world, and not likely to leave an associate in ignorance upon such matters; and yet they were told of his ignorance of life! Then let them look at his cautious correspondence and negotiation with Miss Pous,

and ask themselves, as honest men, if this could be the raw young man, unversed in the wiles of mankind, which his counsel had this day represented him to be. Oh! then the act of abandonment was not the count's, they had also heard, but the imperative interposition of the ladies of his family. Did they (the ladies) get him drunk to induce him to overlook his solemn engagements? or was it not more likely that this degrading influence was exercised by some of his companions, who felt that if an alliance took place with any sensible woman, they would lose the prey of which otherwise they thought they were assured? But his learned friend called the lady heartless, because she had resigned her infant children to Fitzalleyne. Who could blame her, when she thought herself on the brink of a more honourable alliance, and when she must have known that she would not be denied a future opportunity of seeing these children? He warned the Jury against mixing up the two sets of letters in this cause—the father's and the daughter's. Was Miss Pous to be divested of her claims because her father had acted imprudently? The count, it was said, should have been told of her previous connexion with Fitzalleyne. Why, when

at the time alluded to, there was an actually subsisting promise of marriage between Miss Pous and Fitzalleyne, which the family did not intend to determine until after the 24th of June? He would not defend Mr. Pous's conduct throughout, but in this instance he could not have acted otherwise than he had done. Then, it was said, if there must be an action for a breach of promise, why not have proceeded against Fitzalleyne of Berkeley? Why, the reason was obvious,—that having admitted the count's addresses, she could not with any grace have turned round upon Fitzalleyne in the manner insinuated. The Attorney-General then commented in detail upon the epistolary evidence, and pointed out that after each abrupt interruption of the correspondence with Miss Pous, it was the count himself who had renewed the negotiation, and pressed it again and again upon Miss Pous, with every apparent show of affection, and threw upon others the blame of all the impediments which he said had marred his hopes. Was such a man, then, to tell a Jury that he was deceived, deluded, and enticed into an engagement of this sort? There was nothing in the whole case, on the part of the plaintiff, which did not show her to be a lady of feeling,

honour, and delicacy; and was she to be consigned to disgrace, and have her health and character blighted, by the whims, the spurning neglect, and the scorn of such a man as the count? He called upon the Jury to award compensation, by way of damages, to Miss Pous, for the loss of that rank in society which the count held out to her; for the shame and exposure she had endured by his misconduct; for the loss of the marriage settlement intended for her; and to soothe the wounded feelings of an injured woman.

The Lord Chief Justice requested the Jury to consider that they were to estimate the amount of damages, not upon the statement of learned counsel, but upon a calm investigation of the facts in evidence before them. It could not be endured, he said, that a man should be bound to marry a lady, by virtue of a promise made antecedent to a discovery that the lady had had two children by another gentleman. It was quite clear that if the lady meant to have acted honourably towards a gentleman coming forward with matrimonial proposals, she was bound to have disclosed to him, before she accepted his offer, the particulars of her previous situation. Where the defendant,

however, had committed himself, was in the renewal of the intercourse, after he became in possession of the lady's actual situation. The final breaking off was probably occasioned by the persevering dislike of the defendant's family to the proposed connexion. However, be that as it may, he had incurred a legal responsibility throughout the latter part of his intercourse with the plaintiff. The defendant had been represented as a very young man, of great wealth. His presents to the lady had been liberal, and were by her valued at £800 or £1000, and he had also been liberal in a loan to her father. The Jury were called upon to say, from a dispassionate review of the case, what damages the plaintiff ought to receive by way of compensation for the injury she had sustained. They ought not to overlook her previous situation, and the probable effect it was likely to have against her matrimonial prospects. It was likewise extraordinary, if what they had heard were true, that the promise of marriage made by Fitzalleyne of Berkeley should not have been prosecuted as well as this. The question of damages, however, was one exclusively for the consideration of the Jury, and with them he would leave it, after

merely recommending a temperate, and, at the same time, a just estimate.

The Jury retired for a quarter of an hour, and upon their return delivered in a verdict for the plaintiff—*Damages, Three Thousand Pounds*. A loud expression of satisfaction was given by the friends of the plaintiff when the verdict was recorded.—The case occupied the court from half-past nine in the morning until twenty minutes to nine at night.

Fitzalleyne might have kept quite distinct and unconnected with this case, had his good judgment prompted him to discretion, had it inspired him with magnanimity: the trial could not have existed, for he had on the one hand but to perform his promise, and rescue loveliness from dependence on talent, and from all the miseries of life under such circumstances; and on the other, after deserting her, he had no control over her actions, much less ought he to mar her prospects, and to ruin her fortune. When he had sacrificed her fame, did it become him to say, thou shalt never rise again? If love had ceased, what share ought jealousy to have taken in her choice—the choice

of a wounded heart, seeking for a resting-place, hoping that time and kind treatment might cicatrize those wounds—could it be regard for the defendant? What had he done to inspire it? No—but he had threatened his victim. She must explain to him in what form did Pea-green (thus he ridiculed him) pay his addresses? what mattered that to him? But this was of a piece with another instance of jealous and cruel conduct: to leave unperformed his own solemn duty, and to prevent the good fortune of his victim, seemed his end. The following passage in one of his letters may convey an idea of it:—

“ A person calling himself Mr. Horatio had (as was admitted by thyself, thy father, and mother) some kind of pretensions towards thee. That these were what is called ‘honourable’ is a farce to suppose, as thou knowest that he went to the kitchen to inquire how long thou hadst been my mistress, and when I was going out of town; and in consequence, such a letter was written by thee to him as to preclude all intercourse, direct or indirect, between you. A similar plan was pursued to a Mr. Pea-green.”



There is a strange connexion in the characters of Horatio and Lothario, in the "Fair Penitent," which might have struck Fitzalleyne at some time, and in some shape. The former certainly did not get out of the contest second best; but, touching Pea-green, the *nature* of his addresses was fully explained by Maria's father to the jealous and cruel deserter,—yet he must blight the prospects of the injured woman. The trial throws more light on the whole subject.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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“ Oh ! she has beauty that might shake the leagues  
Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds.”

*Otway's Orphan.*

“ Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.”

*Virgil.*

As the Trojan chief, invited by the lovely Dido, whom our reader will doubtless remember was a queen deserted by her ungrateful lover, grieved to be forced to renew his sorrows by relating the woes which befel his nation and himself; so do we, with deep sorrow, find it necessary to renew the pains of sensibility in a wounded bosom, to have to revert to the fall of innocence, not less lamentable than the fall of Troy ; but we shall say, with the hero alluded to above,

“ Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,  
Incipiam.”——

Although the mind is horror-struck at the remembrance, and refuses the task, I will begin, or rather continue.

It may be well supposed that, whilst this important case was proceeding, the friends of all parties were in the greatest anxiety, and that expresses went and came to and from the court, that the tide of success was reported as it rolled on, and that the adverse party received continual intelligence of their columns giving way: a lawsuit is like a battle—much depends on the skill of the general in command (Maria had an able one); on the body of evidence, which may be considered as the numerical strength of the troops; on their firm and good conduct, unshaken by cross-examinations, brow-beating, and the confusion of raw troops; and, lastly, on the goodness of the cause; all conspired in favour of justice in the present instance,—a fair, plain case, a consummate general, honest auxiliaries, and a jury that the country might be proud of. From time to time aide-de-camps flew about, reporting progress: at one moment a message was sent to intimate to the friends of the attacking party that all looked glorious and decisive; that the deep reddening colours of parental indignation, on honest male cheeks, be-

spoke the general feeling of the country; that the mother's tears spoke eloquently, and demanded vengeance and reparation; whilst maiden's sighs and downcast looks told volumes of censure, and contained mute but impressive lessons; at another time the curling lip of contempt was bent on the names of the first betrayer and the second deserter, which threw full many a hardy hunter into confusion, on recital of what was going on; and the table and fancy friends of the defendant began to vacillate and to give way. There were those in court who felt not easy in their place; some would fain shift the scene and subject, but were hemmed in and must stand the fiery ordeal, in *foro conscientiæ*; many brought home circumstances to self, and would have given more than a trifle to have been at home at the time, for here they were not so. "Nil conscire sibi nulla palescere culpa" was not the motto of all.—But a word more of the trial:—among the many good things which have been written and printed upon similar occasions, the following, extracted from the Examiner, will appear to bear a close coincidence with the subject of our romance.

## A DOLEFUL NEW BALLAD,

ON A LATE TRIAL AT BAR.

How often a female Foot will slip !  
 How often in its path will a spark lie !  
 The Foote that I sing made a terrible Trip,  
 For she tripped against Colonel Berkeley.

This Foote trod the stage at Cheltenham one night,  
 Where the colonel began his wooing—  
 He acted, that night, for her benefit,  
 But after for her undoing\*.

For this gay deceiver formed full soon—  
 (How I wish such connexions were fewer!)—  
 With our Foote what some call a *l'idison*,  
 And some an *affaire du cœur*.

I don't know how a colonel he came to be ;  
 But all people did compute,  
 That no colonel was he of cavalry,  
 Since he took a command of Foote.

\* “ He, the Attorney-General, would acquit him of any injurious motive in desiring to act with his client on the night of her benefit at Cheltenham. But he must observe, that the acquaintance there commenced ripened into an intimacy which led at last to her utter ruin.”—*Vide Attorney-General's Speech.*

Now some gallant colonels that I have known,  
From Spain and from Waterloo,  
Have return'd with much glory on *one* Foot alone,  
Having set out with *two*.

But a different career our colonel ran,  
And wondrous it was to see,  
For he with only *one* Foote began,  
But in time was blessed with *three* \*.

So then the first Foote, when the other two came,  
Gave the colonel to understand,  
That the least he could do, in return for the same,  
Was to offer her his hand.

But the colonel's objection seemed to be—  
In so doing he saw very well—  
That in taking a Foote that ends with T E,  
He might chance to end with an L.

Now just at this time came a second lover,  
With a little more money than brain ;  
Which fact our Foote did right soon discover,  
And the gentleman's name was Haine.

He had lost at Newmarket sums so large,  
That at length he grew angry, and swore  
He could live with one Foote at a lesser charge  
Than he 'd done with the *Legs* before.

\* "The second infant with which she presented him."—*Vide*  
*Mr. Scarlett's Speech*.

So his ways he determined at once to mend,  
 And, to lay the axe to the root,  
 He sold all his *horses*, resolved to spend  
 The rest of his money on Foote.

Now the colonel seemed to consider it meet  
 To call our Foote over the coals,  
 And he walked away with his two little Feet\*,  
 For the good, as he said, of their *soles*.

How things were going he pretty well guessed,  
 And, not approving the same,  
 He thought the shortest follies were best,  
 So our Foote a left Foote became.

Then boldly our Haine did proffer his suit,  
 And he matrimonially put it †,  
 How kind 'twas to heal the colonel's Foote,  
 When he saw that the colonel had cut it!

He was very liberal-minded, and saw  
 To the past no kind of objection ‡,

\* "In consequence of this letter it was agreed that Colonel Berkeley should have the care and custody of her two children."—*Vide Attorney-General's Speech*.

† "He told her immediately all the anxiety he had felt on her account, the admiration he had long felt for her person and character, and concluded by formally soliciting her hand in marriage."—*Vide Attorney-General's Speech*.

‡ "He informed him of the circumstances under which their intimacy had commenced, and also of the two children, &c. &c. &c."—*Vide Attorney-General's Speech*.

For he knew the best Foote might make a *faux-pas*,  
And therefore scorned retrospection.

But Falsehood, alas ! thy name is Haine !  
At sight of human ties, he  
Flew suddenly off ; to recall him was vain,  
And the style of his letters grew icy \*.

He said he was locked up three stories high †,  
And though his love was strong,  
A Love could not well out of window fly,  
That had ran on Foote so long.

At the same time, he argued stoutly by letter,  
How clear the difference stood  
'Twixt not wishing to part with one's Foote altogether,  
And being tied by it for good.

Now this last proposition some little dispute  
Between the parties bred,  
And he found to his cost more brains in his Foote  
Than ever he had in his head.

For full soon by his letters 'twas made to appear,  
That wedlock he did devise once,

\* " Mr. Hayne begs to be distinctly understood to Miss Foote, that under no circumstances whatever can an acquaintance hereafter be proper on the part of Mr. Hayne. 28, Upper Grosvenor-street, 30th of June."

† " He stated to Miss Foote and her father, that on his return home his friends had surrounded him, had locked him up in a small room in his own house, &c. &c. &c."—*Vide Attorney-General's Speech.*



And very silly those letters were—

The colonel's were not very wise ones \*.

And now our Foote kicked more and more,

And sought for satisfaction

By costs at law ; for though wounded sore,

It by no means hurt her *action*.

So in the King's Bench she urged her suit,

And in evidence showed very clearly,

That although he had been pretty sure of Foote,

He of late had become Foote-weary.

And Mr. Hayne he defended the same,

All like an unblushing varlet ;

And he showed no sign of grace or shame,

Although his counsel was Scarlett ;

Who in this wise pleaded his cause—" My Lord,

" And Gentlemen of the Jury,

" The Foote that is plaintiff in this record

" Is a cloven foot, I assure ye :

" And since past and gone is Michaelmas day,

" All the world would surely cry ' Fie on 't !'

" If with this Foote together your heads you should lay,

" To dish such a Goose as my client †."

\* Vide letters, *passim*.

† " There were some men who appeared destined to be gulled and plundered by the rest of mankind. . . . But it was somewhat new, when the victim was bound to the altar, to call on a Judge and Jury to assist at the sacrifice."—*Vide Mr. Scarlett's Speech for Mr. Hayne.*

But the Jury were very hard to persuade,  
Since Defendant seemed of fair age ;  
Though it was a sad job, the Chief-Justice said,  
To be bound by a promise of marriage \*.

So a verdict they for the Plaintiff found ;  
And, to shorten a tedious tale,  
Out of court walked our Foote with three thousand pound  
Duly paid down on the nail.

Then may we this moral hold in view,  
In all such loose transactions,  
To keep our hands from *billets-doux*,  
And our Feet from civil actions.

\* “ It could not be endured that a man should be bound to marry a lady by virtue of a promise made antecedent to a discovery that a lady had two children by another gentleman.”—*Lord C. J. Abbott's Charge to the Jury.*



## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE RIVALS.

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“ Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,  
And cry *content* to that which grieves my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.”

*Shakspeare, Hen. VI. part 3.*

*More about the trial—Conduct of Fitzalleyne of Berkeley and the Pea-green count reprobated—Reasons given why they should be the last people in the world to break a promise—Trial at Long’s hotel—Long’s hotel itself—A hint to princes and great men on publishing love-letters.*

“ Audi alteram partem.”

THIS advice, which is posted up in one of our Courts of Justice, is said (how truly we pretend not to dispute) to have been taken as the device of the court, after George the Second assisted at a trial; and on hearing the plaintiff’s case ably supported by learned counsel, turned round to his attendants,

and observed, "That man must certainly be right." It was however hinted to his majesty, that he had better hear the other side of the question before he decided on the merits of the case; and, after listening attentively to the adverse party, the king's opinion changed, and the defendant won his suit. A person not versed in the technicalities of law, in its various interpretations and applications, in its quirks and glorious uncertainty, would really be at a loss to understand any thing about it, and much less to form an idea of who is right or who is wrong in an eloquent verbose pleading: every tale is good till another is told; but in this instance it was quite the reverse—there was no matter of law argued, but all of equity. The learned and able counsel of the plaintiff (and they were both) lost not the honest simplicity of their fair client's rights, in the flowers of rhetoric; they appealed as little as possible to the passions, to sympathy, humanity, and generosity; they were aware that many fathers and mothers were in the court, that their hearts were wrung with agony, lest at any future time the blossom of promise and her parents' pride should be deluded or surprised into the paths of error—lest a second serpent should flatter her pride, and sport with the weakness of

nature, which is never safe when unguarded by the utmost circumspection, amounting to suspicion, and thus rob them of the treasure of their soul, the honour of their darling child ; they were aware also that, if such misfortune did occur, and a seemingly noble being stepped in to give an existence, an independence, and a name to their lost child, merely to betray, to leave her, and to devote her to the regrets of the heart, and to public scorn, and the ridicule of the base and heartless, the worldly, the prude, the hypocrite, and the prosperous proud, that such a second stab would be such homicide as no law has provided for, and which yet wants a name ; therefore they set forth a plain statement and left the rest—to what ?—the safest custody of life, of honour, of fame, and fortune—to a *British Jury* ! This done, the second case, the defence, explanation, or whatever it might assume to be called, only rendered the offence worse ; it was a tissue of compromises with delicacy, generosity, and all the nobler feelings of man—silence had been more dignified, it would have left a favourable impression where none can now exist ; it would not have exposed all the struggles of vanity, desire, honesty, unsteadiness, weakness, chequered with design, humble intellect,

mingled with art, &c. &c. &c. His advocate had a tough business of it, it must have diffculted him, and he might have blushed scarlet for his client, to be forced to prove him a fool, or a dupe every where, at the fight, the race, the banquet, in a bargain, and in love: really such a defence left him more defenceless; to try to make a female evidence blush was not pretty neither; but he had not a Foot to stand upon, and he must get his client off the best way he could. The old pun upon *matrimony*, as a *matter of money*, was rather stale, and only wanted to be backed by another as bad. "Was it so in the days of Noah?" ah, no! But nobody felt for the poor simpleton described, whose name, translated into French, produces *hatred*.

When the cause was lost, joy was the general feeling; because justice gained is the cause of universal joy. Old spinsters bridled up, and said that these were sad matters at best; and lawyers smiled over their deserved gains. The tongue of tattling was unbridled and let loose; and every one made comments on the case, and on the parties concerned on both sides. Fitzalleyne might have been less and less roughly handled, had he chosen it, had he acted with more prudence and

more delicacy. As it was, he had made himself completely a party in the trial,—the obstacle and stumbling-block which overturned the altar of Hymen, already prepared for its rites. What *block* the defendant was, we leave to craniologists; but their names thus blended together, as promise-makers and promise-breakers, draw down much censure and argumentation amongst the newspaper *quidnuncs*, the tea-drinking damsels, rakes, players, sportsmen, and men of feeling. Their opinions differed as their interests were affected; but all agreed that Fitzalleyne and Joseph of the square (as if there was but one, such effect having been given to the name in one of his love-letters) were the last men in the world who ought to break a promise of marriage,—the former, because frailty had given him birth; and it had become him to veil the weakness of a woman like his parent. It had set well upon his manly brow, to make noble reparation for guilty imprudence. It might have drawn down a prayer in his favour for a grant of future nobility, all improbable and offensive as it would be to the legitimate nobles of the land, if he, bound as he was in sympathy, had prevented in time a stain being placed on the infant forehead, unconscious of a parent's errors, yet doomed



to bear a blushing inheritance, in undeserved punishment thereof. The defendant was thought nearly as little excusable, because he had neither name nor speculative nobility to sacrifice. He was nobody, and could not be made less. He had still four *prads* to show about, a yellow damask morning-gown, and expensive dressing-case, long spurs, and Grub-street poets at his command; and he might have added thereto a lovely woman by his side, and have learned amiability from her. Many a head-ache might have been saved; and the heart might, in coming years, have been lighter than we augur that it will be. Besides, curly-headed Joey (with all due deference to white-headed Bob) had played these tricks before; and how could he expect to get off always scot-free? Even mitigated damages he had no right to look for; and a fair name amongst the fair after this can never be gained unless by fair play; and who will trust the oath-breaker? one who gets shut up when convenient by his friends, and escapes *when convenient* from his engagements and obligations? The very fancy could not stand by him in *private*. They argued over the matter, and blamed him in the last battle. They could not call it a *manly set-to*, nor even a *stand-up* fight; for he was *floored* in no

time. The Attorney-General *went in to him* at once, and altered *his sign* for him, by destroying the *features* of his defence. His *backer*, too, *hit hard in the wind*; nor could all his client's *fibbing* avail him in the least. At last, *hit right and left*, he could *not come to time*; and the *champion of innocence* threw up his hat, and declared a victory for the *lovely sprig of myrtle*. Huzza resounded in the *ring*; and the count's bottle-holders slunk off ashamed, and felt that they had been *thrown over the ropes*, having to *pass the cole*, as in the instance of Fitzalleyne's groom, with the exception of those who had hedged off. The merits of the battle were gone into over *blue ruin* at night; and it was much regretted, that *not coming to time* was an old trick of his. Now Fitzalleyne *came to time*; but he came before his time, so that different causes produced a defeat to both. The count was advised in future to be more *straight forward* in his conduct in and out of the ring, and not to trust to *shifting* or *fibbing*. The ring, they thought, may yet be fatal to him, if he does not take better care—and above all, the *wedding-ring*. After this, his health was drank in awful silence, his colours being lowered; and a dutiful and condoling address was sent up to B—ns—k-square.

From the venerable walls of the abbey of Westminster and those of St. Stephen to Bond-street, the distance is short; and it required no *pigeon-carrier* to waft the news of the important trial to that place. Loungers stared and stopped at the corners of the street, or just opposite to the rich tailor's, when straight the words "*breach of promise*" startled them; and they changed their ground, beating a retreat towards Long's hotel. There, assembled at the door, divers dandies smiled over the fate of a defeated brother; for breaches of promise are as frequent at Long's as in other places. That "I promise to pay" is sadly forgotten, Long might compare his *notes*, his bonds, and obligations, with the amatory letters and engagements of the most faithless swains; for the first are seldom correctly taken up, and the two last are often left unfulfilled. Even *judgment* errs at times, and want of *principle* (it may be spelt two ways) occasions the deficiency in the interest. From the step of the door, which has proved more than once an *imprudent step*, the butterfly breed proceeded to the interior; and at the approach of night, the halls rung with the proceedings of the court of justice. Some blamed, some pitied, some laughed at him who was to pay the damages and costs; some

sympathised and dreaded a time to come. But there was one set who gloried in the defeat, yet pretended to be the count's friends,—their joy was selfish. The cause had broken off an engagement, and left their companion free. No hymeneal fetters were now likely to rid him of his associates, "*fruges consumere nati*," nor to substitute the feast of reason for the flow of fun. They thought it very likely that he might take to drinking altogether, and quit all other *dry* pursuits. At this, joy resounded from the roof. Songs and toasts were called for, and sentiments were sported in abundance. In former times, "Let us haste to the wedding" had been got up; but it was now out of season, and

"Sigh no more, ladies—ladies, sigh no more :  
Men were deceivers ever,"

was proposed in its place; but it was considered by the majority to be too personal to many worthy frequenters of the house, so that the call was overruled. "*Fly not yet*" and "*Love's young dream*" were next mentioned: but the singer was out of tune. At length it was carried, *nem. con.* that the following ditty should be sung with a full chorus:—

“ There’s a difference in fact  
’Twixt a promise and an act,  
And I’ll tell you the reason why :  
An act cannot betray,  
Though I fear a promise may :  
But I trust neither you nor I,” &c. &c.

Long was *long* listening at the door, for the song was a favourite of his ; but at the word *trust* he turned a deaf ear, and went off. “ Hope told a flattering tale” now run in his head ; and all those who *run in* his debt came next in remembrance,—so he looked over his ledger, and resolved to *turn over a new leaf*. The revel continued, and the count was toasted by a few, whilst both Fitzalleyne and himself were *roasted* by others ; but the latter had still the consolation of future amours in view ; and the former might be shut up again by friends in such a state of intoxication as might defy both care and reflection. Nevertheless he fell sick, and kept his bed, or his chamber, or, at least, gave it out that he did so : visits must have been obtrusive,—the strain of condolence is always sad,—defeat is not calculated to raise the spirits,—but *spirits* might perhaps raise his heart. Whilst one object of notoriety fell sick, the other had a fall of another nature :

he had a fall from his horse,—pride must have a fall, and the horse respects not fortune or success! On which occasion a waggish friend who was with him observed, that Fitzalleyne was particularly unfortunate of late in all matters of *extremity*, for he had not only *hurt his Leg*, but lost his *Foot*.

: A well-known foreign marchioness very truly and spiritedly told a certain prince, that he had about him but one animal that did not flatter him—his horse. “ If,” continued she, “ a prince is a little handsomer, his courtiers make him an angel ; if gifted with common talent, Solon, Plato, Demosthenes, and all the sages, ancient and modern, are mere ciphers to him ; is he musical, he is a second Apollo ; if he dances, he is *le Dieu de la danse* ; he can fight his battles by proxy and shine in epistles *par le moyen d’un secretaire*, taking the laurels and the praise to himself ; but if he is a bad horseman,—if skill and courage fail him,—if he is brutal to a spirited animal,—misuses his power,—is deficient in strength or dexterity, his horse will throw him, and leave him on the ground, to be picked up by who will,—for the horse respects not persons.” Had the horse been Pegasus, he might have been revenging the cause of a Grace. In the present instance, it can only be said that

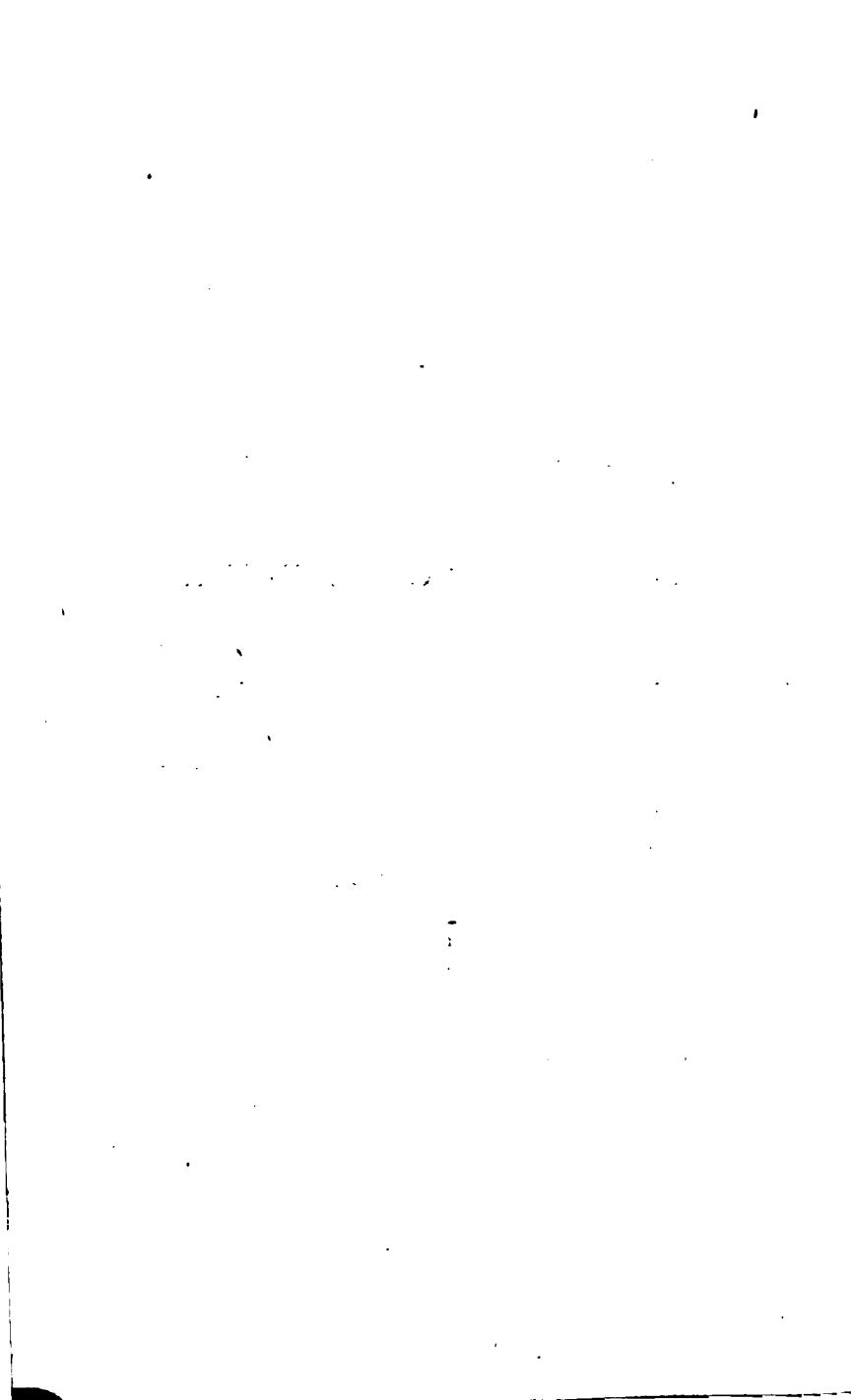
he was too much for our hero—all famous as he has been. The cause was clear, one party lost it; and he who made himself a party in the concern, got exposed. Would it not have been better for both had the defendant let judgment have gone by default? but then the publicity would have been less. All the love-letters would have been buried in oblivion; the thoughts that speak and words that burn would never have seen the light; and, to tell the truth, the best use that could be made of them would have been to make *light* of them indeed, and to have allowed them to *burn* in private, with the *coals* and other combustibles and *ardent* matter which have blazed out, whilst the spark of true honour has been extinguished by making *light* of promises. The love-letters, however, were exhibited to public view, and can now no more be retracted. A famous Latin author says that the paper does not blush; and we are more convinced of this than ever. Writers of love-letters would do well to look twice upon the fair sheet ere it travel to its destination. Lovers, nowadays, show their mistresses' letters,—they boast of them, and keep them as a battery to turn against her whose weakness they have triumphed over. If the hero of this modern romance remem-

bers his Latin, he must say, on viewing some of his epistolary productions *now in print*, “ Dum relego, mihi scripsisse pudet.” If he has lost his Latin, he has now only to lose his time—the remnant, we mean, for gray hairs might already be monitors to him of what has passed. The common run of love-letters, which have no tragical termination, are somewhat carelessly written. Scraps of quotations, emblematical seals, and the paper highly perfumed, are not without effect. The sweet odour puts the lady in mind of her sweetheart: the impression speaks feelingly to the lover. More of this in our next.





**FITZALLEYNE OF BERKELEY.**



# FITZALLEYNE OF BERKELEY.

*A Romance of the Present Times.*

BY BERNARD BLACKMANTLE,  
AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISH SPY.

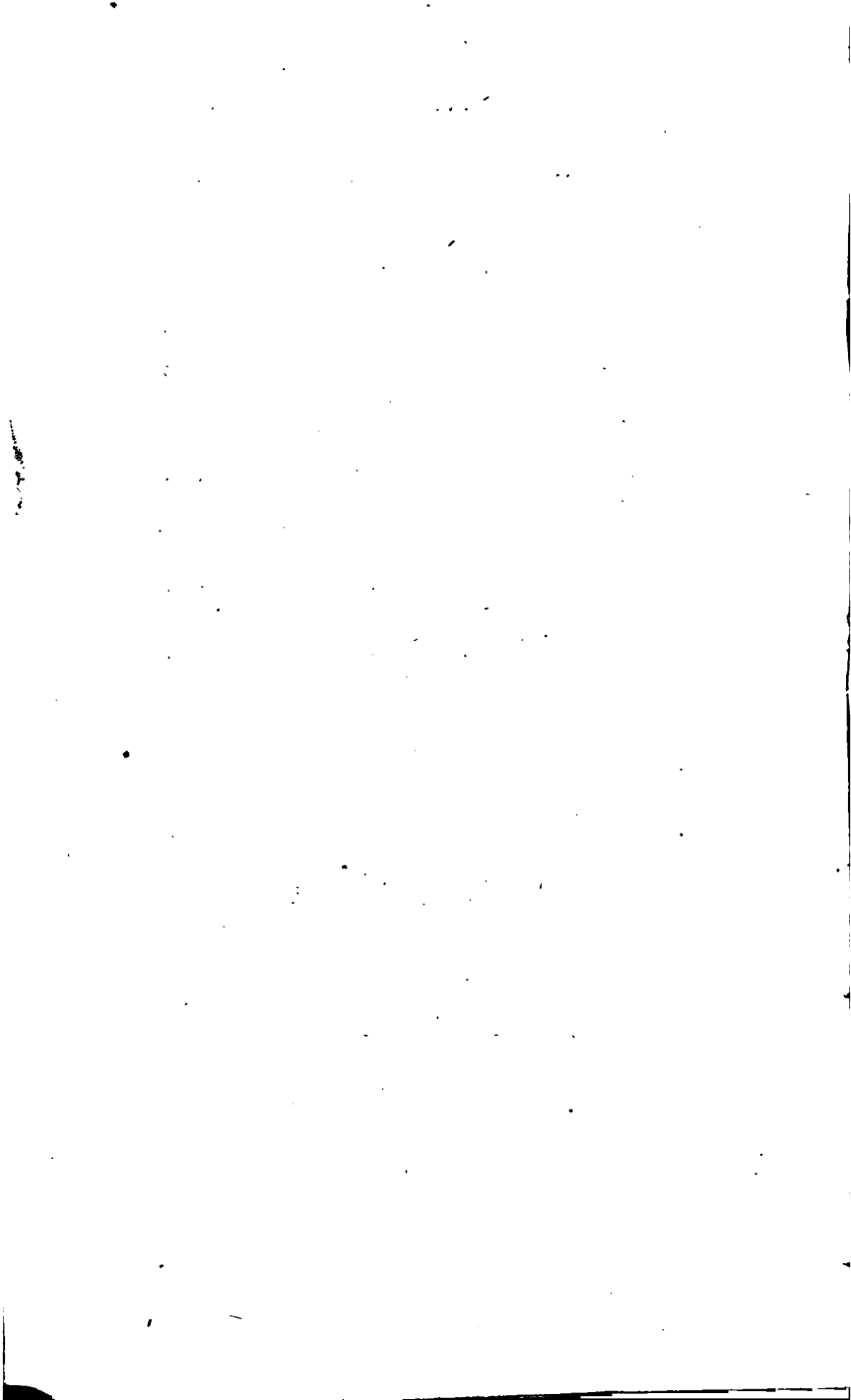


" Full of Facts, Fancies, and Recollections;  
Trials, and Tales, and Strange Conceits."

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

LONDON :  
PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD AND CO. PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1825.



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OF

## VOL. II.

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Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it; yet still,  
Still it aboundeth.”

*Muses' Looking-Glass, 1668.*

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*Musci' Looking-Glass, 1668.*

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cimens, with comments thereon.*

“ Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;  
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,  
Warm from the soul and faithful to its fires ;  
The virgin's wish, without her fears impart,  
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart ;  
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.” *Pope's Eloisa.*

THE mixture of delicacy and impassioned feel-  
ing which characterises this description conveys

a just idea of what a love-letter ought to be,—we mean a genuine love-letter, where interest has no share in the affair;—but when we see caution the most prominent feature of the composition, we should think that the blind deity must take flight whilst the compromising lover thus takes up his pen, or, as Captain Morris says,

“ Yes, the god’s on the wing when a delicate Damon  
In sickly composure sits down to repine.”

We abstain from giving the sequel of this verse, as it suits not the present case; but we must observe, that when love-letters are methodical and business-like—when they are over dry and elaborate—when lengthy quotations fill the paper—or when a number follow in succession, concluding with “ *Kours in haste*,” we conclude that the swain is in haste to be off—that he is already falling off in his allegiance to her whom he pretended to call the queen of his heart; and it is of very little consequence whether “ the post is just going out,” or “ dinner is waiting,” or “ the chaise is at the door,” or “ I must just show myself in the family;” all this is mere *fudge*. So is (although more decent), “ I leave you with regret:” this is the preface to taking *French* leave—a

thing well known to the defendant in the action for breach of promise of marriage in question—and again, “Yours unalterably:” the odds are, that the party is very much *altered*; and if changed altogether, it would be better \*. Daily letters are great proofs of love; and when written by a female hand are generally exquisitely tender and delicate. A female hand is certainly the fittest for these articles,—the lively imagination of the softer sex dictates the charmingest things in the world. The alabaster hand and taper fingers set them down with the most grace; but the longer such a correspondence is kept up, the weaker it grows. Distance of place will impart its locality to the very letter itself, and make it become more and more distant. Male love-letter writers lose ground apace; and the odds multiply as time and place are more and more remote—proving that if time passes away with love, love passeth away also with time. Besides, we have known false swains who, when a leisure moment occurred, wrote a bundle of amatory epistles to send off at the proper time; and some of which served for more

\* The lovely defendant knows something about them.



*objects* than one. In like manner, we know one married man who never read his wife's letters until he had collected together a score. This he did for the purpose of saving time and trouble. Nay, so much was he master of the subject, without reading them, that he ventured occasionally to answer some of them in church-time, or whilst his *valet de chambre* was dressing his hair. This is surely love *à la mode with a witness* ! Upon the whole, amatory correspondence is a ticklish thing when brought to light ; it is far more agreeable than useful—unless when a promise of marriage, or other solemn obligation, can only be substantiated by the *littera scripta* ; or when he who does not start for Hymen's plate has to pay forfeit, in the terms of his written agreement ; and these P.P. matches are becoming daily more common. Lastly, the using a surname, as " Dear so and so," or a title, as " My dear lord," does not strike us as a proof of warmth. The general style of *billets-doux* is either the impassioned or familiar. The former mounts stilts, and may make a goddess of the lady ; or the lady may fairly style her swain

" The god of my idolatry."

The familiar goes into little details—is meant to be written as if spoken—and uses such names, or *noms de tendresse*, as the French call them, such as dove, duck, chicken, pet, and darling. Names are coined at times, which are truly ridiculous to all but the parties concerned, who are generally more *concerned* when these vouchers appear in evidence against them. The style of quakerism adopted by our lovers of to-day—not from a veneration of ancient times, nor from a knowledge of the Bible, but from wishing to imitate our neighbours in the *tu* and *toi*, *thou* and *thee*, does not express what is intended, and looks very silly in print. But there is abundance of this matter in the correspondence of Fitzalleyne and the fair Maria. —“Thou art right when thou sayest so and so.” “Thou lovest me not as thou didst formerly.” “I told thee when last we met.” “Thy letter is but just received.” Surely there is great quakerism in these lines, and the *spirit* could not have moved the writers at the time of writing, unless it were an *evil spirit*,—that of revenge or jealousy (let our hero look to it), or *spirit* of contradiction, or *ardent spirits* deceiving the brain. Who would not suppose such a letter as the following one, merely as a parallel for those

before the public, to be from any one else but Ebenezer Broadbrim to Esther Plainways?

"I tell thee, Esther, that thou art changed in thy love towards me. Thy conduct proveth it; and I have told thee so before. Come down to the meeting-house (not the castle), else thy stay where thou art will confirm my suspicions (ay, verily, and so it will). "Thine."

The *addendum* is certainly not unworthy of the epistle which is twin-brother to one produced in court, from the gay, gallant, bold hero of the present work. In this *tu* and *toi* business, the French have a decided advantage over us; and in delicate delineation of passion, a French letter may be read when an English one would stagger even *liberals*. "*T'a lettre m'a trouvé dans la solitude de l'ame, car je n'existe que pour toi,*" &c. This is a very common commencement of a *billet-doux*. "*Tout à toi jusqu'à la mort*" is as usual a termination. "*Ton amour est comme la lumière, car je ne vois que toi*" is not less frequent; and as a signature, what have we in all our love catalogue like the brief impressive "*ton amant, ton ami, ton epoux?*" *Thine, thy Charles, thy William, thy Mary,* are

very tame after our friends over the water : but the fact is, that ours is the language of truth, and is with difficulty clad in the flowers of fiction : the descendants of the Saxons have something *sax a genus* in them. And although our gentle ladies “ cannot quite *forget (themselves) to stone,*” they have not those delirious voluptuosities at the end of their pens. We are the positive in love and love-letter writing. The French are much higher in the comparative degree. The Italian and the Spaniard superlative. With them, “ star of my destiny, life of my soul, and soul of my life,” pass as current as the coin of the realm ; but with us, we seldom see prose run mad shed over the ample page of amatory correspondence. Love, in our northern clime, commences by *promise*, proceeds by assurances (often false), passes to remonstrances, and ends in misery and reproaches. A little inspiration, a spice of madness, seasons the first ; dryness characterizes the second ; the gloom of the heart stamps the third. Let any one examine the correspondence of the lovers of the castle, and the subsequent one of the plaintiff and defendant, and they will be quite convinced of the truth of this assertion. There is, it is true, a medium style of fear and doubt, fraught with artifice

and evil intention, which characterizes certain lovers, whether before the commission of crime or after,—the wish to avoid all liabilities for it: and of this character we find some of Fitzalleyne and Joseph (not the immaculate). All other love-letters that have ever come out on trials either breathe the corruption without the spirit of the French, or are so little lifted above idiotism, that the ready letter-writer would be a relief. Plain sailing will not do in love. All is wonder, gliding with golden sails under an unclouded sky, or storm, tempest, hurricane, and then dead calm. Interpolations of poetry are uncommonly useful to fill the sheet; for there is more rhyme than reason in the majority of these productions. From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step, and it is not a very long one. But there is a better excuse for the *nonsensia* of love-letters, from the fact of their not having been composed for publication. After-thoughts are unknown in love. They come when the feather of the arrow leaves the aching void behind—when reflection is an *ex post facto* evidence against the victim—when we calculate upon a loss which has no preventive nor alleviating property. These are causes enough for the imperfections, wanderings, and foolishness

of those manuscripts which never ought to have been sent to press—the farther to illustrate which, a few accompanying specimens will surely suffice. We have here the sublime, the simple, the guarded, and the doubtful. A delicate female hand has traced some of them, a bold and daring hand others, an uncertain hand the third.

*The Sublime.*

“ The sun has not shone, my dearest angel, since last I saw you. But why should it? for thou art my sunshine. Time seems to creep until we meet again; until when, all is the darkness of the soul.

“ ‘ For though illumined planets light the skies,  
My soul’s in darkness robb’d of Laura’s eyes.’

“ Your unalterable—— what?

“ Lover—or Simpleton?”

“ My more than love,

I am retracing all the ground which we travelled together. I repose on the sofas which bore your lovely form,—rest (not sleep, the thing is impossible) in the same beds,—look on the same flowers in the gardens where we have been.

But time is on the wing, and I shall use it to bear me to my heart's treasure.

“Your most devoted,

“A Coffee-House Cornet.”

N. B. The original was written to a titled dame, who had another partner.

We now come to the tender, for the sublime is not amongst the correspondence of the heroine of our romance.

FROM THE PEA-GREEN COUNT.

“My dearest Maria,—I leave this to-morrow, and shall hasten with more than ordinary pleasure to meet you the following day at four o'clock (Thursday), which will convince you I have no inclination to prolong my stay here when circumstances will admit my being with you. But had your father accompanied you to town, however I should have deplored the sacrifice, I could not have seen you during his stay in —— street. It appears an age since I saw you, and truly have you anticipated my feelings when you state, “In love's hours there are many days.” I have seen an advertisement in the Post of a place to be let in Norfolk, which I think will in every respect

answer my purpose. I will not take it until you approve of and see it. I have much to communicate when we meet—good news. Again, my dearest Maria, let me assure you no power on earth shall alter my affection for you, or in any manner change those feelings I now profess.

“ Sincerely and devotedly yours.”

This is a very promising performance from a promising youth ; but, oh ! how changed !—

“ My dearest Maria,—I shall start to-morrow morning for Bath. I have no inclination to remain for the races ; in a word, I am quite triste without you, and should not, as I trust you feel convinced, have separated myself from you at this period, had there not been a necessity of showing myself amongst the county gentry at the races held at my own place. Your good sense and usual kindness will make every allowance for it. I feel assured it is needless here to repeat my protestations of affection for you. Suffice to say, you will ever find me most sincerely and devotedly yours.”

This is tender, too ; but there is more of protestation than warm declaration in it, when a lover



*assures* his mistress that she may depend upon his honour ; it is something like a *policy of assurance* in case of accident, an indemnification for loss *after the fire is gone out.*

“ My dearest Maria,—I am much disappointed at not receiving a letter from you this morning, as I, of course, must be equally anxious with yourself. I start in a few minutes for Bognor, on business of moment. I shall return on Friday morning. I fear by your silence you are not a free agent, but seek the advice of others, as I cannot account for your silence. Pray have your letters enclosed to me as the last. Farewell, dearest Maria. Rest assured of the affection and unshaken love of  
“ Yours.”

This is more easy, unaffected, simple, and plain dealing than any ; more uncontrolled, but a sad contrast to the last scene.

Specimen of the tender from a fair hand :

“ My dearest Pea-green,—I was so much out of spirits and so ill on Monday, that although I began a letter to you, I could not finish it in time for the post ; and as it was not penned with as much

kindness as I really felt towards you and as I wished to express, I destroyed it, and wrote you another, which I sent on Tuesday; this will account for the delay of one day, at which you allow yourself to have been so much disappointed; what then, my dearest —, must have been my disappointment, mortification, and suspense, when a whole week I never heard any tidings of you! Yet it gratifies me to find you thought so much of one day's delay of mine: it will only be necessary to feel for me, as you were provoked to do for yourself; and the kind and honest heart you possess will inspire you with that determination which will at once retrieve your honour, and make me completely happy.

“ You fear ‘that I am not a free agent, and that I seek the advice of others.’ If I were disposed to do so, rest assured it would be the advice of those whom I know to be disinterestedly your friends as well as mine, and who are more anxious that you should preserve your good name, much more so than those by whom you are surrounded, and whose false counsels you have suffered yourself for a time to follow. I hope my letter of Tuesday (which was enclosed as the former one) has safely reached your hands, and that you will

give it your most serious and immediate consideration; for this unnatural and useless delay permits the busy world to talk; and as it cannot be to your credit, it must be doubly mortifying to me. I received with pleasure yesterday your further assurance of unshaken love, and I entreat you, my dearest ———, to rely on the undiminished affection and attachment of

“ Yours,

“ MARIA.”

Specimen of the altered and cautious, the uncertain and temporizing:—

“ Dearest Maria,—I am sorry you consider my letters so unsatisfactory, and regret still more I cannot better explain myself: this much I can say, owing to the various reports in circulation at Cheltenham, renders my presence there absolutely necessary.

“ Yours, &c. &c.

“ *Upper Grosvenor-street, Sept. 23, 1824.*

“ Your note would not have remained so long unanswered, had I not been detained, owing to the badness of the roads !”

What a falling off is here !

The following from the pen of the Pea-green count is a fine specimen of the ossification and annihilation of the brain :—

“ Indeed, my dearest Maria, I fear you have not given the consequences which your last two letters breathed sufficient consideration. Was I a man of ordinary feelings, or you one of those cold dispositions which are sometimes met with, the result might be different; but pause we both must ere we determine on the sacrifice of each other's happiness. It is myself I doubt, not your goodness; but congratulated by those who are really not interested upon the hesitation you so dwell upon, it seems that felicity is still far from my distracted feelings. I wish you to be with me, but despond of that dream of pleasure being realized, which your bewitchingness forced me to believe was easy to accomplish.

“ Still affectionately yours.”

It is like a dead calm before a change of wind, a certain degree of flirtation, in the form of half accusations, and half reproaches; *hopes* that persons and circumstances are not changed characterize the *prefatory addresses* before taking leave;

then comes the matter of business like communications, as if written by a clerk.

Passion was cooling fast when the Pea-green count wrote the following tepid epistle. It looks, however, like the struggle of a man who, when left to himself, fain would do what interested advisers prevent. There is much weakness, much vacillation herein.

“ I have derived a great source of consolation from your letter, as I am now convinced your friendship for me is unabated. I was fearful some of my enemies had poisoned your mind against me ; but I am now perfectly happy, and the cloud that hung over me has dispersed. For the uneasiness I have caused you, grant me forgiveness. My love and regard for you are more than I can express, and the idea of forfeiting your esteem would render me wretched indeed. I must deplore misconstruing your letter, but imagined it was not penned with your usual kindness. I am most desirous of seeing you for a variety of causes, and am equally anxious to learn the termination of the negotiation with Fitzalleyne of Berkeley. It must be in your favour ; and shall consider myself the most fortunate of men if, in any manner, I have

contributed to your happiness. You will now be enabled to form some idea of what your future plans are to be, and how much longer you purport prolonging your stay in town. Would it not be more advisable your starting for Weymouth, or the Isle of Wight, as you would wish for the present to avoid the gay scene of Ramsgate? Pardon my making these remarks, but think they are worthy your consideration. You will yet be happy—be appeased, and all will die a natural death. Farewell; and in concluding this letter, allow me again to assure you that you are the sole object of my affection, and without your regard should be the most miserable man in the universe."

After this conclusion, who could anticipate abrupt rupture and sudden desertion?

Specimens of the business-like kind :

"A week has now elapsed, and I have not received one line from you. What can be the cause of your silence? I fear some unforeseen occurrence has annoyed and perplexed you. Even then, knowing as you must the regard I have, and the interest I feel in all that concerns you, I was in hopes that nothing could have prevented you

writing to me. I can but add, in every respect, that I can forward your views, and promote your happiness—you may command me. And, above all, let me entreat of you to make me your confident, as I have hitherto and will hereafter prove I am worthy of it. If I do not receive a letter from you to-morrow, I shall be quite at a loss what construction to put on your continued and unaccountable silence.

“Most affectionately and sincerely yours.”

“Ere I proceed, I must apologize for troubling you with another letter. I beg to assure you, I consider ———— has caused me no trouble on your account, and regret that on mine you should suppose the termination of this business will add to your grievances. I feel hurt you find it requisite to point out the necessity of my bearing in mind those pure sentiments towards you with which I first addressed you. Believe me, I ever have. You state it is your intention of returning to the stage when the arrangements with ———— are finally concluded (which, by the by, I trust will be to your most sanguine expectations). May you then enjoy peace and happiness, is the sincere wish of yours, truly.

" I have arranged so as to leave B- ——— tomorrow ; and at all times shall be happy to hear from you, should you feel inclined to write.— My letters will be forwarded from hence to me.

*" Friday, 16th July, 1824."*

" I am happy to find you were not annoyed at Newberry, and that you have arrived safe at home. I this morning received a letter from my friend ———, enclosing one he had received from Fitzalloyne, who fancies himself entitled or authorised to point out what I ought or ought not to do ; but after the conversation I had with you, and the firm determination you expressed never to see or correspond with him more, I feel he has no right to interfere. Shall consequently decline entering into any explanation, either with him or his friends, and having your sanction, shall act accordingly. ——— expresses in his letter to ——— his intention of either personally seeing me, or writing, requesting to be acquainted with my future intentions. The result of which interview you shall know. Rest assured I will be firm, and no power on earth will induce me to act contrary to your wishes. Mr. ——— has written a long letter to me, and seems to be unacquainted



with the past,—also attributes it to various remote reasons; set his mind at rest on that head. I must decline writing to him, and moreover you can better explain all."

Further specimens :

" I returned yesterday, and intend leaving town the day after to-morrow, merely for a day or so. I am very anxious to see you, and should you not be otherwise engaged, will call in Keppel-street on Saturday evening. At all events, a note from you, directed to Grosvenor-street, on the above day, will guide me as to the best mode of proceeding. Time will pass but slowly till I receive the promised letter from you. Be assured of my constant friendship and regard.

" Very truly yours, &c. &c."

The last letter bears, that under no circumstances whatever it would be proper that the acquaintance with Maria should continue. Yet after thus blowing cold, the Pea-green count blows hot again; and we have what follows:—

" I have received your letter, stating that under

no circumstances whatever it would be proper that any acquaintance should henceforth exist between us. I cannot but believe that some very treacherous conduct has been practised towards me, and also towards yourself, to effect so sudden a change in your sentiments, surrounded as you were this morning by enemies, without one friend to do me justice. I am not surprised (although my pride is wounded) that such result should have been the consequence. But as I am ignorant of the specific cause of your withdrawing yourself, you will do me the kindness to make me acquainted with it. It appears that the money kindly advanced by you to promote my father's interest in the army, and now lying in the bank to be so appropriated, has been reported to have been borrowed for my use. This is a subject which I entreat may be properly understood, and which I feel assured you have too much generosity to suffer any longer to be so misrepresented. I regret that you refused to acknowledge the honourable proposals made to me, although you may have thought proper to recall them, because I must inevitably be subjected to the suspicion of having asserted a falsehood. But under all circumstances, I still believe you did intend me

honourably; and for your kind and generous conduct to me I shall ever admire and respect you. Fate, and the interference of those who were interested in our separation, have divided us; but I sincerely hope you will enjoy that happiness through life which unfortunate circumstances will, I fear, ever deny me. The shawl with which you presented me last evening I deem it proper to restore to you; but as I should not like it to fall into any other hands, pray oblige me by saying in what manner it should be conveyed to you. I beg you will not leave me in doubt as to your receiving this letter; and in consideration of my wounded feelings, give a reply as soon as possible.

“ MARIA.”

“ I sent the enclosed (the above) to B——o-square last night too late for you to receive. I now forward it to B——p, in my great anxiety to assure you that I wholly acquit you of the injuries done to me; and in the request I have made for an explanation, I have no motive but to endeavour to remove any injurious or false impression you may have received after your generous conduct to me: I entreat you to believe that I regret

more than I can express that, on my account, you should have been so unjustifiably attacked ; and that, in any form, I should be added to the list of your many vile assailants.

“ Although your acquaintance is to cease, I lament that the abrupt interruption of our intimacy has denied me an interview with you, in which all necessary causes for its termination might have been more delicately and more satisfactorily explained. .

“ Lest you should suppose there is any intention on my part, or that of my family, to take the slightest advantage of the proposals you made to me, I hereby release you from the brief engagement that existed between us ; and therefore beg you will not deny me an early answer, dictated by your own unbiassed feelings.

“ MARIA.”



## CHAPTER XV.

### THE CONFEDERACY.

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"Thus, sir, you see how we have put a gag  
In the licentious mouth of base scurrility:  
He shall not, Ibis-like, purge upwards here,  
T' infect the place with pestilential breath;  
We'll keep him tongue-tied."

*Muses' Looking-Glass, 1668.*

*Love-letters in general—A continued whole budget of them—Danger of writing love-letters—More about the love-letters—Comments—A great blank in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury—The reader will have to return to William of Berkeley's family—The triumvirate—Paternal affection—Reflections.*

"Amor e un certo che, che delivar mi fa."

*Italian Song.*

THERE is a great similarity betwixt love and war, inasmuch as each leads to *engagements*, and

they ought to be honourable. Here the bravest man is always the best. The conquest of a heart is a noble and valuable victory: the victor should be ever modest, fair, delicate, and never guilty of an abuse of power; the brave man never deserts; his love is his colours, and he may well glory in standing by them until death. The bard of Erin (blessings light upon his head for the sentiment!) makes his Maid of Castile say, in justification of calumny—

“ But they know not how brave in the battle you are,  
Or they would not thus say that you 'd rove;  
For the spirit that 's boldest and bravest in war  
Is the fondest and truest in love.”

This is manly thinking and speaking—let a certain colonel and the *defendant* look to it. In love, however, less precaution is pardonable than in war: our senses are captivated in the former; a *sense of duty* is the only one admissible, if it be not common sense. A thing less *common* in the tender passion—love at first sight—may very naturally produce a certain degree of rhapsody, poetical prose, looks and sighs, which beggar all description, garden-scenes like that in Romeo and Juliet, professions like those of Belvidera (and

doubtless sincere at the time)—“ Yes, I would love thee, even in madness love thee.” But when the case requires correspondence, it is a different case. We have heard of thoughts that breathe, and words that *burn*; now perhaps, *upon second thoughts*, it would\* be best to *burn* such letters altogether, which might form a second edition of *Burn's Justice*; for in writing as well as in speaking, love (as our *head-line* tells) is a certain something which makes men delirious, for the time at least, so that the more frenzy there is in the letter the more like a love-letter it is. In those of the defendant there is not much of this, which might make experience doubt his sincerity. However, here and there, where a dash was to be found, it put one in mind of Junius's remarks on Sir William Draper's letters, in which there was all the madness of poetry without its inspirations. Any man might have been inspired on beholding the plaintiff; but it is not improbable that the defendant (like a certain noble lord) kept a secretary to write his *billets-doux*, or some gentleman \*

\* We beg *gentlemen's* pardon, but when those who assume the name will become parasites, toad-eaters, and doers of dirty work, whatever be their rank, they are slaves; besides, the term gentleman is so worn out that we really want a new one;—we have my lord's gentleman, gentlemen shop-keepers, together with ready-made gentlemen, at all prices.



servant of all-work, who was authorised to sign for patron, self, and company. Of these gentlemen there are great numbers out of place, whose experience and versatility of talent might be very useful to young men aspiring at notoriety, and wishing to be called men of gallantry—a term somewhat mistaken, and not so respectable as those who merit it, or aim at it; for between the *homme galant* and the *galant homme* there is a great distance. These *soi-disant* gentlemen, however, who are ready to attend the banquets of such a person as the man of money on the *tapis*; have the pens of ready writers, and can manufacture love-letters of all kinds, nay, even answer more serious epistles when occasion requires, and thus make Mr. Nobody appear as a very sensible man. Where such are not to be met with, “the letter-writer” will be found a very useful *vade mecum* to vacuity of mind; with it and Joe Miller, a green-horn may pass for a wit and a *man of letters* at the same time; and in the last case the disadvantage of producing ladies’ answers may be avoided, although this is deemed no drawback with modern swains, who draw their chief importance and pleasure from making public what the refinement of former times held sacred, and would never have seen the light.

The style of love-letters varies much abroad and at home. In France there is something lighter and more gay in its form ; in England it ought to be romantic ; in Germany it is very serious ; in Spain it is an affair of life and death. Romance is tame to its ebullitions ; the clouds are beneath its flight ; “ *soul of my life* ” is a common expression ; hearts and darts, eyes and sighs, are trifles to what it produces ; but honour breathes upon the virgin paper, and secrecy is its seal. “ *Je vous aime à la folie* ” is no uncommon conclusion of the *billet-doux*. “ Dire que je t’aime, ce n’est rien, je t’adore ” comes nearer the Spanish. John Bull is not at home in this *furioso* style : the sentimental, the sensual, the complaintive, and jealous, form the ordinary rotation of these performances : of the first, third, and fourth, the examples before us will give ample testimony of the truth of this assertion.

FROM MARIA THE FAIR TO FITZALLEYNE OF  
BERKELEY.

“ My dearest Fitzalleyne,—Since thou left me I have reflected on all that you said, and as it is still a matter of doubt whether you can make up

your mind to perform your promises to me or not, I will be honest, and tell you that it is my determination never to see you again, unless you write to me, and tell me that you will immediately make me yours, and that my parents shall not be discarded or excluded from me—conditions that I never could have imagined you could have proposed to me, and which you must feel assured I should reject. I will not deceive you : I feel convinced that I could not be happy even as your wife, if my father and mother were to be entirely shut out from my society. It is not your providing for them that would compensate me for the misery they would endure, for I am certain they would rather share poverty with me than affluence separated from me, and under such circumstances separated too. Whatever errors they may have been guilty of, they have never arisen from any bad intention towards me or you. They have always been kind and affectionate to me, though I have brought nothing but disgrace and censure upon their names. They have endured the taunts and abuse of the world, by seeming to countenance my conduct with you ; and do you think I could desert them when I had it in my power to restore them to respectability and happiness ? No ! I

could not bear the reproach which such unfeeling conduct would cast upon me ; I am convinced it would send them to their graves, and it would make me more miserable than I am even in my present situation. It is in vain for me to see you day after day, and suffer my feelings, during those interviews, to get the better of my resolution, which when you leave me is as firm again as ever. Write all you have to communicate to me, for I shall be from home, nor shall I return but as the nature of your answer may direct ; for I cannot again subject myself to interviews that terminate so unsatisfactorily to my feelings. I entreat you to write me a decided answer, and believe me, my dearest Berkeley, ever, ever thine."

## THE REPLY.

"I am just returned, and have read your letter. If I come to your house, it will be to accede to your request. If not, I shall leave London tomorrow morning, and trouble you no more, leaving you to the enjoyment of some other society or establishment, which (from that which I have just now read) seems to be contemplated by you or your father and mother. If I come, I will be

with you by half-past twelve, and in the mean time I shall think."

The swain did come—promises of marriage again were made, but not fixed, satisfactory, or in compliance with the above.

FROM MARIA.

"At our last interview I have no doubt you left me with an idea that I was coming to the Castle. Finding it was in vain to contend, I was induced to suffer you to depart under that impression. For my reasons for not coming, I refer you to the letter I sent you on Thursday last (December 4), your reply to which deceived me into an interview. You said, 'If I come to your house, it will be to accede to your request.' In no instance did you fulfil your promise. I therefore am not coming to the Castle."

This statement drew forth the succeeding answer:—

FITZALLEYNE TO MARIA.

"I never deceived you in my life. You have deceived me. There was no contention between

us when we last met, for I yielded all points. What has occurred to you I know not; but I will know. That you have ceased to love me (if ever you did) may pain and grieve me, but ought not to surprise me. Why, then, not avow the fact, and, as in common honour and duty bound, say that you have placed your affections elsewhere? I have a right to ask this treatment at your hands, and you may be assured that this want of candour on your part can in no way be conducive either to your welfare or your interest, be your future views what they may; for, that you have some unknown, to me is now but too evident. My object in writing this letter is simply to require you to tell the man who has loved you faithfully for more than five years, on whose bosom your head has been pillowed in all the fondness of true affection, to tell him openly what your plans and intentions are. I repeat, that I have a right to ask and have this information. I must have it, or I shall adopt a line of conduct that may not be looked on as most gracious to you, and those concerned with you. Fare thee well, my once-loved Maria! My heart sheds drops of anguish as I write! I loved thee with a tenderness that would have prompted me to make

any sacrifice to ensure thy happiness, and thou hast cruelly and heartlessly torn asunder the ties that bound us together. Had the act been mine, I had merited the opprobrium of all honourable minds. Thou hast struck the blow : let the consequences rest with thee and thine !

“ You will receive this on Thursday. I shall expect to have a plain, short statement from you, on Friday, and also a decided assurance as to whether you are certain of your situation as to having another living claim on me.”

All comment on this letter must be needless ; and we need only go back to the song—

“ There ’s a difference, in *fact*,  
’Twixt a promise and an act.”

We now return to the complaintive :—

FITZALLEYNE TO MARIA.

“ Thy affections are not as they ever have been. Thy own letters and thy actions prove the contrary. How many nights have the horses been in waiting till thou wert released from the theatre, that no time might be lost in bringing thee to my arms ? And now, days after days elapse, and thy

affection is so much on the wane, that no attempt is made to come to me, though there is no obstacle to prevent it—a line of conduct as heartless as it is unwise. How dost thou ever hope to accomplish the main object of thy wishes? Thinkest thou that absence from me will carry the point? Alas! the first four days that I passed here without thee were weary, sad, and nothing partook of the contentment and happiness which thy presence was wont to throw over the scene. Each object presented to me “the ghost of a departed pleasure.” But even now I am much more reconciled to the loss of thee than I thought I should be. I feel now the conviction, that if it became necessary I could part from thee for ever, which I always doubted when under the habitual influence that thy presence, time, and my own honest love combined to render so powerful. So much for the present state of my mind and sentiments. Now to the point. On the Thursday that I last saw thee, I explained myself most fully and most satisfactorily to thee as to time, circumstances, &c., and thou hast never known me depart from my resolutions, nor will I now. Come here, then. For five years hast thou been present on my birth-day. Do not thou absent thyself



from the sixth. If thou dost, we may never meet again, for I shall not come to London unless it is solely for thy sake, and to give thee satisfaction, which shall never be unnecessarily delayed. If thou meanest to come, write on Monday to William R——, saying that thou wilt be here on Tuesday, and he will have the rooms ready, as I may be at Lord ——, and not return much before thou arrivest. Write also to me, and mistrust me not.—Thine.”

There is inspiration in this letter—a glow which might have produced more. The ghost of departed pleasures reminds one of Burns’s beautiful lines :—

“ Ye break my heart, ye little birds,  
That wanton, warble o’er the thorn ;  
Ye mind me of departed joys,  
Departed never to return.”

MARIA TO FITZALLEYNE.

“ My dearest Fitzalleyne,—How canst thou imagine I have placed my affections elsewhere? Setting aside every other feeling, consider my present situation, which is certain ; and then

canst thou doubt? I solemnly assure thee that my affections are, as they have ever been, firmly fixed on thee; and that I have no wish in the world but to become thy wife. As to my plans and intentions, what can they be under existing circumstances? That I am wretched thou mayst suppose. It is in thy power, and thine only, to restore me to happiness; and nothing shall keep me from thee, if thou wilt write to me and tell me that thou wilt marry me, and name the exact time when it shall take place, and which must be before there is another living claim on thee. Without this assurance from thee, there is nothing that would induce me to see thee again; for I shall feel convinced, if you hesitate in giving it to me, that you will never make me your wife; and all the misery I have endured, and still endure, I might again have to encounter. Thou wilt find me firm in my resolution. Thou wilt also find that I am firm in my attachment to thee. Do not doubt me, dearest Fitzalleyne, ever, ever, thine."

This is not the direct answer to the foregoing, but it furnishes one. Maria, however, did not go to the castle.

A rupture between Maria and Fitzalleyne produced the sentiments: Maria saw very little of him at this time.

“ My dearest Fitzalleyne,—Since thou left me, I have reflected on all that you said, and as it is still a matter of doubt whether you can make up your mind to perform your promises to me or not, I will be honest, and tell you that it is my determination never to see you again, unless you write to me, and tell me that you will immediately make me yours, and that my parents shall not be discarded nor excluded from me—conditions that I never could have imagined you could have proposed to me, and which you may feel assured I should reject. I will not deceive you—I feel convinced that I could not be happy even as your wife, if my father and mother were to be entirely shut out from my society. It is not your providing for them that would compensate me for the misery they would endure, for I am certain they would rather share poverty with me, than affluence separated from me; and under such circumstances, separated too. Whatever errors they may have been guilty of, they have never arisen from any bad intention towards me or you. They have

always been kind and affectionate to me, though I have brought nothing but disgrace and censure upon their names. They have endured the taunts and abuse of the world, by seeming to countenance my conduct with you; and do you think I could desert them when I had it in my power to restore them to respectability and happiness? No! I could not bear the reproach which such unfeeling conduct would cast upon me;—I am convinced it would send them to their graves, and it would make me more miserable than I am even in my present situation. It is in vain for me to see you day after day, and suffer my feelings, during those interviews, to get the better of my resolution, which when you leave me is as firm again as ever. Write all you have to communicate to me, for I shall be from home, nor shall I return but as the nature of your answer may direct; for I cannot again subject myself to interviews that terminate so unsatisfactorily to my feelings. I entreat you to write me a decided answer, and believe me, my dearest Berkeley, ever, ever thine."

Here the breach became wider, and alienation increased. Distance is an enemy to love: "*les absence ont toujours tout*" say the French—and so

it was, as the tone of the rest of the correspondence proves. When the letters of the lover are examined, it appears more wonderful that greater generosity had not flowed from the natural source to be expected, and that the pledges of love had not been provided for,

FITZALLEYNE TO MISS POUS.

*“ Wednesday, March 24.*

“ Having hinted yesterday, I had only time to say that what money may be wanting for thy removal, thou mayest command, if I have it. In answer to thy letter of Monday, I deny that I ever made a promise to thee that it was not my intention to fulfil, unless prevented by circumstances which I could not control, or thy own conduct. This is my answer to thy charge, and I defy thee to disprove it. Now, to my charge against thee. After having lived with thee, and loved thee faithfully more than five years (during the three last of which thou didst repeatedly urge me, both orally and by letter, to take thee off the stage, and permit thee to live with me openly and avowedly as my mistress), thou calledst on me to make thee my wife, or (mark the alternative) thou statest thy determination to quit me altogether. I will

not stop to inquire generally into the justice of such a demand, but I must be permitted to examine the particular and relative situations of each other at the period this demand was made. It is quite clear that a compliance with this demand could only result from the strongest affection on my side, and a conviction that thy love for me flourished, at least in all its former vigour, and that it was not on the wane. Could such a fact even have been suspected, thou must have presumed on my being one of the most abject and weakest of men, to have acceded to thy proposal. And yet I defy the most ingenious sophister to prove that thy affection is equal to what it was. It was strong enough to induce thee to wish for an open avowal of an intercourse, which at most can only be suspected. It is now weak enough to enable thee to propose a total separation; so much for affection. Now for conduct. A person calling himself Mr. Horatio C———tt, had (as was admitted by thyself, thy father, and mother) some kind pretensions towards thee. That these were what is called "honourable" is a farce to suppose, as thou knowest that he went to the kitchen to inquire how long thou hadst been my mistress, and when I was going out of town; and in conse-

quence, such a letter was written by thee to him as to preclude all intercourse, direct or indirect, between you. Yet this very person (with avowed designs on thee) was frequently admitted to thy house within this year (without my knowledge), and thy mother and most intimate friends were receiving boxes at the play from him, and pursuing a line of conduct debasing to thee, revolting to me, and which was absolute encouragement to this Mr. C——tt.

“ A similar plan was pursued to the Pea-green count. If the facts I have here stated are incorrect, thou canst easily show me how or where. If correct, I humbly submit that thou hast no right to complain of my conduct.”

MISS POUS TO FITZALLEYNE.

“ *March 25.*

“ Thy charge against me I pronounce to be unfair, on this principle:—When first our intimacy commenced, it was under an idea that I was to become thy wife. Year after year passed away, and, wearied with the solitary and unprotected situation in which I was placed, insulted by the world from the supposed intimacy with thee, I felt that I would rather have become

thy mistress, and to have been protected from the insults I was daily receiving, till circumstances would have permitted thee to have made me thy wife. But when I found that thou wouldst neither make me wife nor mistress, and that there appeared to be no chance of a termination to the miseries of my situation, and a circumstance occurring a second time which fully authorized my claiming to be thine without any further delay, I resolved to separate myself from thee, if thy affection was not strong enough to induce thee to marry me under such circumstances. All this I told thee in November; and when you urged something about Mr. Cl——t as an excuse for not doing that which I asked, I wrote and told thee I would not see thee again, unless thou didst promise to make me thy wife immediately: to which thy answer was, "If I come to thy house, it will be to accede to your request." Thou camest, and on that evening I promised to follow thee to the castle; but, on reflection, not feeling fully satisfied of thy intentions, I wrote and told thee I should not go to the castle, unless thou gavest me a certain promise to make me thy wife before a certain event. This you answered in a manner that left no doubt



on my mind of your intention to marry me immediately; and in consequence I went to the castle in December, and I repeated my visit in February, under the idea that I was to become thy wife, which was strengthened by what thou saidst during my stay with thee. Now, when I ask thee to perform thy promise, thou urgest as an excuse for not fulfilling it, my conduct with respect to Mr. Cl——t, &c. But thou shouldst not have deceived me about it, and have led me from December to this time with an idea that I was to become thine (which thou must have known was the impression on my mind), when it appears that thou hadst really no intention of marrying. It is that of which I now complain. If the things you charged me with were such that thou couldst not overcome, thou shouldst have told me so before I went to the castle in December, and not have deceived me into meeting thee there, with an idea that I was to be made thy wife immediately. It would have been much more honourable conduct in thee, and I should have had less cause to complain."

In the course of the above correspondence, Fitz-

alleyne, speaking of his own duns at Christmas time, says—"But I can trust thee well for that, for extravagance was never thy fault."

Miss Pous, with a presentiment that Fitzalleyne did not intend to marry her, notwithstanding all he had said and written, summoned all her pride and resolution, and once more left London for Tunbridge-wells, on the 29th March, where she again took up her abode, under a feigned name, and resigned herself to solitude and secrecy, with her mother for her only companion, until she might return to London free from further danger of such another disgrace. To this very proper and feeling remonstrance, this just claim upon his *honour*, we shall (shortly) see how the sainted Fitzalleyne replies.

TO MARIA.

*"Fitzalleyne House.*

"I left Cheltenham last Saturday week, and arrived here last Tuesday. I have never made an excuse respecting thee. I have spoken downright truths. I have ever loved thee honestly and faithfully, and I never kept a secret from thee in my life, even concerning those affairs which concerned me and my family most nearly. This place makes

me feel thy absence severely, but thou abandonest me—not I thee.”

To make accusations in vindication of self is an ordinary measure, facts alone can prove.

FROM DITTO TO DITTO.

“I wish I could cheer thee, and that I do not is thy own fault. I wish to ask two questions. The first is of such importance to me, if thou thinkest that hereafter any sort of connexion or communication is to be kept up between us: the second (though but of little consequence in comparison with the first) relates to a matter, which, if true, I did expect to have been made acquainted with. To the first, then. Are you aware that your father has borrowed a sum of money from one of those two persons whose pursuit of you has been notorious? The second is—Have you authorised Mr. M—— to make proposals to a certain theatre for an engagement?”

FROM MARIA IN REPLY.

“*Friday, May 20.*

“Although I cannot for a moment suppose that any thing relating to me can really be of the

least interest or importance to thee now, I will so far satisfy thee as to reply to thy letter of to-day. I know nothing of the circumstance thou hast mentioned. I never had an idea of making proposals to the theatre for an engagement."

The heart cannot help taking part in this correspondence ; but there was an easy road to heal all wounds, and Fitzalleyne had it in his power. In progress of correspondence, the feeling varies very strongly, and the dry style abounds.

FITZALLEYNE TO MISS POUS.

*"Friday, June 11, 1824.*

"My principal object now is to ascertain from you what intercourse and what communication you wish in future to exist between us. Am I to consider that my society and my protection are no longer either agreeable or serviceable to you ? Or do you conceive that you still have claims on me (I do not allude to the living ones—they undoubtedly have) ? And if so, what line of conduct do you mean to adopt in regard to me ?"

MISS POUS TO FITZALLEYNE.

*"Sunday, June 13, 1824.*

"Yesterday morning I received your letter,

written in a style of which I have latterly had too many. On the 28th of May I answered two questions that you asked me, by saying that I knew nothing of the circumstances you mentioned. This I considered as sufficient to have satisfied you on both points. There was a time when it would have done so, and I am now weary of being falsely accused. You have refused me the protection I wished from you—that of a husband. During our engagement I could not call myself protected by you; you separated yourself too much from me to be a real protector. Your society was ever most dear to me—which on reflection you must be convinced of—and what have I not sacrificed to enjoy it?—My health, my rest, my reputation, every thing! Had I known that you were so bound by uncontrollable circumstances, and could not have made me your wife before this last event, I might have been reconciled; but the excuse you made for not performing your promises to do so, made to me in November, and again repeated in December, convinces me that you have no real and proper affection for me; and if you conceived it to be true (which I cannot believe) that I had given encouragement to two other men, and which supposition prevented your fulfilling your promise of

making me your wife before—pray what happiness could I anticipate from your society after that? I was contented while I thought that circumstances connected with your family delayed your making me your wife; but I must beg to decline the honour of being a suspected mistress. I shall make no claim on you; but it is a duty I owe my children to claim a provision for them—to enable me to educate and bring them up as gentlewomen, and which I sure you will not refuse. I am also reduced to the necessity of entreating you will send me 50*l.* to defray my expenses here, as I am anxious to discharge my doctor and nurse as soon as possible, they being expensive to me, and I cannot dismiss them till I receive a further supply of money. I suppose you do not intend to relieve me from the debts I mentioned to you in a former letter, for you have not replied to my request. Well! if you do not feel inclined to assist me, I have but one resource, and that I told you when I made the appeal to you. When next you write, direct your letter to Miss Pous, Kappel-street, and it will be forwarded to me wherever I may be.”

FITZALLEYNE TO MISS POUS.

*"Wednesday, June 16, 1824.*

"Do not complain of the style of my letters—you adopted that style first, because I did not comply with a demand that uncontrollable circumstances and your own conduct did not authorize you to make. When I say your own conduct, I do not apply the expression so much individually and personally to you, as to your father and mother; but you have identified yourself with them, and have given me up to follow their counsels. They presumed to ask me to make you my wife, at the same time that they gave positive encouragement to two other men; and you yourself told me that, even to be become my wife, you would not give up their society. I think I am warranted, then, in including you as responsible for some of the acts which they have committed. As for your father, his conduct has been such a compound of folly, knavery, and indelicacy, as I defy you to match under any circumstances or in any situation of life. That you may not hereafter say that you are ignorant of the conduct he has pursued, I will place before you two or three facts, and leave you to form your own judgment on them. I shall confine myself simply to that

which has passed between him and the count. I take it for granted that you will not think me as exacting too much in a determination that, if I were your accepted and acknowledged lover, no other person with the same pretensions should be received or countenanced by you or your family. Now the count is openly and avowedly a lover of yours also. He has a miniature of you—(how he obtained it I do not know, but for the fact I pledge myself)—which he does not scruple to show to most of his acquaintance. Now mark, during the very period that your family were making the modest request that you should become my wife (the demand at least should have been sustained by perfect correctness of conduct on their part), your father went to this other lover, the count, and borrowed a sum of money from him. What has been the consequence? This fact is universally known, and the count's friends have asked him, naturally enough, what his intentions were respecting you? and he naturally enough replied—'To make you his mistress, if a settlement would do the thing.' I know this to be a fact. Your father last week gave a dinner to the count, and this week he went down to Ascot with him. If I had looked on you in the light of a mercenary



mistress only, I would not have endured this. Does this justify me, or what other indignities would you have 'real and proper affection' submit to? I never should have abandoned you, but you have abandoned me, and the degradation which I prophesied in November last is approaching you with hasty strides. With regard to the children, your last letter implies that they are both girls, though you did not do me the honour of making that communication specially. They shall be educated as gentlewomen, and fit to hold that place in society which the improbability of my marrying may render rather an important one; but whether I shall allow you to have the charge of their education is not altogether so certain. Certainly not, if they are to be liable to the society of Messrs. Cl—— and the count, and gentlemen of that class. Nor, if they are to remain with you, will I have your abode or occupation a mystery, as your last letter seems to imply; but I will have free and constant access to them whenever I please. It is neither my wish nor intention to do any thing harsh by you, and to you I should not fear to intrust the education of the girls to a certain point; but your father and mother (and the society which I foresee they will

fall into, and drag you with them) shall not be the guardians and companions of my daughters, even though I should be obliged to resort to legal means to obtain charge of them myself. This, however, I hope you will not drive me to do. I send 50%. As to the London bills, I shall determine more when I hear from you. I certainly shall not pay the expenses of that house, if it is to become a receiving shop for the count. One word more with regard to this gentleman before I have done. I have heard that he (the count) has actually made written proposals of marriage to you through your father. Deal with me honestly : if it is so, and you think your happiness would be consulted in accepting such proposals, I pledge my word that I will not only not throw any obstacle in the way, but will further the accomplishment of your wishes by every means in my power. Tell your father and mother this from me, and that, if they show me these proposals, I can give them that advice, without which your father is wholly incapable of bringing the business to an honourable conclusion. But if there is no truth in the report that such proposals have been made, I insist that nothing further is heard of the count, as connected with you—that

is, if you mean to have any thing to do with me or the children. Is not this fair? And do not fancy, that in offering to assist in making a marriage for you, that I have ceased to love you. I love you tenderly; but I hold myself bound in honour to give way to a man that really will marry you, if circumstances (of whatever nature they may be) prevent my doing so. Let me know where your picture is; I feel the want of it now that there is a probability of losing you."

A more *heartless* epistle than this it is scarcely possible to conceive. He professes to love her, and yet would willingly resign the fair victim to another. Wretched duplicity! unprincipled baseness!

As proofs of our hero's want of generosity and feeling, the contents of this letter suffice.

" *Friday, June 18.*

"I received your letter this morning, and am much obliged to you for the 50*l.* enclosed in it. But there are many things in that letter that I wish you had spared me the pang they gave me

to peruse. I think you have heaped miseries and distresses enough upon me already, without insulting. The indelicate observation you made in November on my future prospects if I separated myself from you, I had not forgotten. You need not have reminded me. If I cannot make up my mind to be your mistress, depend on it I shall not be the mistress of any other. I think you must have mistaken me; for when I asked you about my debts, I certainly did not expect you to pay any debts contracted by me after our engagement is at an end. You might have refused it, without making use of such an indecent and insulting expression. But do not fear: I shall not any longer be a burden to you. I never shall again apply to you to pay those debts; for I would rather go to prison, and remain there the remainder of my wretched life. With respect to the children, I shall consider it my duty to give you every opportunity of seeing them at all times, and of your promoting their future welfare and prosperity: but I can never consent to their being entirely separated from me; and I am sure you could not be so unfeeling as to propose such a measure. I shall only remain here as long as it is necessary; and my future occupation will be the profession

I have been for a time driven from by most unfortunate circumstances, and which though I ever disliked, affords me the only means of supporting myself and family. Whatever I might have said in my last with regard to the direction of your letters to Keppel-street, I had no intention whatever of concealing my abode from you. The points in your letter respecting my father and the count I do not feel competent to answer. I can only say, that I merely look on him as a friend and acquaintance of my father's. I cannot help what the world may choose to consider him, and I do not think my father (whom I have only seen once for these last three months) would consider you were now entitled to make inquiries, having refused to marry me yourself. I must, however, say, in justice to my father and mother (whose conduct you so much condemn), that I am convinced they never did, nor ever would wish to encourage or introduce any person to me on a dishonourable footing. My picture is at Mr. Lupton's, the engraver; I forget the name of the street, but it is somewhere near Burton-crescent. As to the miniature you have heard is in the possession of the count, I know nothing of, or how he came possessed of it. You say you still love me tenderly;

you must forgive me if I doubt that—I have had no proofs for a long, long time of such a feeling, and a man never would insult a woman he loved tenderly.”

The departing spirit of love lingers in what follows from Fitzalleyne.

Sharp and laconic now becomes these lovers' correspondence, that the word love seems lost entirely *ecce signum!*

FITZALLEYNE TO MARIA.

“I have never deceived thee nor trifled with thee, and doubt much whether thou canst with truth say that thou hast acted in the same way towards me. I have no answer to give further than that which I have already given; and if I had, the tenor of thy last letter would preclude it.”

MARIA TO FITZALLEYNE.

“Since thou art determined not to give me an answer, it is vain for me any more to entreat for one. I can only thus form my own opinion on the subject. Thy treatment of me in the distressing situation in which I am placed, and in which I have not one consolatory feeling, is more

unjust and more unkind than any thing I could possibly have imagined."

FITZALLEYNE TO MARIA.

"I utterly deny that I have ever done an unkind act by thee. For nearly six years I have loved thee with the truest affection. Thou hast not repaid that affection with the truth and love it has deserved. I know more than thou supposest."

Here is all the downright of the quaker, but whether his upright conduct, to bear it out, the lovers of truth can best decide.

Still briefer, but not less impressive, are Nos. 4 and 5.—viz.

FITZALLEYNE TO MARIA.

"I have received thy letter of the 22d: if thou callest an encouragement of two men, notwithstanding thy connexion with me, no justification, I admit that I can make none that will appear sufficient in thy eyes."

MARIA TO FITZALLEYNE.

"I deny most firmly having encouraged two men, or any man, during my engagement with thee,

though I feel convinced that thou dost not require such a denial from me."

There is scarcely any parallel in love-letter writing equal to this; it is nearly as concise and emphatic as the correspondence of the two Hibernian chiefs :—

"Give me back those canes which you stole from me; or, if you don't——"

*Answer.*—"I stole no canes from you;—and if I did——"

A more distant and harsh character marks the last letters between the ci-devant lovers. The next in rotation adverts to an approaching event which we refrain from naming, but which came out at the interview between the Pea-green count and Fitzalleyne.

"I really am at a loss to understand and to reply to your last letter. Unless you know of something which, if made known to me, would cause me to lose all further interest in you and yours, I am not at present aware of any circumstances in *my* conduct which can justify you in such a supposition. You have not replied *clearly* to the important part of my letter, viz. the money borrowed by



your father. If you know nothing of this circumstance, *it's time you should*, and of its consequences. But from the nature of the transaction, and your manner of writing, I suspect that *you do know*. The time is fast approaching when some decisive step will be taken between you and me. *It may*, probably, involve my happiness for a time, it *must* your *welfare* to the extremity of your life. A correspondence of some length on this subject must necessarily pass between us, and I leave it to your option to decide whether it shall take place now, or after an event which must be very near at hand.

“FITZALLEYNE.”

How Miss Pous conducted herself at the theatre during the period of nearly ten years may, perhaps, be best represented by the following letter from Mr. F. the manager, on being informed by Mrs. Pous of her daughter's determination of either being married to Fitzalleyne, or for ever separating herself from him, and of her having expressed that resolution to Fitzalleyne, and being ill from uneasiness of mind, &c. it was also necessary she should withdraw herself from the theatre.

“*Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, Jan. 12.*”

“My dear Maria,—(for so I hope you will per-

mit me to call you without affectation, or the least pretence to feeling which I do not possess),—Most heartily do I regret your absence on the score of illness. The loss of so good and useful an actress as you are would, I have no doubt (by our proprietors), be regretted under any circumstances ; but I confess I feel a sort of parental regard for you, which supersedes all selfish considerations ; and I acknowledge there might, be a cause for your abandoning the stage, which would give me great delight : that your virtue and your merit deserve what I hint at, I shall never cease to think. But if your absence be only temporary, be assured the doors of Covent-garden theatre will be always open to you with a joyous welcome. If permanent, it would be the acmè of ingratitude not to declare you to have been one of the best subjects that ever did honour to it. To my love Mrs. Fawcett desires me to add hers, and believe me most affectionately yours,

“ JOHN FAWCETT.

“ To Miss Pous.”

The affair was now fast approaching a crisis, as the following letters from the faithless Fitzalleyne will show :—

## COPY OF A LETTER FROM FITZALLEYNE TO MARIA.

*" June 29, 1824.*

" You arrived in ————street on Thursday last; and yesterday afternoon Mr. ———— paid a visit there, which he repeated at night. I merely mention this to show the inutility, as well as bad taste and feeling, in endeavouring to keep secret, or, at least, not to acquaint me with those circumstances which I have a right, and am determined to know. It can answer no good purpose thus to treat me, and may be productive of unpleasant consequences to you. You have known me now long enough, and well enough, I hope, to be aware that I am not inclined to act rashly, or to make empty threats; but if these visits go on without my sanction, and unless the gentleman's marriage with you is placed beyond the possibility of doubt, I shall take the liberty of giving the company the benefit of my presence and good counsel at one of these same visits, when certain matters shall be explained, whether to the satisfaction of all parties or not, will remain to be proved. Do not think me harsh; I love you now sincerely, and the deep interest I take in you

and the girls makes me thus decided in my conduct, and impels me to try to save you from the fate which is impending. The business is now reduced within a small compass. In a letter which you enclosed to me from your father, he states that the count has actually and positively proposed marriage to you. Do you mean to accept it? In justice to me, to the count, and to yourself, act openly and honestly. Consult your own happiness; and, however keenly I may suffer at the idea of our *eternal* separation, I again solemnly pledge myself to stifle all selfish feeling, and to co-operate with you by every means in my power. I had intended to have seen you; but now I had rather not. But your father *I must see. I have* been informed that you intend going to the play or opera, either in company with the count, or in his box. I advise you *not* to do so, till I have received the explanation I have asked for from your father. If you do, you will place me *immediately* under the necessity of seeking the explanation from the count himself."

Fitzalleyne now writes directly to the father of Maria.

*" Wednesday noon, June 30th, 1824.*

" Sir,—In spite of the repeated warnings that I gave to you and your ill-advised daughter, your want of candour and plain dealing has reluctantly forced me to call on the Pea-green count for that explanation which I wished to have received from you. Into what *detail* that may lead it is impossible for me to foresee. You heard me make an appointment with him for four o'clock this afternoon. If, therefore, you have any thing to communicate which may avert an exposure of your daughter's situation, you must be here by half-past two. But recollect, that unless you are prepared to give up *all mystery, and, for your own sake*, to act as I have entreated you to do, your visit will be wholly useless;

" I am, &c."

This eclaireissement not taking place, complaints and threats continued. And there might have been more prudence on both sides, as appears by the following :

MISS POUS TO FITZALLEYNE.

*" Tuesday, June 22, 1824.*

" If I am well enough, I intend to be in London

in a few days, when I shall have an opportunity of speaking to my father respecting the count. The result of our communication you shall be made acquainted with. There are other points in your letter which I will then also reply to."

## MISS POUS TO FITZALLEYNE.

" *Monday, June 28, 1824.*

" I write this in ——— street, where I have returned with Undine—the other I have left in the care of the nurse. The enclosed letter from my father will, I trust, satisfy you as to the nature of the count's proposals. Now to some points in your last letter, which are yet unanswered. My breaking my resolutions respecting my return to the stage will be from necessity, and not entirely from choice. But I cannot think you are justified in concluding that I may render myself an unfit guardian for my children, by also changing those principles and feelings of propriety which I trust will ever regulate my future conduct ; and believe me, I shall never shrink from your strictest scrutiny into my conduct at all times."

MR. POUS TO FITZALLEYNE.

*" Monday, June 28, 1824.*

" Sir,—Having considered you as the plighted husband of my daughter for these six years past, I did not communicate to her the many honourable and advantageous overtures made to me during that period to obtain her hand in marriage. But your conduct having lately taken so very unexpected a turn, I have, since her return to town, promulgated to her the proposals of the count, which proposals are of a perfectly honourable nature, viz. marriage, with a good settlement; and it will consequently remain for her consideration whether she will accept them or not. These circumstances (at her particular request) I now make known to you; and shall only add, that the comfort and respectability of an only daughter are naturally objects most dear to a fond and devoted father; and these motives alone influence the conduct of, sir,

" Your very obedient, humble servant,

" SAMUEL POUS."

It is here worthy of remark, that Fitzalleyne never made any provision whatever for Mr., Mrs.,

or Miss Pous, nor was he ever asked to do such a thing, nor did he ever make any offer of the sort; neither had Miss Pous any allowance whatever from him, nor has she now; and the presents which have been given to her by him, from time to time, do not exceed in value £100 in the whole.

On Tuesday, the 29th of June, while Miss Pous and her mother, &c. were preparing to meet the count at the Opera, at eight o'clock, according to appointment, two letters were brought to her house from Fitzalleyne, one addressed to Mr. Pous and the other to Miss Pous, of which, with the answers thereto, the following are copies:—

## FITZALLEYNE TO MR. POUS.

“ *B——y-house, Spring-gardens, June 29, 1824.*

“ Sir,—I have received your letter of yesterday's date. If you did consider me as the ‘plighted husband of your daughter for the last six years,’ I think I might, in that quality, fairly have expected that you would have communicated to me the fact of those many ‘honourable and advantageous overtures’ which were made for her hand during that period; and, likewise, the



various times and opportunities which the said overture-makers must have enjoyed in cultivating her acquaintance, and obtaining that knowledge of her good qualities which most overture-makers have before they ask the hand of a lady in marriage.

“ I can only account for your having totally omitted to acquaint me with this, by the information having reached you (as *Job Thornberry* says) ‘at some of your hours not set apart for business.’ However, to the proposal now in question. I have loved your daughter sincerely. That affection is not one jot abated, and though I may lament her conduct, and censure yours, you shall find that I shall work as zealously for her future and permanent welfare as either you or her mother. You have stated that the count has actually proposed marriage, with a good settlement. If this be the case, and Maria thinks that her happiness would be furthered by accepting his proposals, I pledge myself most solemnly to you, that instead of throwing any obstacle in the way, I will do all in my power to bring the affair to so honourable a conclusion. Yet I will not be trifled with. I never should have abandoned her. She is the mother of my two girls, and I will be consulted,

and made acquainted with all steps relative to her, till my authority shall cease to exist by her contracting a marriage with some other man; and, as I have said before, that end I will endeavour to promote. But to speak candidly on the present proposal, I doubt the count's intentions, and I will not suffer him to follow her, unless you can convince me of the sincerity of his proposals. I do not in the least distrust your anxiety to have Maria honourably settled; but I fear that you may be deceived by your hopes and wishes. I take it for granted that the count is wholly unacquainted with the intercourse between me and Maria, and that if the marriage take place, he must still remain ignorant of it. However, on this point and some others, it will be necessary that you and I should meet with as little delay as possible. I had rather not see Maria at present. I will either come to your house, or you shall come here; or we will meet in Henrietta-street, or any other place you shall fix, to-night, at eleven o'clock, or at any hour to-morrow, from three to six. I am, &c.

"FITZALLEYNE."

•  
MR. POUS TO FITZALLEYNE.

*“ Tuesday, June 29.*

“ Sir,—Under all circumstances which have taken place, I cannot entertain any doubts whatever of the count's honourable intentions, which I will more fully explain to you to-morrow, in your own house, at Spring-gardens, at half-past three o'clock, according to your appointment. To night I am going with my wife and daughter to the Opera, in a box which the count has procured me certainly, but not in his own box ; he has given that up, and Sams has the letting of it. The count's last two visits (N. B. Monday evening and Tuesday morning) have been to make the offer of his hand, &c. to my daughter, which had before been made to me ; and I have only to request that you will do me and my family the justice to suspend your judgment or interference until you see me to-morrow, when, upon all the other points that you have alluded to, I shall have no objection whatever to consult with you, &c. This, I hope, you will deem a sufficient answer to your letter, without my daughter's reply (at this moment) ; and I can only repeat our united request that you will not take any step whatever before our inter-

view, when I feel assured that I shall be able to explain every thing satisfactorily; and am, sir, yours,

“S. F. Pous.”

MISS POUS TO FITZALLEYNE.

“We are going to the Opera, but I must entreat you will wait till the interview with my father to-morrow.”

These letters were immediately succeeded by another from Fitzalleyne to Miss Pous, saying, that something was due to his feelings on the occasion, and that he should come to the Opera; adding, that if she was there, he should immediately seek the count, and call upon him himself for the explanation of his intentions, and concluding with these words—“you can feign illness.”

Miss Pous, with her father and mother, after having been detained more than a hour and a half beyond the time appointed to meet the count at the Opera, arrived there, when they informed him the cause of their delay, and that they had been occupied in a repeated correspondence with Fitzalleyne, whom, from his threats, he (the count)

might expect would trouble him with a visit. Fitzalleyne came to the pit of the Opera, espied the objects of his search, and shortly afterwards sent his friend Mr. M——e into the box, with a request to the count to give a meeting to Fitzalleyne, then waiting in the lobby. The count, with Mr. Pous, left the box for that purpose. Fitzalleyne then introduced himself to the count, and desired a meeting the following day. The count said it had been arranged for him to leave town, but that he would make a point of remaining for the purpose of meeting him. Fitzalleyne then signified his desire that the count would be provided with a friend, for that he (Fitzalleyne) intended to bring one on his own account; and they parted.

On the following morning (Wednesday, 30th of June), Mr. Pous received a letter from Fitzalleyne.

MR. POUS TO FITZALLEYNE.

*“ Wednesday morning, June 30, 1824.*

“ Sir,—I will be with you punctually at half-past two, as you request, when you shall not find any ‘ want of candour ’ or ‘ plain dealing ’ on my

part; and I am truly sorry you should suppose that I have not observed them; at the same time I trust that I shall be enabled to convince you that there neither has been (nor will be on our interview) any want of them. Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

“SAMUEL T. POUS.”

Mr. Pous met Fitzalleyne according to the appointment, and again explained the count's intentions, though he (Mr. Pous) did not think Fitzalleyne entitled to any such explanation, he having broken all his promises and engagements with Miss Pous, by which he (Fitzalleyne) had released her from his control or interference. In the interview with Mr. Pous, Fitzalleyne repeatedly expressed his unabated love for Miss Pous, and lamented the unhappy circumstances that prevented his marrying her, saying that he would go to the count, and speak in such a manner of her, as the count might congratulate himself on the possession of a woman he (Fitzalleyne) should resign with so much regret—a woman so worthy his admiration, and so well calculated to make him happy. Fitzalleyne was then informed by Mr. Pous for what purpose the money had

been advanced to him (Pous), and that it was still unapplied to that or any other purpose. Fitzalleyne then strongly urged secrecy on the subject and nature of the intercourse between him and Miss Pous ; and when told that it was arranged that Mrs. Pous should make the disclosure to the count, Fitzalleyne said, ‘ If Maria is so silly, surely her mother would not be such a d—d fool.’ Fitzalleyne shed tears, and was (apparently at least) greatly affected at this interview, which terminated in his requesting Mr. Pous to go immediately to the count, and to say that he (Fitzalleyne) meant no hostility, but merely to ascertain the nature of his offers, which, if honourable, he should be satisfied ; and Mr. Pous left Fitzalleyne with the impression that, instead of injuring, he (Fitzalleyne) would in every possible way repair the wrong he had done Miss Pous by not marrying her himself. Mr. Pous made the communication accordingly to the count, whom he found prepared to meet Fitzalleyne in the manner he had expected, and determined, should Fitzalleyne demand what were his intentions towards Miss Pous, that he would refuse an answer to such interrogatory, conceiving that he had no right to interfere or make such inquiry.

The meeting took place between Fitzalleyne (with Mr. M—— as his friend) and the count (with Mr. B——, who shot Lord Camelford, as his friend); but of the result of which Miss Pous and her family were in total ignorance, until the receipt of the following letter from the count, which led them to conclude, and which afterwards turned out to be the fact, that Fitzalleyne had informed the count of those circumstances which he (Fitzalleyne) had urged Miss Pous and her family not to reveal:—

“The Pea-green count begs to be distinctly understood to Miss Pous, that under no circumstance whatever can any acquaintance henceforth be proper on the part of the count.—Wednesday, June 30.”

This letter was closely followed by one from Fitzalleyne to Miss Pous, wherein he says, “I am hurt and wounded more than I can express. I will not see you yet. Was it necessary for you to deceive me? I soon must see you relative to the children. Your father borrowed 1100*l.* from the count, as he stated, on your account.” This letter enclosed one to Mr. Pous, stating that



“ the count positively refused to state his intention of marrying your daughter ; and a discussion ensued that showed me that it never could have been his intention latterly, and disclosed such a scene of unnecessary double-dealing, both to him and me, that I can only sum up the whole by saying that I am thoroughly disgusted.”

The following is a copy of a letter from Mr. Pous to Fitzalleyne, after the meeting between Fitzalleyne and the count, and before the 6th of July :—

“ You may believe me or not, just as you like ; for now, after your late conduct, I am reckless of either your good or ill opinion. In the first place, I most positively assert that all I told you on Wednesday morning was true. I did not deny that the count had advanced me money, but at the same time I told you it was so advanced for the specific purpose of procuring me promotion in the army, which both his father-in-law and his solicitor gave every possible assistance to. That money was, and is now, lodged for the above specific purpose ; and what I said to you was this—that neither I nor any part of my family

had ever received a single shilling of the count's money but in the way before stated ; nor have we ever done so, which can and will be demonstrated to him beyond the possibility of a doubt. As to its having been (as you state) advanced for my daughter's use, nothing of the kind was ever intimated, directly or indirectly, in any way whatever with my knowledge ; and, with regard to the count's refusing to state his honourable intentions towards my daughter, it must have arisen solely from this cause,—viz. that his advisers decidedly objected to your calling upon him to do so, which upon compulsion it was not very natural they should do ; therefore, if he either hesitated or refused to allow of his honourable intentions, he must have been talked out of it by his advisers, and which your conduct gave them so full an opportunity of doing. In short, I am thoroughly convinced that it did not emanate from himself, for his intentions most decidedly were to have married my daughter, and he most certainly would have done so, had not your, in my opinion, very unjustifiable conduct prevented it. Thus have you added another cruel injury to the very many you have before inflicted on my daughter and her family, altogether.

“Disgust is not a word one-half strong enough to express what I and her mother feel at your truly base and most dishonourable conduct towards our deeply injured, and now, by you, persecuted daughter; but it shall not end here.

“S. T. P.”

Miss Pous, the subject and person most interested and injured in their debate, finding herself thus left without any explanation from either party at the meeting, the members of which had settled the business, it seemed, to their own satisfaction, wrote the following letter to Fitzalleyne :

MISS POUS TO FITZALLEYNE.

“*Thursday, July 1, 1824.*”

“The only motive I have for now addressing you is to ask one simple question. Did you, yesterday, directly or indirectly make the count, or any of the party, acquainted with the nature of the intercourse that has existed between us? I deny, most positively, that any money was ever borrowed from the count for my use, in any way whatever, and which I shall lose no time in making known to all concerned; and the strictest investi-

gation of the villanous and treacherous conduct that has been practised towards me. shall take place, for I will no longer submit to the persecutions and injuries so unjustly heaped upon me. I request you will immediately reply to the question I have asked in this letter."

To which Miss Pous received the following from Fitzalleyne :—

*Fitzalleyne-house, Spring-gardens,  
July 1, 1824.*

"I do not think you authorised to ask the particulars of the interview that took place yesterday between me and the count. I gave you and your father repeated warnings, that if you would not explain to me most clearly the footing that you and the count were on, before his visits were sanctioned in your house, and before you appeared in public with him, I would seek (though most reluctantly) the explanation from him myself. You were obstinate, and I kept my word. What passed between us at that explanation I shall decline to communicate. This much, however, I have no objection to state: The count distinctly said to me, in the presence of my friend and his

own, that your father had borrowed the money of him, amounting to 1,100*l.* for the purpose of paying your bills, because you were sobbing and crying at home, for the want of the means of paying them yourself. And the count declared that he lent the money under the impression that it would be so applied. You will adopt what measures you choose under these circumstances: I only hope that they may be of a more prudent and less deceitful nature than some of those which you have lately had recourse to."

The result of Fitzalleyne's remarks on Mr. C—— produced the following :

*Correspondence between Horatio C——, Esq. and Fitzalleyne.*

*London, Fladong's Hotel, Dec. 28, 1824.*

" Sir,—The Morning Herald of Saturday contains two letters from you to Miss Pous, mentioning my name and conduct in terms which I do not purpose here to discuss, but to which you will see it is impossible for me to submit without a satisfactory explanation. For that purpose Mr. Spooner has accompanied me from London, in

whom I have placed my honour on this occasion.  
I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

"HORATIO C——."

*Fitzalloyne-Castle, Dec. 29, 1824.*

"Sir,—I cannot have the least hesitation in assuring you, that in the mention of your name in a correspondence lately published, unauthorized by me, that it was not my intention to make any insinuation prejudicial to your character; and that as I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance, I beg you to believe that, in the exercise of my authority over my children, I totally disclaim any wish of giving personal offence to you. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"FITZALLEYNE."

How very *polite*!—How very gentlemanly!—  
How very—pugh.

When the correspondence, on all sides, ceased, there was a great blank in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury. No more liveried lacqueys, smart grooms, swift despatches, thundering postmen.—It was like a truce after a long and active campaign, or rather it was the silence of suffering.

The past was eventful indeed—the future had nothing cheering in it. We must pause, and conduct our readers back to the Triumvirate of the Fitzalleynes, considering that he who bears the title desired to stand neuter in that capacity, although certainly not in affection and brotherly love.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

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“ All females have prerogative of sex :  
The she's ev'n of the savage herd are safe :  
All, when they snarl or bite, have no return  
But courtship from the male.”

*Dryden's Don Seb.*

*The brothers—Magnanimity of one—A fruitless cause—Elucidations thereof—A countess's address to her peers—Not from her own hand, but the documents which she had furnished—Reflections.*

“ Farewell ! a long farewell to all my greatness.”

*Cardinal Wolsey.*

THE cardinal was the son of a butcher, yet rose by his talent to the highest dignities in the state : his greatness was the work of his own splendid talents—his fall may be attributed to his immeasurable ambition. This reflection will naturally



strike the reader when perusing the conclusion of this chapter, which exhibits the address *not* written by the lady mother of Fitzalleyne, but made out by a dashing amateur actor (already mentioned) from the vouchers, documents, letters, papers, and memorandums of that right honourable female. The attempted elevation of our hero did not proceed from his extraordinary abilities; but his fall has been occasioned by the ambition of his parents and himself: the former mingled with filial affection—the latter characterized by self-love only: thus the causes are different, but the effects hitherto produced are the same. In the interim, such is the love of the brothers (and creditable it is to them), that the youngest, who bears a legitimate coronet, has thrown it from his brow, earnestly wishing that he could place it on the fair front of his elder brother. There is more than modesty or affection in this—there is something like magnanimity. But to overthrow the law, to undermine the dignity of the peerage, is a work of too Herculean a nature even for *les quatre fils aimons* \*, were they in existence; therefore it appears that the hope of an exchange, or

\* Four brothers, who left home mounted on one white horse, and performed chivalrous prodigies in days of yore.

of a new creation, cannot impede the fulfilment of the obligation given, in love and honour, by Fitzalleyne to Maria. "Where there is a will there is a way," is a vulgar but not less true saying. As to the title, we see exchanges and promotions in the Gazette, but not in the Court Calendar; and further to elucidate this point, the countess's address to her peers will speak for itself.

"MY LORDS,

"When I appeared in your Lordships' House as a witness in support of the claim of my eldest son to succeed to the title and honours of his father, the late Earl Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, I felt the most grateful conviction that your Lordships' decision would secure to him that birthright, which the imprudent conduct of his parents had seriously endangered; for, my Lords, I was not only conscious of the justice of his claim, but had been assured by grave and learned men that those difficulties which such misconduct had thrown in the way of his succession had by their timely precaution been happily removed. Your Lordships, however, have decided that my son's claim was not made out, and it is not my purpose to question the judicial rectitude of such decision, however I

may bewail it; but, regarding it as the result of the sound application of those rules and principles of law upon which your Lordships are judicially bound to proceed, I should hope that I may be permitted respectfully to submit to your consideration, as individuals, the reasons which induce me to think, that, however such decision may affect the claim, it ought not to prejudice the moral character of those who came forward in support of it.

“ I am aware, my Lords, that legal claims must be made out by legal evidence; but as the most perfect system of evidence, however admirably calculated to the general purposes of truth and justice, is not adapted to every possible case, it may sometimes happen that a claim destitute of all moral foundation may succeed by the application of a general rule, and the best morally founded fail from the want of that particular evidence which is legally necessary to support it; but your Lordships, as individuals, in forming a private opinion, are free, nay, in candour, are often bound, to advert to circumstances which upon general principles may be wisely excluded from judicial consideration, and, under the impression of such circumstances, to alleviate by

your sympathy the painful effect of your judgment. To prove myself entitled to such sympathy is the purpose of this address to your Lordships, as the Co-Peers of a beloved husband, whose fame it is my duty to protect, and to prove that it was never tarnished by my conduct.

“ As my son’s claim was founded upon a marriage had between his parents previously to his birth, I was called upon as a witness to establish such marriage ; and as upon the credit due to me the success of his claim would principally depend, I hope your Lordships will allow me, in referring to my general character and conduct, to avail myself of the testimony of one, whose testimony I feel not more honourable to myself than to him, as it appears to be the free-will offering of his heart, at a moment when worldly considerations might have been supposed to have most strongly prejudiced him against me : I allude to Admiral Berkeley, who, though he complains of his brother’s want of confidence in not having sooner communicated the circumstance of his marriage to him, expresses himself in terms of the most gratifying approbation of the object of his choice.

“ My Lords,—Allow me to submit to your consideration the speech which he (the Earl) made

in your Lordships' House in the year 1799. I do not tender either the speech or deposition as legal evidence, but (as already stated) as moral proof, and shall hereafter call your Lordships' attention to the circumstances under which they were made, and the solemn declarations by which they were subsequently confirmed."

"MY LORDS,

"Relying on the candour of this Committee, who know that I am unused to public speaking, I come with the fullest confidence in your permitting me to read this paper, which contains facts: but the occasion calls forth all the feelings that can oppress human nature, as a father and a husband.

"I come, my Lords, to do justice to a wife and children, who, I trust, will not suffer from my seeming inconsistency of conduct.

"As to my reasons for concealing my first marriage, I trust, the Committee will not press my declaring them publicly; I have imparted them to two of my friends, Noble Lords, now present, who have acknowledged to me, and, I am sure, will pledge themselves to the Committee, that they are honourable reasons, of such a nature

as cannot, without the most serious consequences to a very respectable family, be made public.

“ The ceremony of the second marriage was gone through from the fullest conviction, on my part, that the registration of my first marriage was destroyed ; and as I had, in some measure, sanctioned the act, it was not in nature for me to bring Mr. H. to punishment.

“ Before I married first, I urged to Mr. H., in the strongest manner, the necessity of secrecy ; but when I found, among other instances, that the late Sir J. Guise had written to my brother, saying that the rumour was too strong not to be true, of a marriage having taken place between me and the Countess, which letter Adm. B. showed to a friend of mine, I then gave Mr. H. to understand that he would forfeit my friendship for ever, if he did not prevent all possibility of discovery. I received in answer a few lines, saying in every thing I should be obeyed ; nor was I aware of the latitude I had given him till afterwards, when he wanted money, I heard from him that he had risked his life for me in destroying the register ; and until that moment I knew not the penalty.

“Circumstanced as I was, I could not in honour do any thing that might expose him to punishment. What then was to be done? In case Mr. H. outlived me, or Mr. T. should die, who ran more risks of death from his public capacity, what then would be the Countess's situation? What proof could she bring of her marriage? How be heard in the world? As soon, therefore, as the causes of secrecy were removed, we were married again: and I am sure the Committee will feel, in my situation, that the second marriage must, at all events, have been a prudential step.

“As to the manner in which the baptisms of my children were registered, it was the natural and necessary consequence of that secrecy. I thought it might have been impossible to prove my first marriage without the registration of it, and consequently not only the children I then had, but any other I might have, would be deemed illegitimate. I did not, however, risk this measure until I had been informed by an eminent counsel that such second marriage could not have the effect of invalidating my first, in case the solemnization of it could be proved.

“The registration of my first marriage was dis-

covered in consequence of a search made by the advice of another counsel of great eminence, who suggested that possibly some traces of it, either in the parish register, or among the late Mr. H.'s papers, might remain.

"In pursuance of this advice a very careful search was made, and the result has been such as has been related to the Committee.

"But if the least doubt should remain in the breast of any noble Lord, as to the fact of my first marriage, Lady Berkeley and myself are willing to give our personal testimony of it, in any manner the Committee may think proper to require; for I can no longer withhold the justice which I feel due to my wife and children, nor suffer them to remain victims of my family pride, or my own false notions of honour."

"That Lord Fitzalleyne of Berkeley had, previously to March, 1796, repeatedly declared that he was not married, and that, in order to procure the licence for his marriage in 1796, he made oath to the same effect, are facts which have been much observed upon; but, such having been his conduct for a series of years, he could not, my Lords, but be aware of the obloquy that might attach to



him from any declaration that he might then make to the contrary. If, however, he was conscious that his former conduct had been wrong, and cruel to his family, and he sincerely repented of it; I think I may venture, my Lords, to affirm, that it was his duty to confess it; and, by so doing, repair, so far as he could, the mischief he had done, and prevent the still greater mischiefs that his perseverance in such deception was likely to occasion. If, on the contrary, my Lords, his former declarations were true, what could be the temptation that could induce him, by wilful and deliberate perjury, to take upon himself the opprobrium of not only having deceived his friends by the grossest misrepresentations, but of having also sworn, at least, rashly, in 1796, when he obtained the licence for his second marriage?

“ The pressure of remorse, my Lords, might impel him to brave the consequences of the confession of misconduct; but, if he was conscious of innocence, I cannot conceive a motive that could induce him voluntarily to charge himself with guilt. Of such contempt of public opinion human experience furnishes no instance, and, for the honour of human nature, I trust, my Lords, that your Lordships will not presume it; especially

when you refer to what appears to have been his Lordship's subsequent conduct, at a period when he contemplated his dissolution as fast approaching, and when he appears to have rested his best hope of forgiveness from his God on the sincerity of his anxiety to do justice to his fellow-men. At that awful period your Lordships will find he repeated his declaration that he was married in 1785, and, in the agony of remorse, confessing to me that which nothing but the highest considerations could induce me to repeat, that he had married me in 1785 merely to get possession of my person, and never intended to acknowledge me as his wife. Is it credible, my Lords, that, at such a moment, the most abandoned of mankind should have employed himself in fabricating falsehood with a view to brand his own memory, and to lower him in general estimation? If your Lordships, who rejected the evidence of such declarations, had yourselves heard them, your judicial decision, as to their legal admissibility, must have been the same; but I think, my Lords, I may venture to affirm, that you could not have retired from your respective seats in judicature, but under the moral conviction that such declarations were true; and, under that conviction, would

have felt the sincerest anxiety to do that which I now solicit—to alleviate, by your sympathy, the painful effect of your judgment.

“The declarations of the Earl Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, my Lords, in and subsequent to 1799, may be ascribed to the impulse of remorse; and I will ask whether, if they can be ascribed to the most sincere and heartfelt repentance, they ought to be imputed to the foul purpose of robbing his younger child of those legal rights, which his birth had cast upon him, and that by the means of forgery and perjury? His purpose could not be to exclude a stranger, or a collateral relation, from those honours which he was to transmit. The right of succession was unquestionably in one of his own children, and they may both be regarded as having been equally dear to his affection, and neither of them had attained that age which would allow of conduct having produced much personal preference. To transfer the acknowledged claim of the younger son to the first-born would necessarily, even if effected, subject the Earl to much imputation. As a project of fraud, my Lords, it was full of danger; and even as a measure of justice it was exposed to difficulty; but, if conscience required it, the course which

conscience prescribed was to be pursued ; and, under the pressure of that imperious call of duty, your Lordships may account for the Earl's subsequent conduct, when, in the fulness of health, or on the bed of sickness,—in the enjoyment of the friendship of the good and great, or in the gloomy and solitary hour of death,—you find him uniformly asserting his marriage in 1785, and the right of his first-born son to succeed to the title and honours of his Earldom.

“ But, my Lords, amidst all the troubles which surround me, it is a source of great consolation to know that Lord Fitzalleyne of Berkeley never did disown me to the Prince Regent ; but, on the contrary, from the year 1792, when the late Lord Fife first mentioned to his Royal Highness the subject of a private marriage having taken place between us ; and soon after, when his Royal Highness mentioned it himself to Lord Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, he declared ‘ that I was not his mistress, but his wife, and the worst-used woman in the world ;’ and from that time to the day of his death, he invariably spoke of me to his Royal Highness as his wife.

“ Lord Fitzalleyne of Berkeley never had the most distant idea of deceiving his Royal High-

ness ; and whenever I, or my children, became the subject of conversation, his declarations were always uniformly the same, and he never breathed but sentiments of regret for his former conduct, and expressions of love and esteem for his family. How have I, therefore, my Lords, to lament, that the communication of declarations offered by his Royal Highness during the late investigation was not received !—How have I to lament, that a weight of evidence, flowing from such a source, and pregnant with conviction, should not at least be contrasted, upon your Lordships' minutes, with that of the Noble Marquis of B———— ! May I venture to add, that I think, if your Lordships had received it, and, with it, had taken into your consideration my exemplary conduct from my earliest infancy, I should not only have been acquitted of crime, but my moral character could never have suffered one moment in your Lordships' estimation. I, nevertheless, my Lords, bow with humility to your decision, not doubting but it is founded upon the strictest justice, and dictated by the purest wisdom.

“ My gratitude to his Royal Highness can only end with my life : for, great and exalted as his high situation is, it is exceeded by the qualities of

his mind. His benevolent feelings towards me and my children, and his gracious friendship towards my husband, even to the last moments of his life, induced me, at the request of Lord Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, and during his last illness, to write to his Royal Highness, which I did.

“ Such was the friendship, my Lords, with which I was honoured in 1810 ; and can your Lordships suppose that any worldly consideration could have induced me to hazard the loss of it ? They who know me best, my Lords, know that ambition is not the order of my mind. Domestic happiness I have ever looked for in the discharge of domestic duties ; and the highest gratification to be derived from social intercourse I have experienced in the charities of the heart, which, acquainted with its own imperfections, knows how to allow for the imperfections of others. I pretend not to exemption from failings, but I am proudly confident that I am free from vice. I have been tried, and I may say severely ; but that Providence which has allowed of it, and “ who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” hath still supported me, and, I am confident, will not abandon me in this, the severest trial of my life ; but, in his great mercy, will, in due time, reveal the

truths of my heart, and justify me even unto man. My Lords, I await that period with confidence, as that which will entitle me to your respect, and perhaps to something more ; but should life give way to the pressure of accumulated sorrows, the sympathy of the Peerage will, I trust, be the inheritance of my children."

This trial was conducted with the utmost solemnity: the occasion demanded it; for not only was the lady, who sat there with an ordeal to go through, deeply and alarmingly interested in the cause at issue ; but its nature was such as must have made more than one feel uneasy in its progress. How many illustrious names which would not stand a strict and diligent scrutiny ? how many an escutcheon, the blot of which was still enveloped in the shades of oblivion ? how many tenures which would not stand the test of inquiry, but which flourished only from being undisturbed ? More than one peer might rub his forehead ; more than one peeress, in her husband's right, might feel an increase of complexion by the added presence of the damask rose ; and how many more of the very highest class bore on that occasion, and still bear, their blushing honours thick

upon them? “En la rose je fleuris,” with other amatory mottoes *under the rose*, announce the amours of royalty to be the source of their nobility; how many more have equal illegitimacy for their origin, but which bears the mute device of *sub rosa*? This privilege question was indeed a *trying* matter; and although defeat only attached to the question before the committee, the uncertain triumph of some of the spectators present must have cost them a thought. Some there were, however, who were proved of that established *bend sinister*, which the countess under examination was anxious to blot out from the arms of her eldest son, now reduced to see a fourth brother his superior in rank. When we think of the ordeal in question, we cannot help remembering the eloquent French preacher, who, when enlarging on the vices of the court, and female conjugal infidelity, and on the loose and voluptuous manners of the highest ranks of the sex, appeared as if about to single out and challenge one in particular, and taking up the book before him said: “Je jette mon livre à une,” “I throw my book at one.” Every head was immediately down.—A word to the wise.





## CHAPTER XVII.

### SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

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"Gold makes a patrician of a slave ;  
A Dwarf an Atlas ; a Thersites brave :  
It cancels all defects."

Garrick.

*The fate that is likely to await Fitzalleyne of  
Berkeley and the Pea-green count—The future  
prospect of Maria—Money no recompense—  
Moral reflections—Recapitulations.*

"Where shall he rest—he, the deceiver?"

WE leave a blank here below to be filled up by  
who will. The thing is not new. The immortal  
Sterne did so before us. Write on, reader !

If we left the fate of the deserter in love to a  
*puny* judge, justice would not be done. If to the

common pleas, we should say that this was no *common* plea. If to the white serjeant, severity might be expected. To the enchantresses of *all courts*, banishment from their presence, good graces, and smiles, ~~might be the sentence awarded~~; but the cheapest and a minor court will suffice; and we recommend it to the *court of conscience*. Let it be *brought in there*, and the punishment will not be a feather. We recommend after that to the parties, if they can remove it from that court, together with the *weight* of unheard evidence, that they should never *go courting again*. William the Conqueror may yet boast some adventures and exploits similar to those which filled the columns of the newspapers some time back. He may perhaps have the same success; but we doubt if he will be able to plume himself much upon the reputation which will attach to him. It will be no great consolation to him to reflect (we touch on the recent event) that he has triumphed over innocence, and afterwards done all that was in his power to prevent her establishment in life. To have even ridiculed the man who might have been the instrument of procuring riches and consideration for her (for whatever was settled on her would have escaped the spendthrift's hand),

he may give as an excuse, that as a man of honour he thought it his duty not to allow any man to be made a dupe of.

Sweet William must not hug that unction to his heart—it will not heal it: when lacerating reflection and old age come on—when gout and other infirmities are the natural consequences of hard living—when solitary and disappointed in his dream of mantles and coronets, his issue shall all be living reproaches to him, and demand a name at the hands of him who has fixed a stain upon their brow, and abandoned their mother (a term which might be put in the plural number). Will not the frustrated intentions of paternal intentions in a high quarter, which he will not have far to look back for, be like an accusing spirit, in such an hour? Might not an act of retributive justice, which he may no longer be permitted to perform, for more than one reason have been a balm to his disturbed brain? And would not the dulcet voice of her who once enchanted him, whose many charms were but too fatal to her own repose, be music to his ears? her presence a beam of light to his sight? We will ask no more questions, but leave him to put them to himself. The following extracts from a former trial may give

some idea of the dashing character of him who is the hero of our work. We have to regret that these cases multiply *ad infinitum* in our courts of justice, in town and country, in high life, and even in the second class. It may be well for a tall man to pace through a town with stately front and step, and to be pointed at with "That's the man—don't look at him, Eliza, the wretch! he's a handsome dog though—how well made! what an impudent fellow!" All that may appear very pretty, but will not improve the morals of the country.

The gallant, gay Lothario, capable of acting thus, will, we fear, not turn from his *Childe Haroldish* pilgrimage until old age, or sudden misfortune surprises him in his career. Reports since the exposure of Maria, and the trial connected therewith, favour this apprehension: that it may be otherwise, is the sincerest wish of all who know him and wish him well, of which number the author is one.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE DEVIL TO PAY.

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"No argument like matter of fact is ;  
And we are best of all led to  
Men's principles by what they do."

*Hudibras.*

*Family correspondence—Reproofs—Stinginess—  
Things not suited to quality characters—Further  
proof that an alliance with Maria could be no  
disgrace.*

"Il n'y a rien beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable."

*Boileau.*

As effects are better accounted for by tracing the causes from which they proceeded, so some family documents, in the way of correspondence, connected with the house of Carbon, and of the name of "*Thou sleepest*," in *French*, together with the *status quo* of matters previous to Mary Carbon's being raised to a title, will furnish clearer evidence and explanatory matter for a candid mind to decide on, as to the propriety of Fitzalleyne's withholding his promise of marriage to Maria, on the score of any apprehension of its standing in the way of a

new creation of nobility ; it may also furnish a guess as to the probability and propriety of such a new and serious measure.

The series of letters in question begins with a round assertion, that no marriage was celebrated in 1785, and that therefore no plea of legitimacy could be set up in favour of Fitzalleyne of Berkeley ; and we have these words in the preface to a work published by the sister-in-law of his lady mother : " But even as late as 1796, my husband, who was her principal witness to the pretended marriage, frequently expressed a wish to visit B——y, and the castle where his sister dwelt, never before having seen it ;" and further on adds, " several debts of the C——s's father (*the butcher*) still remaining unpaid, it was deemed expedient to pay them, previous to the investigation in the House of Lords in 1799 ; for this purpose we set out for Gloucester, and on our arrival there, my husband waited at an inn, while he sent me, in a fictitious name, to pay the debts . . . ." About six months after, I came in possession of a letter from him to the countess, wherein, after upbraiding her for ungenerous conduct, he says, " You are now risen to the highest pitch of your wishes." This letter bears date March 1798. And the sister-in-law observes in her

narrative, "The sentiments expressed in this letter, relative to her ladyship's exalted station, cannot be doubted, as alluding to her marriage in 1796." In the course of this narrative, the sister-in-law complains bitterly of her titled relation, and says, "On my arrival in Sp—— Gardens, she informed me of the progress then making in the House respecting her son's claim, adding, I am suffering the greatest uneasiness on account of my mother, for fear my enemies should get hold of her before you arrive there, which would do much mischief." Now—query—What fear could there be of mischief in this case? The old lady who was sent for to Lambeth, and was visited by her daughter in a hackney-coach, was then in great uneasiness at the name of T——r, assumed in the family, which we refrain from dwelling on, since what is there in a name? And in the next page of the narrative we are informed that the maternal grandmother of Fitzalleyne received (from his mother) an annuity of *thirty-five pounds!* which formerly had been but twelve.

From many details in the narrative of Mary—who, though her name conveys *thou sleepest*, seems perfectly *awake*—it appears that great discomfiture was felt by her sister-in-law, and Mrs. T.'s hus-



band, after the defeat in a certain high house, and she says, page 21, "The C——s's first place of retreat was to an obscure lodging, from which she immediately set out for the Island of Madeira:" and further on, "Her brother's retreat was, if possible, rather more precipitate, leaving his lodgings in London, without even taking his trunks, which were four months afterwards advertised in a daily paper for the owner to take away." Here the narratrix was left in great pecuniary difficulties, and never saw her sister-in-law for five months (as she says), when a meeting took place, on her return, not far from London (she names the place). At this place the titled lady in question received a visit from a most illustrious duke, whose attachment she spoke of in high colours to many; with other remarks of little moment, and better omitted—none, however, such as can touch her character, which we consider immaculate. We refrain from following up the narrative in the statements of want of generosity towards a brother, his ruin, inconsistent conduct, and the like; all that can be collected is parsimony on one hand, and exposure on the other, with nothing to exalt the Carbon family, nor to throw a light on that of "*Thou sleepest.*" Here follow letters from the right honourable lady, where

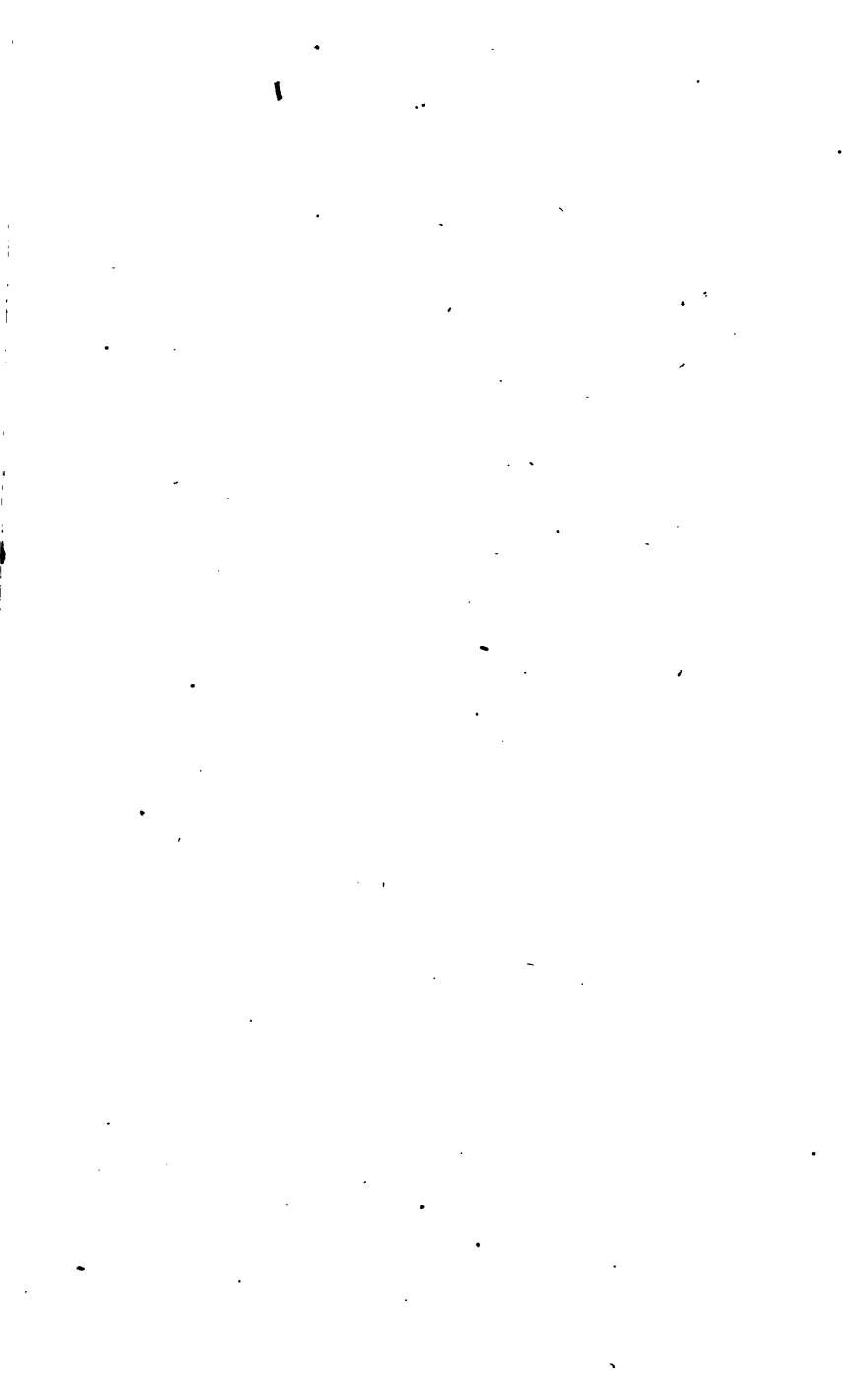
we are astonished to find a strange neglect of grammar in a sentence :—" *And the bad hands he has fell into, who works and goads him to his present conduct;*" which burst of rhetoric bears upon her brother.

Disunion in families is a sad thing. Nor does the illustrious union which this enraged sister formed with a noble character, now no more, excuse her from being so off her guard, both in language and in conduct, as to have forgotten, not what she originally was, but what her good fortune made her. We have already named her virtues as a wife and mother, to which we might have added economy, whereby her noble spouse's pecuniary concerns, previous to the death of his right honourable father, were industriously attended to, and greatly improved. Violence of temper was, however, discoverable on more than one occasion, which is always forgetting one's-self; and it would seem, from this quotation, that she even here forgot her grammar, whilst her economy so increased, that it degenerated into nearness unbecoming of her rank. We have many proofs of the one fact; the other needs no further corroboration than what may be collected from page 66. There we find something not so ungrammatical, but surely as *un-gen-teel*: "Your

husband has accused himself of crimes, and these crimes his lady or his dolly, at any moment he offends her, may bring against him." But *Sophia*, the lady thus doubly named, says otherwise, viz. "Had I such a brother, how I should have adored him—he has every virtue." In support of the accusation of unladylike stinginess, the sister-in-law produces a letter, where we find this passage following a half offer to admit her son, and consequently nephew to the great lady, to a room and board in the house:—"He may find plenty of work here, if he brings his *colours with him: he must find his own washing!*" In another letter, it is stated as a motive for not providing for one of her nephews, that there are "Thousands of officers starving, midshipmen hay-making," &c. At length, however, the relation is made a midshipman; and is advised, *per letter*, not to name his father; and he is to be described as the "*Son of an officer dead, leaving his widow with a handsome annuity.*"

The only reflection to be drawn from these few extracts from correspondence and other documents is, the further conviction that the illustrious family here compromised should have studiously avoided the exposure which a recent event has brought to its eldest branch, who casts such contemptuous no-

tice on the Pea-green count, thus nicknamed by him. Families must be without a blot in their escutcheon to stand the ordeal of public opinion, and of strict, undermining, and secret inquiry, which always accompanies those who are held up to public notice. And it will be the opinion of more than one, that the fulfilling of a solemn promise, under delicate circumstances, is always honourable; and that the alliance which it might have produced would not have been derogatory to the male contracting party. It will furthermore be added by the sporting world, that a race lost, by allowing the winner to walk over the course, is a less defeat than to be *distanced*. Had the count let judgment go by default, less prejudice had been done to all parties, including Fitzalleyne himself, wilfully made public in the affair.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.

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" All seek their ends, and each would other cheat :  
They only *seem* to hate, and *seem* to love ;  
But *interest* is the point on which they move."

Lowe.

*Errors exist in all classes—The profligacy of the stage—More love-letters extraordinary—How they expose men to ridicule—The difficulty of writing them sensibly—A certain Alderman—Moral reflections—Conclusion.*

" *Humanum est errare*\*" is an incontrovertible maxim, or, as Pope says, "to err is human." We learn this lesson at school, and every day of our lives

\* We knew a military *would-be* Latin scholar who used (in addition to the received rule, that the bottle cannot err) to say daily at mess, " *Humanum est errare, sed bottlum non.*" However, if the bottle err not, it sets those who love it erring themselves.

is a practical justification of its truth : on the throne, in the cabinet, in the senate, in public and in private life, frail man, and his fairer sister and partner, are continually proving what is thus advanced ; on the stage and off the stage, before the curtain and behind it, above-board and in secret, it is still the same ; children of tender age and diminutive size, and children of six feet high and of three score, are the performers in *The Comedy of Errors* ; which dramatic representation leads not unfrequently to tragic scenes—not forgetting what Pat calls a *mellow dram* (melodrame). We therefore are less surprised when we see the corruption of the age arising from these unconquered and uncontrolled errors. There are amongst them degrees and shades ; and it must be allowed that those who brazen it out in vice are more reprehensible than those who keep up decent appearances, and pass tranquilly through life, without deeply injuring any one, or giving scandal and bad example, whereby they may sully modesty, shock virtue, and bring church, state, nobility, profession, or calling into disrepute : the old adage of the wary Italian, that “ *Peccato celato e la metaperdonato*,” has much good sense in it, and is, at least, in favour of decency ; which stands in relation to virtue as cleanliness does to holiness. Now cleanli-

ness has more in the word than the vulgar and ignorant may perceive at first ; for it means cleanliness exterior and interior, of heart, of hand, of word, and of action : *per contra* then, corruption, ribaldry, dirty actions, &c.&c. constitute downright profligacy ; which we see every day in print in the columns of our newspapers, in shapes more multiform than Proteus ever assumed—trials for crim. con. annually increasing, breaches of promise of marriage *breaking* out worse than ever, street-riots and police causes—in which noble names occasionally are exposed—augmenting to a great degree ; paper-wars of crimination and recrimination, to the disgrace of both parties ; bankruptcies and insolvencies more extensive every sessions, and in which the names of noblemen's sons, gentlemen, and *soi-disant* wealthy and respectable commercial men come unblushingly before the public—from whence one might suppose that the golden and silver \* ages were gone by, and that the age of brass had actually arrived, the baseness

\* A wag, in comparing the present age to the former times, in order to elucidate the four ages of Ovid, said, that when the pure sterling age had gone by, the silver one was discernible by a *change* of manners : after this a worse *change* appeared, which was in comparison as a *brass* farthing might be to a sovereign.

“ *Tertia post illam successit aenea proles.*” *Ovid's Met.*



of which could only be restrained by the age of iron : so have counterfeits and Birmingham-ware been substituted for the old British currency. Waving, however, all *material* comparisons, it will be allowed that open vice is fearfully gaining ground. Our ancestors would have thought themselves ruined by a newspaper exhibition in vice or crime : now it is to be regretted that it is *vice versa*. Nor is the profligacy of the times confined, as formerly, to the two extremes of society—high life and low life—but it has crept in, increased, and multiplied in the middling classes ; so that we see damages awarded continually, according to the rank and profits of the offending party, from the duke to the dancing-master, and from the commander of cavalry to the dismounted scenic king, calling for “ a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse ! ” There is no *peccato celato* in all this : and it further proves the degeneracy of the age, when public characters respect neither the public nor themselves. The profligacy of the stage is less wonderful than that of trade and commerce ; and the reader would be less astonished at a light opera or other stage-dancer tripping than at the levities (which by the by is *not* the word) of a weighty citizen’s better half, whether alderman or common-councilman, game cocks or wild fowl, and would

marvel less at a *faux pas* from the former (a *pas de deux* is understood), than at a slip, stumble, or imprudent step taken by a refiner's rib, or by the sleeping partner of one whose warehouse, shop, counting-house, or store-room becomes thereby as notorious as the Horns at Highgate, the Half-moon, or the Rose Tavern; whilst the worthy alderman or trader gets no pity, even when noodled and imposed upon; and inherits contempt if hoodwinked by interest, or drink, or suspected of connivance or collusion. And here every eye will naturally turn to a late trial, which exhibits the *refinement* of taste in a certain quarter. When we say *tasté*, *keen appetite* might be a more appropriate term; for there appears no *taste*, and less judgment, in the whole affair—the amatory epistles, not *à la Ovid*, included. It is clear that the *chaste* Monimia has not studied the former, although she may have glanced over that author's *Art of Love*. We are told that in the dressing-room meetings she rehearsed a number of little innocent, interesting scenes and interludes, and that her spouse occasionally was scene-shifter, candle-snuffer, and prompter; nay, complaisantly played second in a trio, and took a part, like those who either read it, or stand as a dummy to the acting parties—perhaps “*The Road to Ruin*” may have been one, or

Castalio to his friend's Polydore; or he may have run over Othello to his Iago, and mouthed out—"Would that the camp, pioneers, and all," &c. &c.; or may have made one in the "*Provoked Husband*," or attempted "*The Stranger*"—for *stranger* things are. Be that as it may, the subject on the *tapis* has not exhibited "*The Wonder, or a Woman keeps a Secret*." No, this *Violante* has been too violent in her amour to keep secret even what never should have seen the day—the love-letters!!! Else might the "*Agreeable Surprise*" have been avoided, when a door was opened to discovery: which reminds one of Dolly Broomstick going to the play, to see what she called Venison Preserved, or the *Plut* *discovered*. But the love-letters—ay, the love-letters!!!—how dangerous to write them—they make even wise men fools—so difficult it is to write them with any thing like common sense;—a sense of decency would be something in their favour; but, as the fond father says (vide Othello), "Here she comes . . . . She has deceived her father, and may deceive thee;" and with her come the epistles, for she figures nobly in them. How impressive the following!

" "Dearest of women,—It is the trick of letter-writing to panegyrize fine countries; to comment on

antiquities, to relate anecdotes, and in *toto* to tell your correspondent that you are a person of great observation. Now, as I do not aspire to that character, and my pen is guided only by my heart, I shall tell my dearest Charlotte that I have been so lost in the thoughts of her since I left London, that I have paid no other circumstance the least attention. My dear, dear girl, every mile that bore me from you convinced me how dear you was to my heart—every day I have passed without you how essential you are to my happiness.

“ I am satisfied we were formed for each other ; the assimilation of disposition in all its characters proclaims it ; and I could, if I was not a philosopher, revile most impiously the fate that has given you to another. But to answer some of your darling questions—The theatre was last night crowded to excess, and the applause as enthusiastic as it could be for the country ; but Charlotte did not hear it. The neighbourhood of Lynn is beautiful ; the walks enchanting—Charlotte does not partake of them : thus every thing that I might enjoy bears with it its counterpoise of mortification. Our separation is, however, but transient. I have not yet made any arrangement for the next week, and consequently expect to return on Sunday, and hold my dear little girl in my arms.

‘Fly swift, ye hours!’ But should any circumstance interfere with this, I shall let you know. And now, my dear, dear girl, banish from your mind every supposition of a change in my affections: they are unalterable; from the first moment I saw you I loved every hour; that passion has increased, and in the possession of your heart I acknowledge with gratitude that I have obtained the very summit of my wishes. Do not doubt me, Charlotte—I write you from my heart, a heart overflowing with love, for a heart that while it beats shall own no other mistress.

“Dear, dear, dear girl, more than fame, more than wealth, more than life, more than heaven, I love you.

“I have received your charming letter. Do come if you can!!!

“*Crown Inn.*”

This is really like a lecture delivered on love-letter writing—*deliver* us from such lectures, and such writers! Surely men of talent get stultified when in love, and justify what Figaro says in the *Follies of a Day*—

“Que les gens d’esprit sont bêtes!”

The first letter was dated at the *Crown* Inn—an ominous name for “*finis coronat opus* ;” and we expected the next to be from the *Bell and Horns* ; but it was from the United States—not from *Virginia*. Let it speak for itself.

“ My dearest little love—I have received your enchanting little epistle ; though I am almost angry with you, to suppose that for a moment I could cease to love you : do believe me, when I tell you that every hour of absence I feel more and more the influence you have over my heart. One moment I think of my folly in not encouraging your proposal of coming with me ; and the next applaud my fortitude in repelling the foremost of my wishes ; but we shall meet again, sweet. I hear of all the adventurers at Drury-lane theatre : in your next tell me of their successes ; whether the humble spark of talent of the — still glows in the dramatic world, or if some unexpected meteor has dazzled the perception, to the total extinction of the minor light. I am almost tempted to say, come over and tell me all yourself ; but then you could never return, and I must ; besides, you would by such an act lose your rank in society, which you are so well qualified to adorn. I fancy I have you near me, and cannot help, boy-like, kissing

the paper that I know will shortly be in your hands. What project for the summer do you allude to, darling? I shall not quit the United States till the following year. I wish you could prevail on some one to come and look after lost property. O dear, dear, dear girl, if I had but you in my arms, amidst the acclamations that attend my professional career, I should think this the promised Elysium. Every thing, both on and off the stage, in this country, has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I am getting a great deal of money, and all is going on well. Give my love to my aunt, and tell her I am as prosperous as I wish to be; which I know will be pleasing to her. Remember me with affection and gratitude to sister Anne; and my dear, dear, dear little girl,

‘Doubt that the stars are fire,  
Doubt that the sun doth move,  
Doubt truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt I love!’”

What a fine quotation from Hamlet! the following would be far more appropriate:

“O! frailtie, thy name is woman!”

&c. &c. &c. for whoever will read the sequel.

Now comes in succession another from the United States, but not from A merry K.

“ How shall I thank my darling little girl for all her solicitude and affection, and how shall I tell her how much I love her, and how great my desire to have her once more in my arms? In my heart she reigns triumphant, and ever will reign there while one pulsation throbs to recollection. Indeed, love, I sincerely repent of my folly in restraining you from your wishes. There is not a night or day passes but some pleasing remembrance makes me say, if she was but here. Indeed, Charlotte, I love you—dearly love you; and though I always thought I did, the mortification of absence most powerfully convinces me. Your charming letters are a great source of delight and instruction to me, as of course my feelings are deeply interested in the success of Drury-lane; and I receive all the events with double satisfaction when they come from you, as I am well assured you inquire into them only for my gratification: it will be some time before I shall thank my little darling in person. I stay another year in America, and the only way we have to reconcile it is, that it is to my interest. I shall sail from New York to Liverpool on the 16th of next



April, anno 1822. Oh! what joy I shall then feel in clasping my dear, dear Charlotte to my heart. You ask me what money I am making? My love, it is almost incredible. I am living in the best style, travelling magnificently, and transmitting to England one thousand pounds each month.

“It gives me great pleasure to find —— is doing so well: from his great kindness and indulgence to me he is entitled to my best wishes. It is likewise doubly fortunate for me, as he cannot have any scruples in granting me an extension of my leave of absence. It is pleasing to find London does not forget me, though the Musical Phenomenon may have cast a temporary cloud over the tragic meteors of the dramatic hemisphere. Well, but how do you do? Are you in health? Are you in spirits? What are your occupations? No flatterers about you, I hope? Do not let any one rival, or, at all events, supersede me in your affections. I have now, Charlotte, dispassionately and reflectively placed my whole heart and soul upon you!!! It may perhaps be burdensome to you, for I am jealous—very jealous. I know, as yet, I have no cause; but absence is sometimes dangerous. I have given up all the frivolities of my nature, rejected all correspondences that could interfere with your

feelings. I have thought of you with the affection of a lover, and with the admiration of a friend. I have weighed the incontestable proofs of your love; have dwelt with rapture on the retrospection of the most happy moments of my life spent in your society; and, on summing up, have come to this conclusion—that through life, when imperious duty does not interfere,

“ I am, my dear Charlotte, unalterably,  
determinately, and affectionately yours,

“ EDMUND.

“ My love to sister Ann. Say every thing to aunt.”

The date of this fine piece of composition is *April*, and ought to have been on the *first* day thereof.

Whether love or liquor dictated the next it is difficult to say. It looks sentimental and watery: the last line, however, proves the *dissolute* age we live in.

*July 17.*—(*Post-mark 17th July, 1822.*)

“ My dear beloved girl,—Though I rejoice that all is safe, I must hate the causes of our separation; but it must be our mutual consolation, that we shall

meet again with greater pleasure, and perhaps devise some means to make us as inseparable in person as I am assured we are in heart. Let but the great cause be removed, and I shall laugh at all agencies, though they may pursue in a chaise and four : in other words, let him but go abroad, and I will dare the worst may threaten (with the exception of not making them miserable whom I am bound to protect), which, by being a little more cautious, we can easily avoid. We will in future depend upon ourselves : confidence creates presumption, and presumption disgust. You can, I am sure, understand me. I will write to you more fully on Sunday, which you know is the day, the only one, I have time, and I can now only say dearer than my life I love you, only you !!! and so shall do, till eternal dissolution."

A little more tame, but not less silly, is the April epistle, which vide beneath :

" My dear little love knows her Edmund too well to attribute his absence to neglect or forgetfulness of that form which is always present to his eye, and is so mingled with his nature, that it is felt in every pulsation of his heart. My dear Charlotte, never

believe but that I love beyond every thing this world can give me, and this little absence (however tedious it may seem) only confirms that you alone are necessary to my happiness. I am now in the chambers, where every article of furniture, every circumstance recalls you. I could say, return immediately to London, but prudence interferes, and advises us to get rid of our annoyances, and then, my dear, dear love, we meet to part no more."

But he (the lover) becomes worse and worse as he proceeds; and has no excuse for the brace of accompanying *billets-doux*, but his own assurance that he is so bothered that he cannot *sit down*. We have heard of a *lettre à cheval* (a letter written on horseback), but presume that these two must have been written *in nubibus* :

"My little darling,—Thank heaven, all is well, and let us be more wary for the future. I received your darling letter, and very much I fear I wrote, or that you interpreted, harshly my last letter. Indeed, my love, I would not grieve you for worlds. I know the necessity of his departure, and I would then hold my little darling to my heart and "sleep in spite of thunder." I am so surrounded by visitors

that I can scarcely seize the moment to dictate to my love the sincere emotions of my heart; but that I love her better than all the world, and will continue to do so till the end of life, is a feeling that I can never be dispossessed of.

“Do not mind my short letter.

“I really am so bothered I cannot sit down one minute. I am greatly successful here.”

“My dearest though imprudent little girl, for such I see you are determined to remain,—In spite of admonition and experience, why will you direct to me in my own name, when the others answer just as well? Letters may miscarry. I have not heard from her lately: she may be on the way to me, they may follow me: we have had one dreadful instance of that. My dear love, for heaven’s sake, be guarded. I cannot write to you a long letter, I am at all times so surrounded; but if I were to write to you volumes, it could only be repetitions of the same theme, and that is, that I love you almost to distraction, and every hour of absence from you tells me that life itself is not valuable without you. I thank you, dear love, for asking for the plaid: it displays that undivided confidence which ever should subsist in hearts formed for each

other. I hope my little darling will always tell me her wishes, without disguise or reservation; and if love, money, or industry can accomplish them, she is certain, as she may be, of the heart of her adorer."

If we suspected the hero of tragedy, and (to use his own expression) one of Shakspeare's heroes, to be drunk when he took up his pen and his pot together, we might suspect him of insanity, from the jumbling of Fate, Heaven, and Hell, displayed in this continuation of the loves of Edmund and Charlotte :

"My heart-strings,—That you are mistress of my heart and fate every moment of my life confirms. The world without you appears one vast and gloomy dungeon, and your letters are as sunbeams through the grating of the prison-house. I dwell on them with admiration : I fancy I am free, and for a moment I am basking in the full meridian of my wishes : the delirium subsides—I see the barriers that encompass me—my sun withdrawn (yourself)—and all is left to shade and desolation. Oh, God! Charlotte, how I love you! If such a feeling is a crime, why are we given it? I did not

seek it: the Power that will condemn has placed you in my way; the same inspiring hand that framed my better qualities pointed to you as the object of my love—my everlasting love! I must not doubt the justice of the Great Being, and have little or no faith in the general Tempter. Whatever it be,

‘ You are Fate—my Heaven or my Hell!’

“ H—— left Dublin yesterday, he told me, for Richmond; but from a secret correspondence he has been carrying on, and an increasing mystery in his manner, I suspect there is something in the wind that his friends must not know; and I am sorry to own that my disposition is so froward, that with me want of CONFIDENCE is loss of friendship. One point you, my dear love, must look to: I shall send 180*l*. directed to him at D. L. T. on Tuesday the 13th, which he will receive in due course; and though I have no suspicion but what he will be there to receive it, I should like you to see he does; that is, call at the theatre yourself, and see when the letter arrives. By the time you will receive this, you will have seen him. Ask, in your own frank and casual manner, if he is going to France, and write to me instantly. I shall leave Dublin for

Edinburgh the same day I direct the money to him. I play there on the 19th. Thus you see, my little darling, I make you my woman of business as well as companion of my heart. Your offer to assist poor E—— is like yourself—noble and unaffected ; but, my love, keep your little purse for contingencies. I will send to E——. You charm me by your charity, for I know it is not from ostentation. Every day shoots up some unexpected tendril round the root of my affections ; and you, little witch, have so entangled it, that nothing but an earthquake can disperse them. Tell T—— that had she no further claims on my affection but behaviour to you, I should hold her in my heart for ever : I shall never forget it. Now, little witch, obey the following injunctions about H—— : silence ! Direct me Simpson. Watch the receipt. Make your plaid (alluding to a present he had sent Mrs. C—— from Scotland) as you please. Love me dearly, dearly, and get rid of all obstacles as soon as you can. Caution be our pass-word."

My heart-strings ! why this is *hanging* matter!—not the *suspense* of the operation, but the hanging-out for a sweetheart ! Disgusted with the



blasphemy of the sacred appeals in profane affairs in other places of the letter, we shall only add the remainder without comment.

“ My dear love,

“ Do not let the thought enter your little brain for one moment that I intend you unkindness, or that my love is diminished. You shall find me ever the same, though I say with Coriolanus— ‘ World, I banish you.’ She left me yesterday for London ; if that had not been the case I could not have written to you now. I am watched more closely than Bonaparte at St. Helena ; independent of which I have never been three days in a place. I am setting off now for Whitehaven, where I play till Friday the 8th, and set off after the play for London. If you could manage without a shadow of suspicion, how happy I should be ; but beware, my brain is overclouded now with care, and you must lighten, not increase it.

“ She gave a hint about meeting me at Barnet on Monday morning ; but if every thing should concur smoothly in bringing you to St. Alban’s, I would not go through Barnet, but take another road to London. But remember, caution is the

word, and true love will rather shield its object from dangers than incur them.

“Mrs. Simpson, care of Miss Tiddswell,  
12, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London.”

*Postmark, Exeter, 6th Jan. 1823.*

“Dear little imprudent girl,

“Your incaution has been very near bringing our acquaintance to the most lamentable crisis. Of course he will show you the letter I have written him; appear to countenance it, and let him think we are never to meet again, and in so doing he has lost a friend: leave all further arrangements to me. My aunt desires her best wishes to you, notwithstanding her anger, she says, of your conduct before him. Love shields the object of its wishes, not exposes it. All shall be shortly as you wish.”

N. B. The *little imprudent girl* has nothing about her to justify the last epithet: but love is blind.

The intervening morçeau does not partake so much of folly as another quality; we leave the name of it to the reader. It begins with dear C——, (cuckoo perhaps), and continues in a high strain of sentiment—equal it who can.

"I have been seriously considering the mass of nonsense uttered by us the two last nights at Salisbury. I must own likewise they have given me great uneasiness. If I have paid more attention to your family than any other of my acquaintances, the simple motive was to show the world that I valued my friends as much in adversity as when I shared their hospitality in their prosperity. I am sorry my conduct has been misconstrued, as the inference is unworthy of yourself, me, and a being, whose conduct, I am sure, is unimpeachable. To remove all doubts upon the subject, and to counteract the effects of invidious men, I shall beg leave to withdraw a friendship rendered unworthy by suspicion.

"I must be the worst of villains, if I could take that man by the hand while meditating towards him an act of injustice. You do not know me, Cox: mine are follies, not vices. It has been my text to do all the good I could in the world; and when I am called to a superior bourne, my memory may be blamed, but not despised. Wishing you and your family every blessing the world can give you, believe me nothing less than,

"Yours most sincerely,

"EDMUND."

Yours most sincerely ! bravo ! well played indeed !

IN CONTINUATION.

“ My dear love,

“ I wrote angrily to you yesterday ; forgive me, I was disappointed at not receiving a letter from you, and wrote in irritation. Indeed, love, I would not doubt you for worlds, for I live but by thinking of you, and if I lose you, I am sure my heart will break. I do not come to London till the following Monday. I am engaged at Southampton for the next week ; direct your next letter accordingly. I do not know how to answer you about your Dorsetshire proposal ; is it not hazardous ? Whenever you leave London their eyes will be upon you : think of it well, and let me know when you have determined : let me find a letter from you, on Monday, at Southampton. Love to aunts and sisters.

“ Mrs. Elbe, care of Miss T——,  
Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, London.”

“ Too plainly I perceive still, dear L. B., an obvious change in the tenor of your letters ; and a less

observer of the world can easily interpret that change of circumstances effects a change of sentiment.

“ Six months ago I was the only subject of your epistles, every page assurances of your love; and your terminations, the hope of passing your life with me. It seems now as if you had become weary of the subject, but think it necessary to fill the paper, that I may not too suddenly perceive a change of feeling. You now tell me of concerts, going to plays, and give me long critiques of singers and actors, to whose merits or defects I am totally indifferent; and seem very clearly to have made up your mind to a circumstance which once I was vain enough to think would have broken your heart—that of parting to meet no more. If such is your feeling, depend upon it, I shall release you from your bonds before my departure for America. That simple style of writing that you had, and which I used to clasp to my heart, kiss with my lips, and sleep with on my pillow, is changed to the slang of fashionable coquetry. “I did not give the colonel one smile to-night.” Why any night, if those smiles belong to me? But above all, dearest, for I still must call you so, you have betrayed a littleness of mind, which, if I had not read under your own hand, I never could have believed.

“ Your rejection of his offers, upon the plea of giving up houses, servants, and society—is this my Charlotte?—no. I will believe that some fiend has usurped her character; for if you can so coolly balance the world’s enjoyments against your love for me, I have been mistaken in you, and think, with uninterested observers, that it was passion and not love. Mark the difference—I could, for you, banish every pleasure of this life, shut myself in the most dreary cavern, undergo every privation, lose even the recollection of my language for want of use, if, even at the end of twenty years, I was sure of possessing you for ever—that is, with the mind that has captivated me for the last six years. I shall say no more; there seemed but one way to secure our after happiness, and that, it seems, you have rejected. I shall never again repeat it, nor tempt you for a moment to make such powerful sacrifices as houses, servants, concerts, and colonels. Farewell.

“ Your unhappy, but fortunately proud

“ EDMUND.”

Hem!—Here is a piece of jealousy!

If repetitions from beginning to end are pleasing, this must please. It seems like "Richard 's himself again."

" My darling, darling love, writes to me in affliction ; and every thought but for her happiness has subsided. She flies to me for refuge ; my heart, my whole heart, is open to receive her. My advice, my love, is this, if you can, secure Miss W. to your interest ; if not, fly to my protection. All I ask is, that for a few months you will hide yourself, that when the hue and cry is raised, they shall find nothing to criminate me. ' If the goods are not found upon the thief, there can be no conviction.' Make up your mind by Monday, and meet me alone, if possible, close to the Diorama, Regent's Park, by one o'clock : keep the meeting an entire secret, if you can ; if that is impracticable, do not let any other person be prepared to see me till the moment I stand before them. What money you may want you shall have in three hours' notice. Indeed, my love, I adore you ; and if it becomes your determination to proceed to extremities, you shall ever find in me your lover, husband, father, friend ; but do not let my darling ever again degrade herself in the opinion of her worshipper, by placing on

the same scale houses and servants against feelings of affection.

“ There is but one point on which I am firm, that is, my duty to my family ; after that I am all in all yours for ever.

“ London.”

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“ How can I thank you for your flattering solicitude? By no other means than by obeying implicitly all your commands. I am infinitely better this morning, and impatient to convince you that your suspicions are unfounded, which I hope to have an opportunity of doing to-morrow at twelve o'clock.

“ Doubt that the stars are fire ;  
Doubt that the sun doth move ;  
Doubt truth to be a liar ;—  
But never doubt—I love !”

Bravo ! bravo ! breechesimo ! breechesimo !  
bravo ! bravo !

In conclusion :

“ To little B. !” How many things B. stands for !—*beaux* and *belles*, *breeches*, and the rhyme for them. But to the *letter*.



" Dear love,

" I have been so ill, that it is with the utmost difficulty I could consent to act to-night. If every part of my conduct is to be so misinterpreted, and deprive you of the joys of riding in kind friends' carriages, perhaps it would be better that we made no future appointments.

" I do not say this sincerely, for I love you dearer than my life ; but I am very angry at your note. If your feeling was what I could wish it, you would pity my illness. Love, and do not provoke. L. B.

" No. I forgot Mrs. !!! A——"

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" My dear little love,

*Oct. 14.*

" I shall be a fortnight longer away than I expected. Could I have dreamed of such an event, I certainly would have had you with me ; but your feelings must be reconciled in my interest. I shall have the only thing I love in the world, Friday, the 31st, in my arms, and that is you, my dear, dear, dear, dear.

L. B.

" I go by Glasgow and Edinburgh to London.  
L. B."

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" My dearest, dearest, little love,

" Walk every day in my absence : they will

soon be tired of watching. Change your route each time. The receiving house for letters shall be here, on both sides, under the name of Sexton and Mrs. Elbe. Put all letters in the post yourself, whether twopenny or general. On my return, I will so contrive our meetings, that a lynx's eye shall not penetrate our retreats ! Oh ! my soul, my love, life without you is valueless. I knew not till now the extent of my adoration.

“ Mrs. ———.”

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“ Welcome, my life, my love, my soul. I cannot see you till after the farce, which I act in to-night, for my benefit. How does my little darling ? I introduce to you my friend, Mr. Crooke, an officer of the wolves, whom I have commissioned to be in attendance, and pay all honours to his captain's love. I shall hurry through the Tobacconist as fast as possible. It mattered not what subject, Little Breeches.”

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“ Dearest love,

“ I am sorry we could not meet yesterday ; as if I should not chance to see you to-day, I cannot meet you till Monday. To-morrow I must be with

the Fund ; and on Sunday they have engaged me in home service. If you receive this before two o'clock, I shall leave the theatre at that time, and walk through the Cows home. Shall take care of the box : glad the clothes fit.

“ On my soul I expected a Fund Committee to-morrow.

“ I shall be, at one, at the place I appointed to-day. I have received a note that I have had suspicion of.”

Such were the love strains and amatory correspondence of the actor and the alderman's spouse. Not only were the public prints defiled, disgraced, and filled with this foul matter, but the trial got into print. The Grub-street press was set to work, and a catchpenny was made of the subject, said and sung through our streets, from one shilling to one penny. Thus runs the muddy tide of scandal through the town, polluting all which it touches, and bearing down every thing which impedes its impure course. Nor can we consider this second O.P. row as justifiable in any shape. The opposition of force to public opinion, the setting up of a party on each side—not the one for virtue and the other for libertinage—but the one for cant and hypocrisy, the

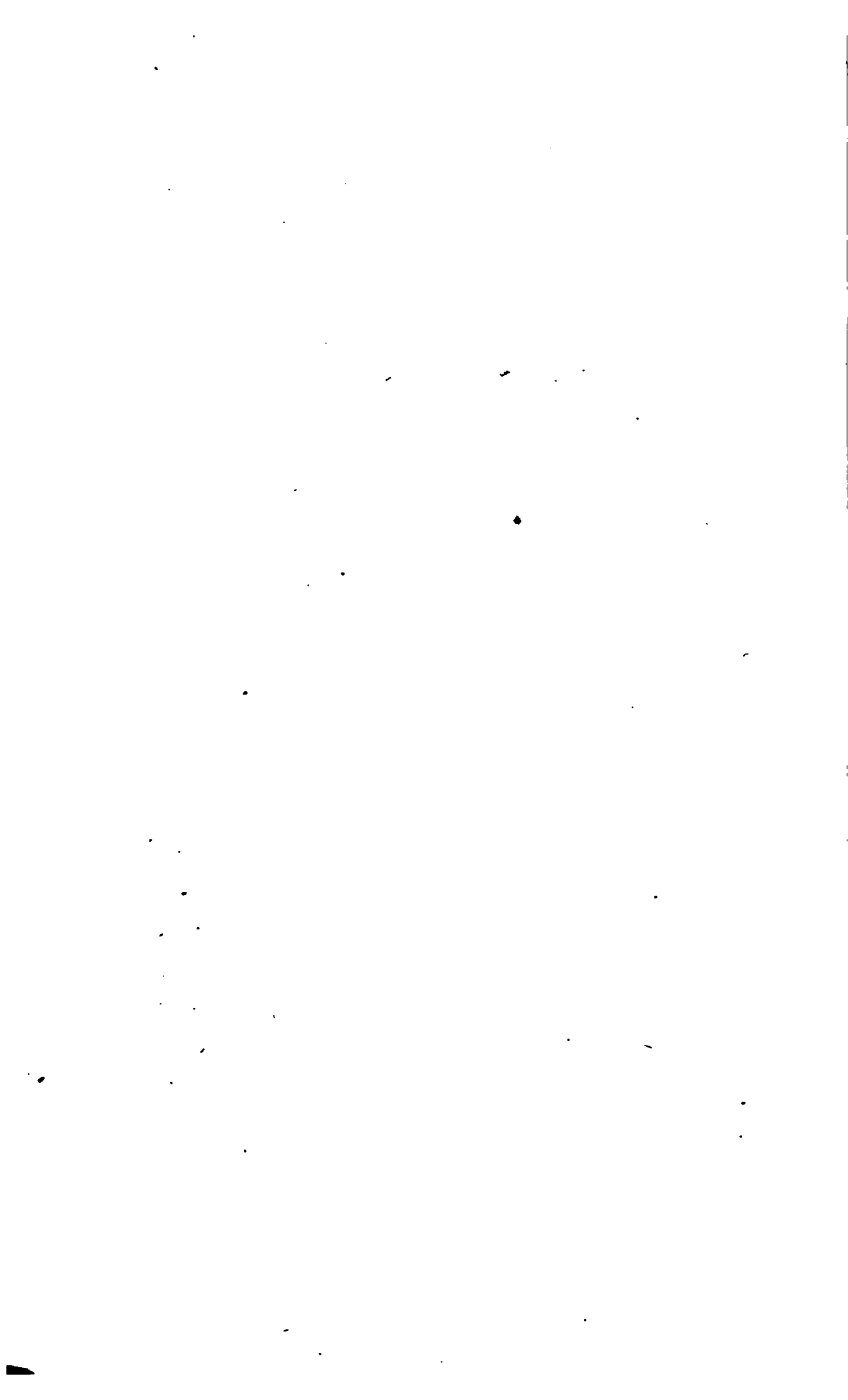
other subdivided into different disgraceful heads—interest, the hirelings, idlers, sharpers, the spirit of opposition, and the lovers of rows, brawls, fun, uproar, and riot. And what did the little *patten* of Cinderella slipper do there\*? a patten more lucky than a certain foot, if all we hear be true; and if a certain illegitimate descendant of royalty be in earnest, and not in play; for the parts that have of late been played neither do honour to the theatre nor to real life.

But is there no virtue in the land? no dignity, no national character of immaculacy and truth? Where are our matrons, formerly as celebrated as those of Rome? Are the intrigues of the servants of the public topics interesting enough for the court, the drawing-room, and my lady's boudoir? Or ought we not rather to look upon the theatrical world in their scenic character only? But the whole world seems really turned upside down:—here we have a servant of the public, assuring that public which pays him that he is a most honourable gentleman, as if he was doing the audience an honour and him-

\* Our readers will recollect that Cinderella made a most noble match when the foot was found for the glass slipper.

self at the same time : there we have Little Breeches (so he is nick-named) extolling his own delicacy, and balancing as to whether he is to treat the company with an explanation of his gross intrigue with a gross character ;—these are the monstrosities of the day—they hold us up in ridicule to our neighbours—they corrupt the youth of both sexes—they ascend like a noxious vapour, and affect the purer and higher sphere ; so that we see the first classes mingling in low debauch, and the learned and grave professions losing morality and falling into disrepute. Crimes which the eye of chastity cannot read of, together with crim. con. cases and breaches of promise of marriage, extend even to the venerable gown, which mark the pulpit orators to that profession to which England looks for the custody of public morals, for the example of her lay-subjects, and for the education of her children. But let us drop the unwelcome theme, hoping that this commencing year may be chaster than the last—that the snow-drop of innocence may not be blighted in the bud, nor the rose-leaf of promise be shed by a despoiler's hand—that April may not be the month of dupes, nor the triumph of fools—and that May *may* come in with the blossoms only which may bear

good fruit, and with redeemed promises and substantiated hopes—finally, that the orb of day may, in his course, shine upon Virgo and Libra, instead of upon Taurus and Capricorn; so that innocence and justice may be brought into fashion, whilst horned cattle and horn fair may be banished and deserted.



## CHAPTER XX.

### RAISING THE WIND.

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“ For he that has but Impudence,  
To all things has a fair pretence ;  
And put among his wants but shame,  
To all the world he may lay claim.”

*Hudibras.*

*Of Crim. Con.—Trials in general—The drift of council and client—Delicacy how little met with—The false colouring and importance given to men and things—Contrast of trials for breach of promise.*

THERE are so many ways of raising the wind, that the only object worthy of inquiry is that method which is most innocent and least disgraceful. Poor Jeremy Diddler was certainly innoxious. A manœuvre for a breakfast, or for the postage of a letter, a dinner, or better coat, or even for a wife, may be tolerated ; but when the wind is raised by frail madam, receiving presents on one hand, and duped (to say the least) husband patching up his affairs by damages in a crim. con. trial, on the other, we cannot help feeling a sentiment of indig-



nation to all parties, since oaths, promises, the rights of hospitality, and the rules of decency, must all be violated by such a commerce, which becomes the more criminal the longer it lasts, and the more a shame to the country in proportion as letters and other condemning evidence abound, which common prudence might have concealed, and if comeatable from *design*, *interest*, or the parties glorying in their dishonour, what can we say? But what is the end proposed by the contending parties in a criminal action of this nature? Mutual exposure, to criminate and recriminate, to get swinging damages on one side, to avoid them by every mean subterfuge on the other, the "*fair penitent*" would never preserve damning proof against herself, nor recorded disgrace falling on her husband's brow; the injured husband of honour and of modest feeling would seek no *aggravating* circumstances, but merely effect the separation from her who had deserted his bed; the contrite, gentlemanlike defendant would either let judgment go by default, or say (by the mouth of his counsel) as little as possible, and that little in bashful acknowledgment of guilt, but in plea for mitigation of damages, where poverty might be an excuse for so doing. But the drift of both parties is nowadays quite contrary

to such delicacy. Even the shadow of it, the shade of a shadow, we might say, is not preserved. False colourings are put on; *refinements* where nothing refined exists; an assumption of sentiment; *verbiage*, high-flown expressions, and the *features* of the case, are talked of in the most brazen-faced style. In addition to the borrowed importance of the case, the culpable parties, both, or one of them, are made of such magnitude that the eye doubts what it is reading. Who could suppose that a hireling servant of the public, however eminent in his line, was the person alluded to in the opening of the crim. con. trial now before the reader? And of what consequence is it to a trial for adultery whether the paramour be an eminent artist, or an idle man of fortune, a worthless spendthrift, or an industrious artisan? The crime is the same.

The following pompous *overture* to the piece lately performed would seem to argue otherwise, and would fain cover the odium of the case with such trappings as might divert the imagination, and lead it into the flowery paths of oblivion.

“ May it please you, my Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—It is my painful duty, on the present occasion, to bring under your consideration one of those unfortunate cases of criminal conversation

which the present state of morality in this country has rendered not unfrequent amongst us. In all the cases which I have hitherto observed, amongst all their peculiarly offensive features, I have never met one with a worse character of aggravation than this, throughout all its parts. Never did I before meet an instance of so long a continued violation of the laws of hospitality, so long an abuse of the still more sacred privileges of friendship, so treacherous and cruel a mockery of that honourable confidence, without which love and friendship can be but a name. In the lengthened narrative, Gentlemen of the Jury, which it will be my painful task to submit to you, I have at least the consolation of being spared the necessity, usual in cases of this kind, of introducing to your knowledge the characters and situations in life of the parties in this case; for it would be difficult to select two individuals who are better or more universally known in this great metropolis. The defendant, you all know, occupies a most prominent situation in the eyes of all mankind. Indeed, no man is better known throughout the whole civilized world; no man can hold a more prominent distinction: he holds the very first place in the first rank of that profession, which in a peculiar manner brings the possessor before the eyes

of the public. You all recollect his first distinguished appearance amongst us, when he blazed upon the town, and commanded, without a moment's delay, that conspicuous situation in the public estimation, which others had only attained after patient awaiting and severe study, and which they often subsequently lost by some capricious alteration of the popular feeling, but which was held for eleven long years without fluctuation," &c.

But we are so used to the dressing up of cases at the bar, that nothing astonishes us; and we have only now to *refine* a little more, until we construe conjugal infidelity and extensive seduction into an amiable weakness, and *l'amiable folie*. In high life, indeed, we have so much of this glossing, covering, colouring, and varnishing, that an attempt may soon be made to induce us to believe that black is white, or that raven-grey may be turned into *couleur de rose*. But whilst we reprobate this growing system, this *cornucopiæ* of *plenty* of errors, we cannot let the *soi-disant* moral press, the canters and whiners, the rounders of sentences, and declaimers against frailty, who have nothing to boast of half so *light*, pass unnoticed, nor rear the head of hypocrisy above their neighbours. Before a man throws stones, ("and who dares to throw the first?") he

should think of his own windows. Even the brazen front, if impenetrable, is still tangible. The counterfeit is easily discovered by those who know the value of the sterling coin of the realm. If "*sayings and doings*" are so different, why should poor *Richard* be thus baited like a bull, by his fellow-man Mr. Bull, any more than a candidate for a certain church, who had damages awarded against him for *crim. con.* many years back ; and we believe has not yet paid them ? or than he who preaches against inebriety after a night's debauch ? or the editor of a canting paper, who overdoes the commandment of loving his neighbour as himself, and transfers that love to his neighbour's wife ? or than a proprietor or publisher of the moral press, who lives in open and triumphant vice ? Or why should the paramour of *Little Breeches* be driven from the profession, in which he is so eminent, more than other buskined heroes and heroines, whose private life will not bear a scrutiny ? It is from the public talent, not the private life of the actor, that delights and amuses the audience ; else might the scene-shifter and candle-snuffer not only be rivals to the *Roscus* of the day, but far eclipse him. When we go to hear the bold declamation of a hero, and to examine the imitation of the passions, does the actor's private life give

added effect to the language of Shakspeare, of Rowe, of Otway? &c. When we behold a Shylock or an Iago, must the performer be a traitor or a Jew? To do justice to his part, must Lothario and Romeo play the part on and off the stage alike? The thing is ridiculous. Does not the clergyman even tell us to mind more what he says than what he does? From the mixing up private failings, secret anecdotes, and the like, with the public duties of every servant of that public, from the senator to the showman, come incalculable injustices. But these are the injustices of two classes only,—of the rabble and of hypocrites, of the gods (as they are called), who roar out the full price of their shilling, and who enjoy a row, let it occur how it may; and of the serviles, who, preaching independence, sell their strictures by the page; and who, like hypocrites as they are, prose about that morality which they know alone by name. To these we might add, the unseen stabbings, malice, envy, and all uncharitableness. These cannot be crushed, because they are not seen; but their destruction is extensive. The moral press deserves, and must have, a chapter to themselves (we mean the worthies who conduct and direct it); and they shall have it. Justice, in the mean time, demands that the meed of praise

should be given to that manly feeling which guided the audience on its reception of an injured woman. This was a redeeming quality indeed ; for however roughly honest John may handle his own sex, the milk of human kindness flows warmly and rapidly round his heart, when defenceless woman calls for his protection. This old English feeling, we hope, will never be neutralized, either by domestic revolutions, or by our foreign relations, by any *natural* or unnatural connexions, by fashion, fancy, interest, or caprice. This feeling is true morality, sound sense, and honesty ; and it is that which leads to glory in the field and on the vasty deep, and ensures us the smile of beauty in the retirement of home. But, talking of morality, a word on the moral press.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

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"Come forth, my rascals:—

——— Our honour be attended

With men of arts and arms: captains and poets  
Shall, with the Bilbo-blade and grey goose quill,  
Grace our retinue. And when we grow surly,  
Valour and wit fall prostrate at our frown—  
Crouch, imps of Mars and frogs of Helicon!"

*Jealous Lovers*—1668.

*Liberty of the Press—Its use—Its abuse—Canterers  
—Whiners—Ranters—Spatterers—Apostates  
—Ratters—Reviewers, and men of all work—  
Individuals—Reflections.*

"Woe unto ye, *Scribes* and Pharisees, hypocrites," &c.

THE character of a hypocrite is one of the basest possible, yet is its existence to be traced to the remotest period—witness the above extract, in which this class of offenders is so clearly denounced; and it is precisely against *scribes* that the denunciation is pronounced. Let the self-named moral press look to it—those scribes who, not content to dip



their goose or gander quills in gall, turn moralists *upon paper only*, to inflict a deeper wound with the poisoned arrows thrown from behind the masked battery of their printing offices; and who, with the devil (the printer's be it understood), and the compositors at their backs, play the devil with all who will submit to their laceration, and compose such unclerical homilies as make fools and simples sigh, moan, and groan, whilst the objects of their cruelty are writhing with pain. But what is all this?—Wickedness and weakness; for it must not be imagined that Mr. Proprietor and Mr. Editor, Mr. Publisher and Mr. Printer, are in earnest. Bless you! no; they are revelling over the profits of their morality *in print*, and practising the vices which they can thus paint more faithfully, *after nature*. How they laugh when they read their own sermons! and how they (shopmen and all) chuckle at seeing the gulls walk out of their shops with a bundle of virtues and vices under their arms: the former which they (the editors, &c.) do not possess, but represent; the latter, which, being *honestly* and *truly* their own, they lend to others—we say *lend*, because they sometimes come back, with interest, to themselves, and give them a hit, like a ricochet shot! What fun it is to all parties, but that one which is

played upon ! But is not this hypocrisy in the *superlative* degree ? *Positively* it is so ; but it is but a *comparative* ill—it might be worse, since it is the effect of the liberty of the press. Figure to yourself, gentle reader, a tumefied journalist, a bloated editor, and a prosperous printer, coming to town in a perspiration, driving coach, curricule, dog-cart, (we don't allude to the animal within), or tilbury, or bestriding a fine horse, and giving their dictatorial orders to their slaves, scribbling away, at so much a line or column, and hurrying it over, to speculate in the money market, or to visit their mistress, to buy a good bargain at a sale, or to be ready in time for a gastronomic feast ! What a paltry chance a poor devil has, who is before the public, when these worthies are amorous, hungry, or troubled with bile ! “Cut me up the King of Spain,” cries one, (and he is not worth cutting up). “Destroy me all the Bourbons, and make mincemeat of the Holy Alliance,” orders another, who is hungry after his ride. “Misrepresent the Greeks,” dictates a third, whose *grease* and bile are troublesome to him. Fill the blank columns with murders, robberies, rapes, and accidents, tempered with “*we are informed ;*” and in the *chapter of accidents*, some of them may be true. “Or,” says a sly, in-

triguing demi-fashionable, the *pocket* edition of a great man, whose greatness arises from that same pocket, "Marry me Miss So-and-so to Lord Longdash, or seven stars; and how mad both the parties will be!" Or, "Note down that change in the administration, which Ned Noodle and I made over our bottle last night at the Albion, and be sure to put in plenty of *on dits*," which *on dits* never were said. "But the *leaden*" (i. e. leading) article observes once in the *minor* department—"Oh! get the poor starving author, who pesters me so, to write a complete moral essay against the depravity of the Times (we mean not the newspaper), and the errors of the Globe (the artillery-colonel of the Globe is not here alluded to), conjugal infidelity, gaming, and all kinds of vice. Natura, Natura, Natura, and order my carriage." "But we a'n't full yet." "Well, then, make war with the Turks." "And run over an old woman in the Strand. And you" (an humble dependent) "*run over* the political article, and see that *all's right*." And with this he drives off like the "*all right*" of a stage-coach. What a deal of mischief must there be in such a paper! This is the liberty of the press with a vengeance; yet to this liberty of the press we owe much of our national character. How many

wicked, cruel, and corrupt people would escape unnoticed without it! Tyrants and oppressors are here dragged forth to public view; they run the gauntlet; they pass through the ordeal by this means. How many too are there whose injustice, cruelty, avarice, and guilty passions would pass unnoticed, and triumph, from their non-exposure, who are awed, checked, and put down by an appeal to the public! those, too, who would brave the hatred of men, nay, even the lash of the law, did not the publicity of their crimes wound their pride and ruin them in society. Some, too, there are that would scoff at direct abuse, but would be wounded to the quick by keen satire, start from ridicule, and expire at an epigram, or a pointed jest—so far is the *use* of the liberty of the press—its abuse is dreadful. A humorous reporter, who has humour at his fingers'-ends, the *rabies scribendi*, will mix you up a dose of scandal and abuse, culled from *ex parte* evidence, from probabilities or possibilities, from insinuations and twistings, until the subject of these *pleasantries* is prejudged, misrepresented, and murdered in the papers, at least his reputation may expire, without a chance, or without a groan, or such a one that will not be heard by that public who condemns him;

and it does not fall to the lot of every one to be able to defend himself in a paper war, nor has every one a purse at command to hire the pen of a ready writer. We have a sad instance in view of a brave man, who had fought his country's battles nobly, but who was cut down in print, and who committed suicide in consequence: the press destroyed him whom the storms and hostile bullets spared. These are the abuses which cry aloud for vengeance; nor can it be doubted that the increase of vice is from its becoming so familiar to the eyes and ears of youth. How many details ought to experience the censor's scissors, if these same scissors could be confined to cutting them off only, as the Herald of all these matters, the thing of "shreds and patches!" How many stories are made public which ought to have been consigned to the dark and dirty privacy of transgression! We say nothing of the venal, mercenary press, of the rats, and weather-cock printing politicians, who keep up the balance of power, by the counterpoise of gold thrown into the scale, or who, like a certain German prince, in days of yore, exhibited a terrible *tirade* against his government, but who was bribed off, and who being put in mind of what had happened, observed coolly, "Ma foi, le *présent* me fait oublier le passé." "Upon

*my faith*, the *present* makes me forget the past." To public contempt and the remnant of their own consciences we leave such characters, as we do the *pretended* independents, who, like the pretended moralizers, only act a part, and might be classified with the *independent* companies raised and made a job of; and of which Pat, when asked what independent companies meant, replied, after a little hesitation, "Troth, I believe they are companies that can't be depended on." But of the moral press, both newsmen and reviewers, we have as many gradations as we have of men of letters, beginning with the twopenny post-man, Sunday school-master, and compositor, and ending with all editors, proprietors, and authors, from Grub-street up to the Strand, from Pedler's Acre to Longacre, and from the penny prints to the fortune-making editors of old-established party papers: they may be divided into ranters, canters, whiners, spatterers, and *non-descripts*. The virulent man rants and thunders, like the fanatic in his pulpit, dealing out destruction by the *pound*; he accuses, denounces, abuses, and hits about him, and asks "if there is no virtue in the land?" The canter gets into such a long and well-known cant and humbug, that one might fancy what he was going to say before one took the trouble

to hear or see what his pages or columns contain ; whether of affected loyalty, with the church in danger, and poor old England getting daily more and more demoralized, although the writer may never have entered a church, and old England be no dearer to him than any other country, provided he did not turn his talent to account there, or whether, *vice versa*, the corruption of the age was his thread-bare and worn-out theme with parliamentary reform, fought in front to disguise his gains by the cause of freedom. The whiners are our complaining, grumbling *instruments* of faction, inharmonious in their lines, and always *out of tune*, and, what is worse to them, out of place, sometimes playing upon others, and sometimes played upon—your writers of *jeremiads*, and marvellers at men's depravity, who forget the beam in their own eye, or rather, who think it all my eye, but who wish to impose upon others. The whiner is an insipid prater, who fills his pages with old, trite, and worn-out phrases, in the way of tepid and mawkish remarks, quaintness, affectation, and common-place, an attempt at bemoaning existing depravity, but below notice. Spatterers are those who throw mud at all on Sundays, without judgment or discrimination, in hopes that some must hit ; just as the lowest servile

flatterers apply the dose of gross adulation, as thick and strong as possible, in order that some, at least, may go down : but each of these classes sicken and disgust, and the poison is thrown off, and only nauseates all parties. One remark more, and we have done with them : there are beings so dirty, that to come in contact with them some pollution must take place ; of these individuals some of the most prominent are ci-devant feather-bed military men, Mayooth Milesians, whiskey-dealers and Finiatarrians, druggists and apothecaries, who, carrying their drugs into their papers, administer opiates and emetics by turns, who measure out their dose of scandal and abuse without scruples, expecting that their *Rx.* will go down with all the *patients* in the town ; and that whilst they throw off their own foul humour, they may prescribe for the *constitution* of Great Britain—Poor quacks!!! Fustian men, linen-drapers and tailors, things of threads and patches, who, had they belonged to old Falstaff, would have been *sent to Coventry* without him, and would have heard repeated the old words, “ I’ll not march these men through Coventry, that’s *flat*.” Flat enough ! Ushers of the rod, not the black rod, but flea-bottomists and *b—m.*



proof, the *fundamental features* of their works. Peace to the shade of the minister who gave his *countenance* to such an expression. Printers' devils, blue or black, who *naturally* could descant upon the freedom of *the press*; *uncivil* civilians, whose law is physic, just as the apothecary's physic passes for law; moralists of the nineteenth century; turn-coats and apostates, with many others who would turn their coats, had they a coat to turn, but who, cloaked in cant and sanctity, in verbose loyalty, and printed morality, conceal the fissures in their doublets, but who, if *suited* (by the tailor) to their minds, would take other *measures* from those which they now pursue. By the head of Confucius, there never was such a set at the *head* of affairs, with such *strange* names and devices: Times which are altered, Globes like the airy bubbles blown by children, Heralds unknown to chivalry and arms, Examiners who would be Inquisitors, but who are mere inquirers, without knowing the *ratio quare*, or having the talent to pass examination for a master of arts; *Reviewers* who would not pass *muster*, Europeans confined to Fleet-street, Holborn, or the Fleet *magazines*, a *store* of nonsense, or exploding combustibles, lite-

rary publications of alphabetical magnitude, letters and words : but *non plus ultra*.

Common sense with a *caput mortuum* at the top, and with a *plenum vacuum* as the furniture of its columns, fallen stars, and comets, or Cobbet's with a fiery tail ; and why should we go further ? the Post is a *direction* post, and there's nothing new under the Sun. So much for the paper war, which is a war of elements, a *wreck* of matter, and a (would-be) crush of worlds ; and from these sources we are to receive our morals and our politics ! But we have forgotten the nondescripts—these are the unhired *vehicles* of news and scandal which stand empty at each corner of the street ; but when hired, carry on a *driving* trade through the metropolis, and receive all sorts of tales and customers that pay well, *taking up* and *setting down*, as the job answers best, the *hacks* of party, the labouring mechanics, artisans, and carriers of reports. Such is the moral press, not more sincere, but less infamous than the immoral one, using a Hone to whet the edge of their satire, and having retailing shops to vend their matchless blacking. The scissors and the extinguisher would be of great service to these LIGHTS, but they might injure the *liver* ; and it is

better that the body of the nation should be healthy than that the disease of its members should occasion a radical remedy, and so endangering the whole system. Live on, ye scribblers, as the itinerant quack said he did, on *simples* !

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A CURE FOR HEART-ACHE.

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“ ———— Sirs, may this favour done  
An injured maid call blessings on your heads  
In plenteous showers.”

*Randolph, 1688.*

*The child of nature again—The wanderer returns to her professional pursuits—General interest excited by her reappearance—Generous feeling of the public and warmth of reception—The seducer turns persecutor—Slanders of Fitzalleyne and his friends refuted—Comments thereon—A digression—Anticipations of the prospective.*

AT length the eventful period arrived when Maria was once more to return to her professional pursuits, when that lovely being, who had so often interested an admiring public, was again to be restored to their sight, and the eager eye of curiosity was to be satisfied by the public appearance of the

fair, whose wrongs had created but one feeling of indignation in every generous bosom. The managers with a becoming liberality had readily acceded to her terms, by which an increased salary of double the previous amount was secured to her, and they were generously rewarded by the public for so doing. In no former instance was the crowd at the box-office more pressing, or the disappointment greater. Thousands of warm and feeling hearts of both sexes were doomed to experience a denial from the want of earlier application; and long before the night arrived, every seat was engaged for her reappearance; even the orchestra was filled with persons of fashion at one guinea each; and ere the heroine of our romance appeared, the indications of a flattering welcome were too obvious to be misunderstood. The play chosen was the *Belle's Stratagem*, and the part of Letitia Hardy was allotted to Maria.

On the entrance of the respective performers, who were favourites of the public—Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Gibbs, &c.—great applause was given; but on the appearance of Maria, the burst was like an electric shock communicating to all the audience. She was naturally much affected on her first appearance, and overcome with emotion, rested

her head on the bosom of Mrs. Gibbs with graceful and unaffected pathos. Loudly cheered by the audience, she gradually acquired nerve, and went through the part, which contained several significant allusions, with great propriety and even éclat. When the applause subsided, one or two dissentient voices were heard, but they were soon quieted, chiefly by manual force, that soon convinced the remaining few that silence was most prudent. The performance then proceeded quietly, with the exception of the applause that attended the passages that could be brought into allusion to Maria's peculiar circumstances. Her song was rapturously encored, and every thing indicated a warmth of feeling that must have been highly gratifying to her.

She has since repeated the character with increased success; and it is clear the voice of the public has exculpated her from any stigma in the transactions which it has been her painful task to play such a heart-rending principal part in. A feeling writer of the day very properly proposes to examine on what grounds this man, Fitzalleyne, had broken his faith with a lovely woman, who confided in what she imagined he possessed—honour. Is it his birth? Surely, Maria, the daughter of an officer in the army, and of a lady whose relatives are of the

greatest respectability, claims as high a rank as the illegitimate Fitzalleyne. Is it his rank? Let us see what that is:—a colonel in the militia. What induced such a man as Fitzalleyne to join our military forces at all?—vanity, rank vanity: Did he wish to serve his country, the line was open to receive him; but fighting is not the colonel's *forte*: no, but regimentals were desirable, that he might

“Strut before a wanton ambling nymph;”

so he adopted the safe expedient of obtaining the honorary title, without the danger. What is he besides?—an amateur actor, a private player; a creature, who not having the excuse of want, willingly exposes his imbecility on a public stage; a thing that, with the power (as far as worldly dross conveys power) of patronizing the stage, degrades it by ridiculous performances, and actually injures the professors of the art: for, supposing the influence of this amateur soldier and volunteer performer to attract an audience at Cheltenham on one night (that night being generally appropriated for some particular purpose), the whole business of the week is injured by the single overflow. We look upon Fitzalleyne as a singular compound of the

butterfly and the wasp: he has all the frivolity of the one, with all the venom of the other.

The M—— of A—— is a coxcomb, but he is a brave one; his dandyism goes no further than his attire; his heart and mind were not framed in St. James's. *He*, under different circumstances, gained the affections of a beautiful woman (and under such circumstances too as did not perhaps call for retribution), but he did not desert her to the lonely solitude of bitter reflection and wounded feelings; *he* was a man and a soldier; and, if he was a sinner, was not a pitiful one. Had the colonel married Maria, who would have blamed him? Has any one a right to impugn his conduct? Are there not a myriad of examples of *peers* leading actresses to the altar? Surely, the illegitimate son of a butcher's daughter could not deem it a condescension; and, as to the futile objection of her having previously surrendered herself to him, he should have remembered his pledge was his honour; and did not that urge him to it, he might still take her hand with the consoling recollection of

“ My father did so before me.”

But all these expectations have vanished; and we sincerely hope Maria may live to enjoy happier



hours, to bless, and make blessed, some worthier swain, whose heart, actuated by true love, and free from interested feelings, may prove to the lovely victim a husband and a lover. In her professional character Maria possesses one quality which genius does not always boast of, and which indeed is perhaps the best substitute for genius itself: this is, the power of pleasing by a nameless charm, which it is as easy to feel as it is impossible to describe. This magnetic power, generally designated by the title of fascination, we find in the possession of many beings in whom we in vain search for the cause of attraction: it is not very common, however, in professors of the scenic art. With actors and actresses we generally find a definite something that delights us, but this is not the case with our heroine. View her in *Maria Darlington*, we should say she acts with ease, grace, and spirit: she sings pleasingly, dances delightfully; but it is neither of these things, no, nor these things conjoined, that yields us so much delight: it is the magic she throws over them. We are at a loss for a simile, unless we are allowed to compare it to the effect of the sun on animated nature: the plants, the flowers, the birds, the lakes, are the same whether Phœbus gilds them or not; but it is his power that gives a tone to the whole,

and that renders them dear to our perceptions and our feelings.

It was at the conclusion of this memorable night, when, returning home delighted at the warm reception Maria had met from an ever generous and pitying public, that the same eccentric mind, who had in early life condoled with Fitzalleyne, by sending him the verses inserted in our first volume, now turned from his heartless remembrance with disgust, and, dipping his pen in just and retributive gall, sent him the following satire, addressed in the way of epistle.

## EPISTLE TO FITZALLEYNE.

Dear Colonel,

Some who hold *your* rank  
Obtain it by their honour'd scars,  
But you alone may Cupid thank,  
Grown famous in his mother's wars.  
Of ambuscades, sorties, and marches,  
Let Wellington with honour boast ;  
So you keep clear of *Court* of *Arches*,  
The wars of Love be still your toast.  
Of shell and shot and musket balls  
Let other heroes bravely preach :  
Be yours the fame, when beauty falls,  
To *stand* like Ajax in the *breach*.

Let Copley rail, as counsel will,  
 At sins which oft themselves disgrace :  
 'Tis theirs to flatter good or ill,  
 As interest guides the legal race.  
 What signifies the busy tongue  
 Of scandal and the moral few ?  
 The censure of the old and young,  
 What is 't to beings rich as you ?  
 Yet free thou art—none dare impute  
 The vice extravagance to thee :  
 Thy *letters* would the charge refute ;  
 From that one sin at least thou 'rt free.  
 That weakness, *pity*, ne'er was thine,  
 Else had Maria been thy wife :  
 Thy infants, born in *legal* line,  
 Escaped the *taunt* that *pains* thy life.  
 Go, false'one, go, fresh victims find,  
 At sensual pleasure's banquet revel ;  
*Destroy the lovely, fair, and kind,*  
 And live despised—a treacherous devil.  
 Should some who value honour rise,  
 Thy mean expressions to condemn,  
 Be abject and apologize—  
 It fits not thee to clash with men.  
 E'en Horace, sinner as he be,  
 A slave to fashionable vice,  
 Is virtuous compared with thee,  
 In courage bold and honour nice.  
 That child of folly, beardless H——,  
 Who dear has paid for plighted vow,  
 Hath yet a heart as free from stain  
 As unsunn'd snow, compared to thou.

Think not thy writhings time shall heal,—  
As soon expect the herald's bar  
From off thy arms the royal seal  
Should erase, for an azure star!  
Play high, race, drink, do all you can,  
Nor time nor treasure shall remove  
The stain, that marks the basest man  
That ever violated love.  
Go where you will, avenging scorn  
Shall point you out for just disgrace;  
And feeling hearts, as yet unborn,  
Shall throb to read Maria's case.

CAROLUS.

But we have yet a duty to perform to our heroine, and one from which we shall not shrink. We have hitherto spoken only of the treachery of the seducer, of his parsimony and plighted vows, of the abandonment of her whom, on every principle of honour, he was bound to cherish, and of his vacillating conduct in defending himself: but the climax was wanting: the character was only half made out without the finishing touch. We indeed saw enough to excite our disgust and command our hatred, but we had yet to learn that the seducer could have added to his baseness by becoming the persecutor. Foiled in his lustful ambition, and smarting under the lash of honest indignation, the black hunter returned to the chase, and not satisfied with having

wounded to the heart the sweetest of creation's daughters, he unkenelled his pack of barking curs—the reptiles of the stage and the law—to make destruction horribly complete. With this base view did Fitzalleyne, or some of his *creatures* for him, undertake to assail his former victim by those deadly anonymous slanders at which human nature shudders, and which only the most unmanly of the human race could have given utterance to. This precious relic of its author's infamy was *intended* to have been circulated on the eve of Maria's reappearance on that night—when, overcome by a thousand conflicting sensations, the heaviest of which was the recollection of Fitzalleyne's baseness, the lovely victim of the seducer threw herself upon the generosity of a British public, and, sinking almost to death with agitated nerves, met the balm and solace of a warm reception.

At such a time, and under such revolting circumstances, did the seducer write, or cause to be written, a most false and foul attack upon her, the unprotected victim of his heartless conduct. That it was ill written, full of evident contradictions, vile egotisms, and wretched vauntings about Fitzalleyne's pretended generosity, might have been expected: the *creatures* who performed the *dirty work*, no

doubt, did their best to please their patron; Falsehood is a brazen jade, whose wrinkled front is easily discernible through the thickest veil that her deceitful offspring can weave to disguise her with. But let us come at once to the *facts*, as they are called, and meet them by *negatives* the most conclusive and unanswerable.

"At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe,  
Th' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear:  
Prudence forbids that step."

CHURCHILL.

Now for the extracts\*:

"We will take that part more immediately connected with our present purpose, viz. the first

#### NOTES ON FACTS.

\* "*Oh what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!*"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Page 1. (*To point out the manner, &c.*) No such thing. It was to falsify both matter and manner, and thereby precisely to avoid what is professed. The colonel keenly felt that the public eye was tracing him in its indignation through all his mazy wiles; and, like the frightened fish, that when endangered throws out a certain quantity of dingy fluid for its protection, he scatters abroad his ink to mislead pursuit.

(*One person's story is good till another's is told.*) Yes; but when the one person's story remains good after the other's is told, the last must be a very bad story indeed.

(*The writer.*) The writer—here can only be meant the actual

introduction of Maria to Fitzalleyne, which was stated on the trial to have taken place at Cheltenham, by his expressing a desire to play for the lady's benefit—*not a syllable of which is true* \*. And in

*penman or amanuensis* of the concern : for as to the *originator* of the "Facts," &c. who looks for any other, while the colonel is to be had ?—that "*Gentleman of HIGH character* †," as Mr. Scarlett called him on the trial—(*Groans of disgust throughout the court.*)—"I beg pardon," said Mr. Scarlett, "allow me then to say of *known character.*" He said it, and passed on. What matters it who or what ready toad-eater acted *the cat's paw* on the occasion ?—Against him who guided it does not every page bear, in testimony indubitable, "the mark of the beast ?"

Page 1. (*The writer is uninfluenced.*) Laugh at this—"my public !" Here is a man uninfluenced by *himself*.

\* (*Not a syllable of which is true.*) Upon this point, taken up from the statement of the Attorney-General, and therein a mere misapprehension of a matter wholly unimportant, it is hardly worth while to dwell. What odds is it, whether Fitzalleyne, as an amateur, asked Miss Pous if he should play for her benefit, or if she, as an actress, asked *him*, as other members of the profession have done ? Neither Miss Pous, nor her family, gave out this representation ; and it is not of the slightest consequence how it arose at all. It is, however, seized upon as if it should at any rate be made of *some*, and twisted into a point gained. It would have been thought nothing worth by any antagonist who felt that he had better ground to go upon ; but the colonel is upon his *defence*, and therefore "d—bly gravelled for lack of matter." The facts were these Maria was a sufficient stranger to Cheltenham to believe, what she was then told, that by applying to Fitzalleyne to play for her benefit, she would, through his connexions and acquaintanceship in the neighbourhood, ensure an extended patronage

† "*High character.*" Mr. Scarlett, who is a droll man, perhaps covertly meant "*high*," as *game is high* !

order to prove this assertion, Maria is asked, and requested to deny if she can, whether she did not, in the year 1815, entertain a correspondence with ———, then married; receive his miniature, and visit him in a house in ——— street, taken for the sole purpose of a rendezvous for them?"

To this slander Maria's friends—for a lady cannot enter the lists against such a *redoubtable* knight as Fitzalleyne herself—reply, 1st, that Lord D——'s attentions amounted to nothing more than those civilities which well-bred men are ever ready to pay to young, amiable, and interesting females; and that they were received in common with those general compliments which were, and are, usually betowed upon all successful aspirants by the privileged few, who are permitted to enter the green-room of the theatre; and to this statement that nobleman pledges his honour: in addition to which, Maria was introduced to, and visited by, the female branches of the family; and this must be a sufficient answer to that *foul insinuation*. For the "miniature and the house," they are fantasies "like the father

and a good house. As to the real value of the colonel's histrionic attractions, he had better step out and try what they are worth at present, as he never stood more in need of any assistance his merits could procure for him than now. The experiment might serve to set him right on more points than one.



that begot them," and have just as little connexion with *the truth*. Fitzalleyne might also have seen Maria first in Covent-Garden green-room, and might have been at that time introduced by Lord D——. This is *the subterfuge*; but nothing like an *intimate* knowledge of each other took place until the season of her acting at Cheltenham, when Fitzalleyne's *desire* to play for her benefit was first made known to her. But let us proceed with the slanders\* :

"And was it not during this intimacy, and before her visit to Cheltenham, that Fitzalleyne first visited her, merely as ——'s friend? And did she not complain to him of the attentions of the said ——

\* (*No one has yet ventured to give his opinion on the subject.*) This is very droll, and points decisively enough to a sufficing *invalid-like* ignorance of facts, &c.—a pretty particular considerable CASTELLATED kind of shutting-up from the world, *pro tempore*; an *out-of-townishness*, the quiet and sweet *self-complacencies* of which no handing in of hostile paragraphs or fulminating paper (that could any way be withheld) seems to have been suffered to disturb. OPINIONS, *elsewhere*, of all shapes and sizes, were plenty enough, before every eye, and in every hand. One is reminded here of a note of Swift's upon a phrase of Burnet's:—"This most unheard-of revolution!" says the latter. "The devil!" says Swift: "sure all the world heard of it!"

Page 2. (*Picked up—knocked down—rubbed up—rubbed down.*) Is this meant for wit or humour? Verily, it is more like the *slang* of the *castle* than either the one or the other. How a man's associations will rush to his fingers' ends, and aid his self-betrayal in spite of him!

(*then married*) to other women? which of course shows that there must have been an accepted attachment, *at least*, between them."

Against this *unmanly* accusation a pointed *negative* is directed. The honour of the nobleman alluded to will no doubt direct him in the course he *ought* to take in refuting these falsehoods. "And did not Fitzalleyne, on finding a partiality arising in his own mind towards her, decline, both verbally and by letter, repeating his visits, until earnestly *solicited by Maria herself*, and only then consented to renew them, on finding that all association between her and his friend ——— had ceased; and which connexion was dissolved by letter from *her* expressly to ———?"

Good Master William, the *Berkeley Adonis*, this may do for the daughters of Cheltenham *washer-women*, or of Gloucester *chamber-maids*, but it will never pass *current* in the meridian of London, or with common sense elsewhere. The allusion to the Marquis of W—— is equally *untrue*. That nobleman is called upon, as he *values his own honour*, to answer if *Fitzalleyne himself did not first introduce him to Maria as his friend*: but, *magna est veritas et prævalebit*, what need have we to proceed further on this point, when the *creatures* who *put*

together this *filthy* publication (which the "Times" speaking of, justly says, it is even *worse* than the *apology* to Horatio ———) have themselves *admitted* there was nothing like *criminality* attached to the acquaintance? But let us proceed.

"In reference to the promises of marriage, stated to have been made to the lady (by which means she yielded to Fitzalleyne's persuasions), it is rumoured that, previous to any connexion taking place between them, he expressly intimated to Maria the impossibility of his marrying her, owing to the report and subsequent impression on the minds of his friends, as well as the public, that she had been under the protection of the first mentioned ———. Of course, if untrue, Maria can *prove* it by letters; and while on the subject of them, she is specially invited to show (even after their intimacy, and Fitzalleyne's belief that such report was untrue) the letters written *previous* to December, 1823—which her mother mentions as having been submitted to the count at Marlborough—in which *any* promise of marriage is held out. This is rather a poser for even *Mrs.* ———'s ingenuity."

To this no other reply is necessary than to refer the reader to the letters of Fitzalleyne and Maria on this subject; and more particularly to those which appear in pages 29—32 of this Romance. The sub-

sequent conduct of Maria best proves the truth of her statement and impressions—but we have not yet done with the subject.

“ The facetious auctioneer has managed well—she is ‘ put up to the best bidder,’ and knocked down for the high price of 3,000*l*.\* The parties very

\* Page 2. (*Auctioneers.*) Fitzalleyne certainly will not employ Mr. G. Robins, of the Piazza, Covent Garden, should he have occasion for an auctioneer before his threatened departure for the continent. That gentleman’s manly avowal in court of the deep interest he felt in Miss Pous’s welfare was enough to ensure him a place in the colonel’s black book *for ever and for aye*. A man of integrity, openly and actively useful in the cause of a female *injured* by Fitzalleyne, might be sure of never being forgiven, any more than herself. What other assailant than Fitzalleyne, *writing anonymously*, would have felt induced to put a *spleen* like this into print? (*Vide* also page 21.) The colonel’s malignity is a tribute to the respectability of Mr. Robins; which, to be sure, the latter needs not, but to which I feel confident his mind can never happen to revert without true satisfaction to himself.

Page 2. (*He has to regret that Mrs. Pous has been troubled with so short a memory.*) The colonel’s regret at Mrs. Pous’s short memory is a peculiarly unlucky piece of *make-believe*. The truth is, that he *maddens* over the conviction forced upon him of *the contrary*—and hence the spite of the allusion. For the space of more than four hours that Mrs. Pous’s memory was taxed upon oath, for events, names, dates, places, and expressions innumerable, at the bar of the King’s Bench, in no one instance was her uncommon memory known to fail her, or to offer to the court an iota of testimony which the mass of letters produced did not subsequently substantiate. The evidence of Mrs. Pous, which, from its perfectness, has so tended to irritate the fine-hearted colonel, stood justly characterized by all who heard it as truly excellent and all-sufficing, indicative of very superior capacity and attainments, and unimpeachable in *every* respect.

prudently subpoenaed Fitzalleyne, to prevent his being subpoenaed on the opposite side. They do not bring him forward, because the opposite counsel would worm out of him 'matter to damn the whole.' They subpoena the Marquis of W——, who takes a trip to the continent; for supposing that the said Marquis could not 'confess the Cape' of criminality (*and we firmly believe he could not*), EVERY BODY *knows he could have told some awkward truths.* There is a great fuss made about his absence, but *perhaps* if he had remained behind, and been in court, as the colonel was, they would have kept the one in the back ground, just as they did the other."

Out upon your *ifs* and *perhaps*—you are *dammèd upon your own showing*, "like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side." If he could not have proved what you have *infamously insinuated*, what *matters* what he *had proved* in such a cause? And that he *could not* prove any thing *criminal*, we have your *own authority* for asserting—certainly (but *unfortunately* for the victim) the very *best and only authority* in the world who could have established the *fact*: "*hic niger est*" a just judge must say in summing up the transaction. If any thing were wanting to complete the unmanly character of the

parties, this last act would seal the whole. But we are tempted to proceed a little further \*.

“The *systematic* mention of the lady, generally

\* Page 2. (*The Officer in his Majesty's army*), i. e. Mr. Pous. What do the colonel's wise *italics* mean? Something, *I guess*, in the shape of a *sneer*. Does he mean to have it imagined (and so passed over) that Mr. Pous was not, or had not been, an officer in his Majesty's army? And if not, what does he mean? Assuredly, my valiant colonel, Mr. Pous was as much an officer in his Majesty's army as yourself; and, as *a soldier*, had seen more of the *duties* of one than ever you did or ever *will*. He was an officer and a gentleman,—not an officer and no soldier, nor a soldier and no gentleman. What was he, say, my *noble* FITZ, when, taking his pistols with him, he went, with his brother-in-law, Captain H—h—e, to Spring-Gardens, in the ————— of 182 —; and, with a half-breaking heart, on having learnt the villanous seduction of his daughter, called upon you to come out and fight him! an extremity, which, as upon all similar occasions, you had the *discretion* to avoid. And what was your pretence? That “*your neighbour*,” (the KING) whose coronation was at hand, and who had promised you all the support a king could give towards your re-admission into the peerage —(*which never, no, never! will take place*)—would at once withdraw his countenance if you were then seen to marry an attress; i. e. to fulfil, *at the time* you had fixed for its performance, the solemn and repeated promise under which you stood privately engaged. *Postponement* for a while was, forsooth, to ensure atonement for every thing. There were the Lords of the Privy Council, and I know not whom, all so propitious, so zealous, on behalf of the *returning* title, and who were to be so prolific of support—and why? Because Lord B—h—t (who wanted you, you said, to marry Lady Mary R—d—r), and others, coveting such a match and such a title for their own families, would, in pursuance of such an object, do all that was needful to be done, and you would be secure. But they were all to find their cold-blooded policy deceived—you would *have none such*: your hopes, your fortunes, your honours, were to be all vested in

in public, appears as suspicious as it is ill-judged—particularly an article in *The Examiner* of January 2d, wherein she is panegyrised at the expense of the whole profession of which she is a member; and yet the thing (though *known* to be written by a friend of the family) is so well done, by blacken-

*Maria*, the chosen of your heart. With what a seeming earnestness of soul was not this appeal preferred, both then and afterwards, from time to time, when other pretences were drawn in to aid the wicked, heartless, intolerable fraud! What "*Tears in your eyes, distraction in your visage!*" What prayers, beseechings, protestations! What solemn asseverations on supple knees! What passionate entreaties to *the beloved one* and her distressed parents, to consider how deeply, for her sake as well as your own, you were all concerned in the strict preservation of a secret so important to the interests of a *noble* family, and so vitally essential to your own mutual happiness *to come*. Look up, my *man of honour!* look, I say, upon the picture I present you with, and disown its verity if you dare. And what becomes of *the officer of his Majesty's army* all this while? What is the condition to which he, for his daughter's sake, and for the sake of his daughter's future husband—for *your* sake, is thus left exposed? Beset by the worst suspicions—pointed at—exclaimed against—paragraphed in prose and verse—denounced by his friends—shunned by acquaintances—debarred from all explanation—his lips sealed—his feelings tortured, yet still clinging to the persuasion that Berkeley suffered with himself, and those whose peace he had so fatally jeopardized—still trusting, amid sorrows and agitations indistinguishable, that honour, faith, and good feeling had *some* abiding place within his heart, and would yet re-assert their power, even if his own happiness stood alone concerned: still thinking thus to the last, and still hoping only to be *deceived*. Direfully punished has Mr. Pous been for the fatal error into which he fell, of ever having, for a moment, regarded Fitzalleyne as an honest man.

ing the character of her parents, that you would never deem it could proceed from any one but a stranger."

We have to blame ourselves for lending too *ready credence* to some parts of that article. Had we known at the time whom it proceeded from, we should have been *more cautious*: as it is, we shall say it was a most *ungrateful return* for former kindness—a satirical picture, drawn by the *historic* pen of one who might not perhaps feel altogether pleasant in sitting to the *satirist* for his *own likeness*. Remember this, Ben. H——, and sin no more. The contrast of Fitzalleyne's *fine* person with that of the Pea-green count is as pretty a piece of contemptible egotism as ever disgraced a Bond-street *exquisite*. The malignant allusions to Maria's increased salary and professional advancement probably sprung from some *creature*, whose heart is touched with a *sympathetic* feeling for his patron's profligacy, and whose head is as soft as a *bun*. For the rest, "it is all leather and prunella." Of the authors of this delectable *morceau* we should say, they know "A point of knavery is an occult quality tied on a riding-knot, the better to play *fast* and *loose*. (The principal) was born in buckram—has run through all offices in the parish, and now stands to be president



of Bridewell—where I leave him, hoping to see him trussed at Tyburn.”—THE PEDLER, 1688\*.

\* And now for a few more *notes* upon the *miscalled facts*, by way of conclusion ; for that they are issued by Fitzalleyne there can be *no doubt*. “ It is the Moor—I know him by his trumpet.” In p. 8. Fitzalleyne, or his amanuensis, for it is all the same, boasts of having allowed the lady 600*l.* per annum—for what ?—the support of *his own children*, servants, and separate establishment—not a great deal too much, one would think. But what was to pay Maria’s travelling expenses to and from Berkeley Castle ? for we have Fitzalleyne’s authority, that the charges are heavy upon the road (see this *generous* man’s letters). And then, most *liberal sir*, let me ask, what remuneration did you ever make the lady for the loss of *five years’ provincial engagements* ? as every body knows the *most profitable* part of an established London favourite’s professional occupation—all of which were *invariably rejected* by Maria to please your *fastidiousness* and *pretended jealousy*. “ Oh ! shame, where is thy blush ? ” *Meanness unparalleled ! ! !* But, I beg pardon, I had forgot the presents. Well sir, now for your *presents*—“ of game, wine, sweets, and sandries ; ” all of which are included in a few *brace* of birds, which cost more for carriage than they were worth. For the *wine* and *sweets*, the *first* must have been *undistilled* ; and with the *last*, contained in the *six pounds* of *half-withered* grapes, which you sent for the use of your *own child*. By the by, most *affectionate* of fathers, it is whispered, and I believe *truly*, that you *never either say or inquired* after that your first child until it was *sixteen months* old, and then it was purposely placed in your way to *interest* you, if *possible*, in its welfare : so much for the affection for your offspring. If your *own father* had not been a more liberal and *just* man, you, sir, would now have been a *dependent outcast*. And what has been your conduct since you had possession of the infants ? to annoy the feelings of their mother as much as possible, by removing them from the care of the person whom by *mutual* agreement it was settled they should remain with. So much for Fitzalleyne’s statement of the *miscalled facts* : to him we would say, (presenting him with our first volume) “ Read o’er *this* ; (and with the second) after *this*, and then to supper with what appetite you may.”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC.

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——“Then, from the depth of truth, I here protest,  
I do disclaim all petulant hate and malice.”

*Randolph.*

*Contrast of former times and the present day—  
The old English gentleman—The modern ruf-  
fian and dandy—The exquisite, roué, and hyper-  
ex—Radicalism, republicanism, and war, the  
ruin of the manners of a people—France, to wit  
—Conclusion.*

Love, Law, and Physic!!!

STRANGE as these associations may appear, they are, nowadays, consequences of each other, and follow each other like the followers of law, beginning at the top of the tree, and ending with John Doe and Richard Roe, and their followers, from all of whom, good Law, deliver us! Love, in the present day, is made by promises, protestations, oaths, bonds, and obligations; but scarcely has false and impure love

gained the object of his ambition, but law is resorted to, on one hand, to bind him whom honour could not, and made use of, on the other, to shuffle off the promise, to substitute a *protest* to a protestation, to do away with (for there is no dissolving) an oath, to cancel bonds, and to get rid of obligations ; so that the most assuring, loving, promising, binding, and obliging people in the world (when they were suitors) turn out the basest, coldest, unpromising, free-and-easy, disobliging fellows in nature. Physic is sometimes the concomitant of feverish passion, the matrimonial pill, which should be thought of in time ; and thus broken vows, and sometimes broken hearts, might be spared. There are cases when the sufferer might exclaim, " Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ?" So it is with the deserted and forlorn. In the present instance—we mean that of Fitzalleyne and the count—a sleeping draught might compose, but, we fear, could cure neither. Was it thus in the days of our ancestors ? No : the farther we look back, the purer honour was. In the days of chivalry a love-promise was a law ; the braver the knight, the truer in love ; then, too, religion, delicacy, sentiment, romantic passion, disinterested friendship, loyalty to king, love of country, a thirst for fame,

bravery, nay, heroism, characterized the age, the nation, the noble, the knight, and esquire. Mercy ! what 'squires we have nowadays ! At a more recent date, all was courtliness, feeling, high sentiment, proud and lofty bearing, principle, the word inviolable, politeness at its highest pitch of refinement : lovers perished to defend their ladies' honour ; now they live to sully it : the nobility and the people were distinct, dress and address ; but above all, amenity and good-breeding marked the distinction, and the line was unbroken : now, dress is all confusion, address far below par, amenity is a dead letter, and as to breeding, it is confined to the breeding of horses and dogs, except when law steps in to encourage the breeding of disputes ; not to mention the evils arising from crossing the old breed ; nor can we much wonder at it, when we reflect on the altered way of life, the change of habits, and the declension of virtue, arising from these very causes. Men of family and fashion passed their time, in those golden days, in courts, in dancing-rooms, and at clubs composed of the very cream of birth and elegance. You heard occasionally of Lord Such-a-one being killed in a duel, or of the baronet or esquire dying from cold caught at a splendid fête, or by going lightly clad to his

magnificent vis-à-vis, after a select masquerade ; but you never read his death in a newspaper from a catarrh caught in the watch-house, from a *fistic* fight, or in a row at a hell—things now not astonishing, since even men with a title and a name of mark, pass their time in the stable, at common hells, at the Fives-court (the hall of infamy), in the watch-house, the justice room, and make the finish in the Fleet, King's-bench, or die in misery and debt abroad. In the olden times, a star of fashion was quoted for dancing at court, for the splendour of his equipages, his running footman and black servants, his expensive dress, his accomplishments, his celebrity at foreign courts, his fine form, delicate hand, jewels, library, &c. &c. Now fame (for notoriety is so called) may be obtained by being a Greek, or Pigeon, by being mistaken for John the coachman, when on the box behind four tits ; by being a good *gentleman* miller, by feeding the fancy, standing in print for crim. con., breaking a promise of marriage once or twice, and breaking as many tradesmen as possible afterwards ; breaking the watchman's head on the top of the morn ; and lastly, breaking away (in the skirmish through life) for Calais, or the Low Countries : this is low indeed. There is as much difference between the old En-

glish gentleman and him who ought to be the modern representative of that name, as there is between a racer and a hack, a fine spaniel and a cross of the terrier and bull-dog. In our days of polish and refinement, we had a Lord Stair, a Sedley, a Sir John Stepney, a Sir William Hamilton, and many others, as our ambassadors, representing our nation as the best bred in the world; and by their grace and amiability, gaining the admiration of the whole continent. We had, in remoter times, our Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Lyttelton, our Steele, &c., the celebrated poets, authors, and patterns of fashion and elegance of the age. We had our Argyle,

“ The stars whole thunder form’d to wield,  
And shake at once the senate and the field.”

We had our virtuosi of the highest rank, our rich and noble authors in abundance. The departed Byron stood alone to fill their place. The classics were cultivated, not by the learned profession only, but by the votaries of fashion. Now, our *Greek* scholars are of another cast. The art of fencing distinguished the gentleman, who then wore a sword as a part of his dress. He is now contented with a

*manly stand-up fight*, and exhibits a fist like a knuckle-bone of mutton—hard, coarse, and of certain magnitude. The bludgeon, or a vulgar twig, succeeds (as we have already seen) the clouded and amber-headed cane; and instead of the snuff-box being rare, and an article of parade, to exhibit a beauty's miniature bestowed in love, or that of a crowned head, given for military or diplomatic services, all ranks take snuff out of cheap and vulgar boxes, sometimes of inferior French manufacture, with, not unfrequently, indecent representations on them; or you have wooden concerns with stage-coaches, fighting-cocks, a pugilistic combat, or an ill-drawn neck and neck-race upon them. The frill of the nobleman and gentleman's linen once bore jewels of high price, or a conceit, like a noted beauty's eye, set in brilliants less sparkling than what formed the centre. Now, a fox, a stag, or a dog, worthily occupies the place of that enchanting resemblance. In equitation, we had Sir Sydney Meadows, a pattern and prototype for gentlemen horsemen. The Melton hunt now is more in vogue, and the sons of our nobility ride like their own grooms and post-boys—ay, and dress like them too. *Autrefois*, a man of fashion might be perceived ere he was seen, from a reunion of rich and costly

perfumes. Now, snuff and tobacco, the quid, the pinch, and the cigar, announce *his good taste*. The cambric pocket-handkerchief was the only one known in the olden times. The belcher (what a name!) supplies its place, together with the bird's eye, or the *colours* of some black or white boxer. An accomplished man was the delight of all companies in former times. An *out and outer*, one *up to* every thing, *down as a nail*, or the *knocker* of *Newgate*, a *trump*, or a *Trojan*, now carries the meed of praise; one that can drink, fight with fist and stick, swear, smoke, take snuff, play at all games, and throw over both sexes in different ways—he is the man. A ruffian was never thought on by our forefathers; the exquisite was; but he was more sublimated than the exquisite of the nineteenth century. The dandy is of modern date; but there is some *polish* on him—suppose it be on his boots alone. Shape and make are attended to by him; witness the Cumberland corset, and his making what he can of every body. Then again, he must have a smattering of French, and affect to be above old England. When he smokes, he does it from vanity, to show his *écume de mer* pipe. He may have a gold snuff-box and a little diamond pin; and when he swears, he lisps it out like a baby's lesson.



Sometimes (not often) he plays upon the guitar ; and the peninsular war may have made a man of him, and a linguist too ; but he is far below the ancient exquisites (who touched the lute, the lyre, and violoncello). And he is an egotist in every thing—in gallantry, in conversation, in principle, and in heart. Nor has the deterioration of the gentleman been confined to England only—polite and ceremonious France has felt her change. The Revolution brought in coarse and uncivilized manners. The awkward and unsuccessful attempt at Spartan and Roman republican manners ; the *citizen* succeeding to Monsieur ; the blasphemous, incredulous, atheistical principles instilled into the *then* growing generation of all classes ; the system of equality, subversive of courtliness, and the obliging attentions and suavities of society ; poisoned at once the source of morals and of manners ; for there can be nothing gentlemanlike in atheism, radicalism, and the levelling system. To this state of things succeeded a reign of terror, assassination, and debauchery ; and lastly, a military despotism, in which the private soldier rose to the marshal's baton ; a groom in the stables of the Prince of Condé saw himself ennobled ; peers and generals had brothers still keeping little retail shops ; and a

drum-boy hired to see his wife—a washerwoman, or fish vender, a duchess (Madame Lefevre). How can we expect breeding from such materials? Bayonets gave brilliancy to the imperial court; and the youth of the country were all soldiers, without dreaming of the gentleman, except in a low bow and flourish of the hat; a greater flourish of self-praise, and a few warm, loose, and dangerous compliments to the fairer sex, became more than even the objects of their passion, but less so of their attentions and prepossessing assiduities. This military race taught us to smoke, to snuff, to drink brandy, and to swear; for although John Bull never was backward in that point, yet St. Giles's, and not St. James's, was the *rendezvous* for those who possessed that brutal and invincible habit. These were not amongst the least miseries and curses which the war produced; and they have left such mischievous traces behind them, that the mature race in France laugh at the old court, and at all old *civil* and religious principles, whilst our demoralized youth play the same game at home. And if a Bolingbroke or a Chesterfield was now to appear, he would be quizzed by all the smokers, jokers, hoaxers, glass-cockers, black-legs, and fancy-fellows of the town, amongst whom all ranks are perfectly lost,

and morality is an absolute term. O tempora ! O Moses ! (as the would-be Lady *Scholard* said.) Nor does Moses play second best in these characters of the day. Moses has crept into all clubs ; from the ring to the peerage and baronetage, the stage, the race-course ; and our clubs are tinged with the Israelitish mixture : they may *lend* money, but they cannot lend a lustre to the court, or to the gilded and painted saloons of the *beau monde*. The style of things is altered ; we mean not the old style and new in point of date, but in point of brilliancy in the higher circles. Our ancestors never bumped along the streets, with a stable-boy by their side, in a one-horse machine, which is now the *bon ton*, in imitation of our Gallic neighbours, whose equipage is measured by their purse. Where do you now see a carriage with six horses, and three outriders, and an *avant courier*, except on Lord Mayor's day ? Yet how common this was with the nobility *d'autrefois*. Two grooms are no longer his Grace's and my Lord's attendants, but each is followed by one groom in plain clothes, not very dissimilar from the man he serves. Do we ever see the star of nobility in the morning, to guard him who has a right to it from popular rudeness and a confusion of

rank? All is now privacy, concealment, equality in exterior, musty and meanness; not that the plain style of dress would be exceptionable, if we could say in verity—

“We have within what far surpasseth show.”

But the lining is now no better, (oftentimes worse) than the coat. Our principles and our politeness are on a par—at low water-mark. The tradesman lives like the gentleman, and the nobleman steps down a degree to be, like other people, up to all fashionable habits and modern customs; whilst the love for gain, at the clubs, on the turf, in the ring, and in private life, debases one part of society, and puts down the other, which becomes the pigeon to the rook. Whilst all this goes on, one portion of the press chronicles and invents follies for us; and there are men stupid enough to glory in their depravity, to be pleased with their own deformity of mind, body, or dress, of their affectations, and their leading of a party. There is something manly in the Yacht Club, in the dexterously driving four fleet horses in hand, in reining in the proud barb, and in gymnastic exercises; but the whole merit of these ceases,

when my Lord (like him of carrotty beard) becomes the tar without his glory, and wears the check shirt without the heart of oak—when the driver becomes the imitator of the stage and hackney box—when the rider is the unsuccessful rival of the jockey; and the frequenter of the gymnastic arena becomes a bruiser, or one turning strength into money, be the bet or the race what it may.

But we are not without a hope that these follies may decline; that our nobility and gentry may only appear in print as the defenders of their country in the field, and the preservers of its liberty in the senate; that successions, presentations, and promotions, may satisfy our youth for their breakfast reading, instead of crim. con. trials, breaches of promise of marriage, riots, insolvencies, and exchanges of wives; that the private transactions of the stage and of the servants of the public may be kept secret, and not deemed a theme worthy of fashionable life; that the arts and sciences may flourish, and be protected and encouraged by the great; that honour and loyalty, fair play and disinterestedness, may be the fashion of the day; promises becoming sacred, and love sincere; that morality may once more become general, not in newspaper cant, but in

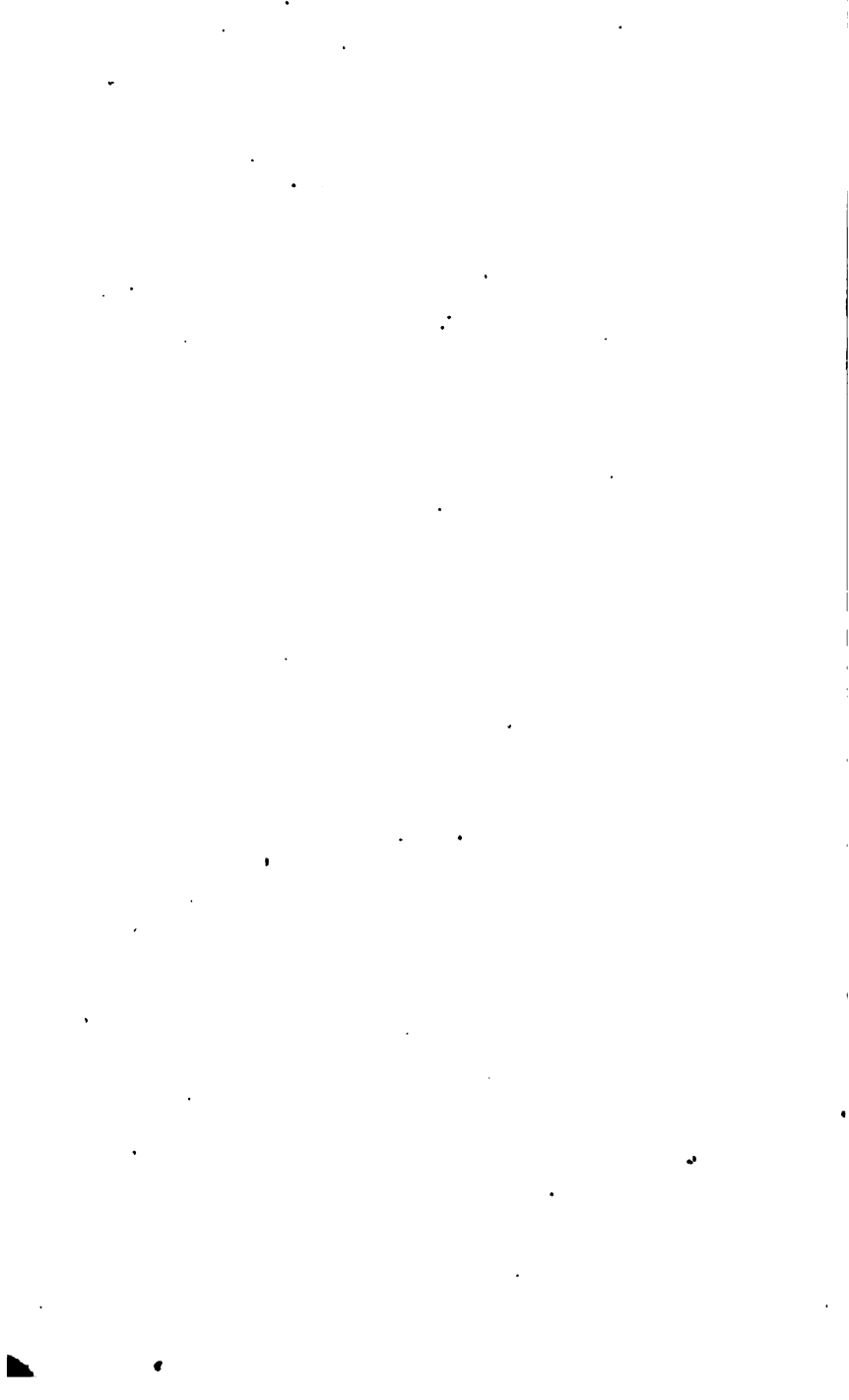
reality ; and the *ton* may neither be taken from the Castle of Fitzalleyne nor from the Pea-green count, being transferred to a higher sphere and brighter example.

THE END.













are  
Rebound-

1950



